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GLOBE

A HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES
OF AMERICA
AND THE
WEST INDIES

BY THE
REV. J. H. HARRIS, D.D.

VOLUME IX

THE
GLOBE

A

NEW REVIEW OF WORLD-LITERATURE,
SOCIETY, RELIGION, ART
AND POLITICS

CONDUCTED BY

WILLIAM HENRY THORNE,

Author of "Modern Idols," "Quintets, and other Verses," "Songs of the Soul," etc.

VOLUME IX

1899

DECKER BUILDING, NEW YORK CITY

A. J. Simard
3.15.99
[Signature]

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NOTICE.

“MR. WILLIAM HENRY THORNE,

“Editor of *Globe Review*.

“DEAR SIR—You promised much when you undertook your great task, and you have nobly and completely fulfilled your promise. Your *Review* is undoubtedly one of the ablest in the English language. Your matter is most suggestive and thought-stirring, and your style—it has every quality suited to your purpose. Such clear, pure, trenchant, natural, powerful, and downright masterful English it has rarely been my pleasure to read. Your pen is a great power—may God be blessed for giving it to you, together with the admirable light of the true Faith, and may He long preserve you to use it triumphantly for His cause, especially at a time when that cause so much needs clear-headed, able, outspoken, and fearless champions.

“FRANCIS REDWOOD, S. M.

“Archbishop of Wellington, N. Z.”

J. J. Simonds
3.15.99
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THE GLOBE.

NO. XXXIII.

MARCH, 1899.

CROKER AND OUR NATIONAL ISSUES.

DURING last January Richard Croker, of New York, was reported as having announced for publication that the "sixteen to one" issue was dead; that expansion or non-expansion was the living American issue of the day, and that he, Croker, was in favor of expansion; that is, of holding all the provinces that we have bluffed and bullied Spain out of, plus those that we have already accepted from thieves, and others that we may yet steal from any of the weaker races in the American tropics or in Asiatic or other seas.

Mr. Croker is not a great man, except in the enormity of his reputed ill-gotten wealth, which is enough to make any fool appear great in these days, and he is the farthest removed from a statesman; but as leader of the local Democracy of Greater New York, he is a man of vast local political influence. The Democrats failed to elect their candidate for governor of New York last fall, however, because Richard Croker was an imprudent local manipulator rather than a statesman, and like all men of his class—that is, the class of local heavy-weights—he is too confident of his own powers to consult those who might give him and his party greater influence by giving them greater intelligence.

In the present instance Mr. Croker is right on general principles but utterly wrong in his particulars. In a word, he is a mere clap-trap politician, trying to see which way the popular winds

are blowing and resolved if possible to sail the Democratic ship with those winds. Unfortunately for him and others like him, the nation is in a chopping sea just now, with pretty strong gales blowing from various directions, and all he can be sure of, if indeed he can be sure of that much longer, is the wheel of the local craft called Tammany Hall, a rotten craft, but still, like the old phantom ship, much dreaded in the political seas. As to the real merits of Croker's January oracle they are, like the merits of the utterer of the oracle, a minus quantity.

The so-called "sixteen to one" problem has not been an issue before the American people these many years. Congress settled that matter by law years ago when it decreed that sixteen to one should be the ratio of our standard silver dollar. That silver dollar has since been legal tender in the United States. You can buy your food, your clothing, pay your taxes and purchase postage stamps with a silver dollar to the same extent that you can with a gold dollar. Only the hireling newspaper hacks of the East and the hireling hoodlum hacks of the West have tried or pretended to revive the "sixteen to one" issue, and their efforts have all been plainly enough at the bidding of the European money-lending power of the world.

Mr. Croker sat on the fence quite a while to see which way the country was swinging. It does not seem to have impressed him that very nearly half the voting population of the country recently voted in recognition of the honesty of our silver dollar and in favor of the free coinage of silver. He clearly thinks that the war has brought new issues, and that there are less objectionable candidates than Mr. Bryan for the next presidency. As to the silver dollar problem, he is a wooden-headed fool.

I tell him as I have previously stated in this magazine that the man who traduces the standard money of his country is a traitor to the financial honor of his country; further, that the money which passes as current coin of the realm and is recognized as worth one hundred cents in all the markets and at all the counters of the United States, is in fact good enough as a measure of value for interest due the usurers of Europe, who are slowly but surely getting this sublime land in their grip, just as they have long had the nations of Europe in their power, by controlling all

the movements of the one metal they choose to impose upon the world as the sole measure of value for all the business transactions of the world.

Croker is utterly wrong and proves himself a mere posing popular mountebank, in assuming that the sixteen to one issue has been before the country, and he is just as wrong in supposing or presuming that the question of the free coinage of silver and the question whether we shall have a bi-metal coin standard or simply a gold standard is dead. On the contrary, the education of the American masses on this subject is only just begun and it is my judgment that when they fairly get hold of the merits of the question they will put some such man as W. J. Bryan in the White House at Washington and clean out forever and forever such corrupt slaves of the money power as Grover Cleveland and Richard Croker.

However, this proclamation of Croker's puts him beside the gold bug's servant, Grover Cleveland, and squarely in opposition to Mr. Bryan and the great silver vote of the West and Southwest, and time alone can show which of these two forces has the greater voting power in the country: I have not much respect for either force, but we may as well try to make things plain.

Personally I have never expected as much relief from free coinage as some others have expected. The money lenders are very capable men. They are much better financiers, much clearer headed and more far seeing than the Populists, and in case our government should vote in favor of free coinage there would be no political revolution on that account as some timid persons have feared, but the usurers would very soon purchase and control all the leading silver mines of the world and so manipulate the output of silver that their own interests as against the working and the debtor classes would be secured. In a word, under our form of government they would still be masters of the situation.

Hence, on this point as on the point of the corrupt morals and the militarism of the nations, I see but one way of possible escape or relief for the masses, and that is world-wide war and revolution, whereby the usurers will cut their own throats and thus enrich the soil already thirsty for their blood.

It has been clear to me these last thirty years that there is no middle course ; that there is no other way out, no other method of help for the masses, nor do I think that such revolution is likely or liable to bring relief and establish anything like justice in the earth, except as men learn through the agonies of such world-wide bloodshed, the simple lessons of Christianity, and are resolved to do unto others and by others, in all things, just as they would be done by, and to do this voluntarily and naturally in all their daily lives. Single tax will not do it. Popular education will not do it. Anti-emigration laws will not do it. National control of railroads, etc., will not do it. Even secular ecclesiasticism will not do it. Any attempt at Socialism without the voluntary Christ-like spirit will only make matters worse. Hence it is Christ or hell fire, as I have often said.

As to the second part of Mr. Croker's declaration, that expansion or non-expansion is the question of the day, it has only the smallest semblance of truth in it. Before the war with Spain was begun there may have been a few pious old maiden ladies in the United States who really believed that our wretched war of conquest was a war for humanity and freedom, but the initiated in and out of Congress knew perfectly that it was a war of conquest : a war for the acquisition of more territory in supposed desirable quarters of the earth : a war of greed, of plutocratic and devilish ambition, not to speak of its being an anti-Catholic war as I have previously shown.

But whatever may have been the better motives influencing a few of the better classes of our people and politicians in the incipency of the war, the conflict itself has made many things plain to us that were not so plain before; for instance, *first*, that neither the insurgents in the Philippine group nor the rebels in Cuba have any of the elements of character or civilization that fit men for self-government in this world; hence the need that some power should rule them with a firm if kindly hand, but this was precisely the position of Spain in regard to those provinces from the time she discovered and colonized them until we, in our brutal strength, drove her from the work she had done. *Second*, and regardless of whatever motives dragged us into the war with Spain, having entered upon it, and having whipped our

little neighbor as was inevitable, and having taken possession of said Spanish provinces, and having found as I have over and over again stated we would find, that the rebellious elements of said provinces were incapable of self-government, we are now bound by every argument of honor, self-respect, and in fact of humanity, to hold and govern said provinces as best we can.

It was infamous to begin the war, but it would now be still more infamous to leave a lot of hot-headed and hot-blooded old Spanish subjects, whose vile intrigues with still viler American intriguers brought on the war, to attempt to govern themselves. In a word, we are now responsible to almighty God and to civilization for the establishment of a good and stable government in all the provinces we have conquered or adopted. But as we have nothing but muddy cow-trails for public roadways in our own country and nothing but Crokers for statesmen, God only knows how long it will take us to form ideal governments for our new possessions. It is still further true that if our government did not feel bound by any of these motives, and for my own part I do not think it knows what a high motive means, it would still be bound in deference to the popular sentiment of the country to hold and govern the provinces we have won. It is not in the nature of certain beasts to let go when once they have taken hold.

In a word the question of expansion is not an open issue at all. It was practically closed before the war began, and it is clinched forever now. We *have* expanded, and we cannot go back till some power greater than ourselves sets us back, and even that I expect to live to see.

I am sorry that Mr. Bryan so soon and so eagerly committed himself to non-expansion. I consider him the ablest public man before the country, but he can never get or carry the presidential nomination on an anti-expansion platform. The facts and the people have committed our government to expansion.

I agree with Mr. Croker and Mr. Platt that Senator Hoar's attitude, however sincere, is un-American, illogical, false to our past history, and that now we must expand till we are stabbed to the death.

In truth we have been a nation of rebels, expansionists and

robbers from the start. In these respects we inherit all the bad traits of the English without any of their sober honesty and without any of their monarchical and dignified reserve. And we have never had the excuse of the English, viz.: an overcrowded population and a very limited territory. The English trod with brutal violence not only upon all the natural rights of the owners and native inhabitants of this continent, they also trampled upon all the rights and all the works of Catholic righteousness established here by the Dutch, the French, the Spanish, the Italian and other European Catholic settlers and civilizers previous to the American war for independence—so called.

The Americans, so-called—and God only knows who they really are to this day—followed in the spirit of the brutal English with this difference, that there was never any appeal from their patriotic infamy.

Senator Platt was right in his senatorial reply to Senator Hoar last January, when he, Platt, claimed that it was only by expansion westward, and by herding the Indians in reservations, that we had grown from the Atlantic to the Pacific ocean. In truth this is distinctive of our American idea of liberty and humanity.

Mr. Croker was right when he asserted that Jefferson was an expansionist ; otherwise we would never have secured the Louisiana tract from Spain. We are a nation of sweat-shop managers and bluffers. The era of General Winfield Scott and its war with Mexico is in evidence, that we have always been a people of bluff and robbery. Our recent war with Spain for Cuba and the Philippines, and our annexation of the Hawaiian Islands, which a few saintly sons of American missionaries had stolen from their rightful rulers, are all in evidence that expansion and robbery are our native, say inherited, instincts, if you will.

In our dealings with the negroes, the Indians, and the Spanish, we have followed the previous example of the dealings of the English with the French and Dutch settlers and missionaries on this continent, that is, we have trampled upon every instinct and principle of right, justice and humanity, and the infamy of it all is that we have done this in the name of humanity and liberty.

As Americans we were too lazy, worldly, selfish, infidel, and

brutal, to try to civilize the Indian or the negro, as the French and Italian missionaries had done before us, so we stole their lands, violated all their natural instincts, then fed them on bad whiskey and tried to persuade them that it was an honor and a blessing to be thus Americanized to hell ; and all this in the name of humanity. Now we propose to try the same game upon the native Cubans and the Philipinos.

The man that accuses me of being English in my anti-Americanism is a liar and an infamous fool. I was an American citizen before most of the present generation of voters were born. I stand only for God's justice and truth, and the rights of my fellow-men, in an age and in a nation that, even to its prelates and statesmen, has sold itself to rebellion, robbery and a lie, and I do not expect the lick-spittles of a corrupt state or a corrupt hierarchy to do anything but traduce and abuse me, but I defy the best of them to refute or openly condemn me.

If I had any of the respect for the Declaration of Independence or for the American Constitution, amended until it is a hodge-podge of laughable absurdity, that the venerable John Sherman or that Senator Hoar pretends to entertain, I should share their serious opposition to our present American tendency toward expansion, or, if I shared their pretended respect for American history, independence, civilization, and liberty, so-called, I should plead with my fellow-Americans, and my fellow-men, as men and as Americans, to resist their fearful ambitions toward expansion, but I confess frankly that I do not share their feelings or pretended sentiments in either direction.

I look upon American civilization so-called, as a Godless, Christless, infidel, and rebellious blunder from the start, and I expect a counter revolution that will fling our parchments to the winds and teach us how to be true men again. I do not expect to be understood by robbers, sycophants and fools, but all the same the bayonets of eternal justice will right the blunders we have made these last one hundred and twenty-five years, and when the eyes of the next generation are open once more to the moral forces that lie at the bases of the government of all nations, my great grand-children and the great grand-children of my foes, will see the truth that I am trying to teach to the pre-

latic, patriotic and other slaves of the devil in these degenerate days.

The Declaration of Independence, so-called, was never anything but a high-sounding and infamous falsehood. The Constitution of the United States always was, from a moral standpoint, what the old abolitionists used to call it: "a compact with hell." And the fact that we have amended it until negroes can vote and go to school and ape white men, so-called, in all their conceits of brutal depravity, and the fact that we have educated a few Indians until they can play football with the muscular sons of white jackasses, are not to my mind any evidences that we have changed at all from the primal elements of the John Adamses and the Tom Jeffersons, out of which our first rebellion and our first glorious expansions came.

We simply must expand, my dear Mr. Hoar and my dear Mr. Sherman, until you and all men like you who have one shadow of a dream that Americanism ever meant anything but rebellion against God, rebellion against all sound government, rebellion against all principles of humanity and justice, have passed to your final account. There will be left on this continent men who, like myself, see that our wretched ravings of patriotism and liberty have all been the ravings of perdition, and into the ranks of that other and larger class who say, "my country and the flag right or wrong," and into the seething masses of American public school and other idiots the Eternal will pour this hot shot of annihilation in His own good time.

To me the question of an Anglo-American alliance, or the question which way the German Emperor, or the Czar of Russia may lean toward us or in opposition to our inevitable expansions, are small questions. Our ambitions have doomed us to death and it is of little consequence who are our allies or who our undoers.

It is the great world-wide moral problem underlying all this that I am interested in, and my position is that, having sinned against every principle of humanity and in the name of humanity, and having, with a glorious continent uncivilized at our feet, gone out of our way to plunder from weaker people, provinces that they were governing better than we are governing our own land, the nemesis of heaven must come upon us, and I have no

doubt that within the next fifty years, the great Mississippi and Missouri valley, which under proper cultivation is rich enough to feed the world, will become the future and bloody battle-field of the world.

Within the last few years, and when American public sentiment, so called, demanded it, our newspaper hacks have preached the Monroe doctrine, so called, and to-day we are marauding in all the seas and islands of the world.

Within the next few years all the nations of the earth will be marauding in the waters and on the continents and islands of this Western Hemisphere, and we shall learn over again what it is to have our own guns and our own theories turned upon ourselves. By all means, Mr. Croker, expand while you may, for the days of such as you are short.

No Anglo-American alliance can stop or long delay this, God only can stop it, and He is not sufficiently interested in the tinsel and plutocratic ecclesiastical hypocrisies of the Bishop Potters, or the Archbishop Corrigan and Irelands of our day to interfere in behalf of such "religious" imbecilities.

Expansion is not an issue for your petty politics or for your selfish greed of gain, Mr. Croker. Expansion, and the quick following of such contraction and heaven's forked lightning as you little dream of, are all concluded on. You are a money getting local politician and nothing more.

You may sail the Tammany boat for a day if you are careful. You may make piles of money out of underground railroad steals ; you may if you will spend piles of money on Corrigan priest mills and Corrigan cold-blooded buffoonery, but you will never have sense enough to be a statesman.

The statesmanship of New York, like the prelatric power of New York, has fallen into the hands of shuffling weaklings, and for this reason alone if for no other, the Eternal that created this wondrous site for a city and that formed these wondrous rivers, this wondrous harbor, that gave us this golden opportunity to welcome and save all nations of the earth, will damn us for damning and corrupting all nations of the earth.

So from the sunrise on our Atlantic sea coast of rugged mountains and continents of verdure, to the Golden Gate opening into

the sea that should have been our eternal sea of peace and liberty, will come the avenging hosts of those whose children and whose brothers we have ruined by our accursed theories of Masonic and Ingersoll atheism, liberty and humanity, until our expansion, our Crokers, our Platts, our McKinleys, our Irelands, and our Corrigans, will be crushed to death, and in their infernal agonies will wish that they had learned a little more carefully the lessons of Jesus and the prophets that justice and mercy and truth are after all the only real and abiding forces in this all too easily blinded and gullible world.

WILLIAM HENRY THORNE.

NOTHING NEW IN AMERICANISM.

THE magnificent brochure on "The Christian Concept of Democracy," recently published by Prof. Toniolo, editor of the *Rivista Internazionale di Scienze Sociali e Discipline Ausiliarie*, of Rome, should be read by every one who is laboring under the hallucination that the United States of America represent a new and original form of civil liberty, and that there is an "American idea" upon the diffusion and world-wide realization of which the future progress of the world largely depends.

The fact is that all our political and social-economic ideas spring from one of two ancient sources. Either they represent the normal and divinely constituted order of society which the Catholic Church has not ceased to reaffirm and promote from the beginning of the Christian era until now, or they represent the theoretical and practical inversions, disruptions and negations of that order which human frailty and Satanic malignity have continually conspired to accomplish ever since the fall.

So far as they conform to the constitution of the Catholic commonwealth they are good and true, but so far as they spring from the principles of Paganism, Protestantism, infidelity and anarchism, they are false and pernicious. But in no case are they new or autochthonous in any sense.

Unfortunately, most of what is called Americanism is simply a combination of positivism, secularism, materialism, mammonism

and anarchy—the animalistic principles of the French Revolution.

The public school system, for example, as at present conducted, is the negation of the prerogatives of God and the rights of parents. It annihilates civil and religious liberty, constitutes a state establishment of religion, or rather irreligion, taxes unjustly a very large number of citizens, promotes crime, fosters ignorance, and paves the way for irresponsible despotism on the one hand and destructive anarchy on the other.

The principle of administering the government “for the greatest good of the greatest number” is tyrannical, unjust and altogether inconsistent with civil liberty. The tyranny of a majority may become more absolute and unbearable than that of one man can ever be. A really good government is that which is administered for the good of the whole people, and not of any particular class, especially a class which by its nature possesses the greatest brute force, as “the greatest number” almost necessarily does.

On the other hand, the alleged “American” hostility to class distinctions is unnatural, anti-scientific and anti-religious. Society is an organism, in which each profession, family, and individual has its special function; and the functions of the various members of the social organism are as diverse as those of the various cells in the body of an individual man. There can be no true progress, or true liberty, without a recognition of the peculiar and reciprocal rights and duties of the different elements of human society.

“Freedom of speech” and “freedom of the press” are phrases that many persons are fond of bandying about and holding forth as “American” ideas. But this freedom either means freedom to utter whatever is true and good, in which case it is exactly what the Catholic Church stands for, or else it means a license to utter whatever any one may desire, without restraint, including the most horrible blasphemies, obscenities and libels, which no one demands except a few of the most open and violent enemies of all religion and all virtue. Every one who approves of the existing laws against obscene literature and libel thereby shows himself to be opposed to that pernicious and criminal “liberty

of the press" condemned in the famous Syllabus of Pius IX., and can have no grounds of reproach against the Church on this score.

The "American" notion that the lower classes have a sort of natural right to eat the same kind of food, wear the same kind of clothes, and live in the same kind of houses, as the higher, is ridiculous and unpractical. The boasted "high living standard" of the American masses is one of the most fruitful sources of misery, discontent, poverty and ruin. As a general rule frugality is an essential condition of happiness, and certainly economy is usually necessary to material success. He who "lives to eat" is reducing himself to the level of a brute beast; and there is no object so contemptible in the eyes of every sensible person as the human ape who puts the greater part of his earnings on his own back, in an effort to appear like those of a higher station.

A still more preposterous absurdity is the notion that success consists in "getting on top," in rising into a position supposed to be more dignified than that in which one was born. This horrible doctrine reproduces in human society the "struggle for existence" which some naturalists see in the animal and vegetable kingdoms. Its only possible effect is to produce universal discontent, unhappiness and incompetence, and to yield a crop of "misfits"—people who forsake a walk of life in which they are qualified to succeed for some supposedly "higher" one in which they are doomed beforehand, by incapacity or lack of opportunity, or both, to miserable and hopeless failure. Such teaching cannot add a single unit to the number of persons in the higher walks of life; all it can do is to produce a wolfish struggle for the places deemed most desirable, in which the most truly "fit" are more than likely to be trampled to death by the more powerful, cunning and unscrupulous.

Those who reject these and other vulgar superstitions which are often labeled "American," do not thereby cease to be good Americans in any creditable sense. But the man who strives to keep his country in darkness, to perpetuate its degradation, to retard its progress, to keep it from realizing its true end, is its worst enemy.

The fanatical "Americanist," he who blindly champions all the absurdities that our past ignorance and credulity have enabled the emissaries of infidelity and anarchy to foist upon us, is one of those false friends who is far worse than an enemy. He is not a good and loyal American; he is a Jacobin, an anarchist, a henchman of Satan, to whom he seeks to betray our beloved country.

May He whose right it is, and He alone, Jesus Christ, the King of kings, conquer, reign and rule, here and everywhere, world without end. Amen.

St. Louis, Mo.

MERWIN-MARIE SNELL.

ABOUT THOSE CATHOLIC TYRANNIES.

I HAVE evidence in my possession that certain so-called Catholics in the city of New York attributed the note in the *GLOBE NOTES* of the December *GLOBE* relative to certain *Recent Catholic Tyrannies* and the fact that I did not write the proposed article on them that I had contemplated writing, to insincerity on my part and to baser motives that need not be mentioned. And though I have been unable to get at the names of said so-called Catholics, the facts are certain as verified to me by Catholics in whose honor and veracity I have reason to place the most implicit confidence. Of course, said so-called Catholics are Judases and cowards, otherwise they would not be afraid to show their hands and give their names, but all back door slanderers are cowards, and unfortunately they make up the larger half of the human race.

In view of the case as here stated, while I do not at present intend to treat the matter in detail, as I am as anxious as any loyal servant of the Church to avoid scandal, I have resolved to give a brief statement of the cases merely hinted at in the *GLOBE NOTES* of the December *GLOBE*.

I have written evidence in my possession and have had these past two years, that the Archbishop of St. Paul forced, under duress vile, a priest of his archdiocese to *write me a lie* in order to save himself from the threatened exposure of a certain

pamphlet, called "Archbishop Ireland as He Is," written by said priest, and rather than take the risk himself of stating that certain things in said pamphlet were untrue, knowing himself all the while that I had in my possession evidence that said statements were true ; and I frankly confess that this act of tyranny toward a priest of the Lord Jesus Christ enraged me more against the Archbishop of St. Paul, than all the evidence then, as now before me, proving the boundless corruption of his northwestern land steal since decided in his favor, and the gentlemen in question can have just as much evidence of this as they choose to call for.

Again, I have evidence in my possession that the treatment of the once famous Father McGlynn by His Grace of New York, was not only tyrannical, contrary to all Roman ecclesiastical laws, but cold-blooded and brutal, petty and contemptible, that McGlynn was charged, condemned, evicted and disgraced without trial and without any of the common decencies such as the once notorious Jeffreys, of English infamy, might have accorded a common criminal, and far worse than any modern English landlord has ever attempted toward the poorest Irish tenant that he heartily despised.

I have never had and have not now any sympathy with McGlynn's notions of single tax as a panacea of human wrongs. I look upon Henry George and his vagaries in this matter as a pious Protestant crank, and I have no respect for the notions of those priests or others who view him as a great man or his theories as worthy of any respect, but a priest has the same divine right of judgment and the same sacred right of liberty that an archbishop has, and for an archbishop, simply because he is in a missionary country, so-called, to trample upon all Catholic canon law and act like a savage or unreasoning tyrant toward a priest of whose popularity he may be jealous, is to out-Herod Herod, and to out-Pilate Pilate and to crucify the Son of Man afresh and to put God Himself to open shame.

I grant that McGlynn might have been a vain man, etc. etc. But in God's name are not the Archbishop and his present assistants vain men ? Do you want evidence of this fact ? Slander the Editor of the GLOBE a little more and he will give you all you want.

Again I have evidence that the Bishop of Rochester's so-called humiliation of Rev. Father Lambert, was a piece of outrageous tyranny prompted by pique and pride on the part of the Bishop and in a case where he had not, in any human meaning or Catholic sense, one iota of right to take offence.

Bishop McQuaid has many gifted and noble qualities. I hesitate to criticise or include him in this list of tyrants—and a tyrant is not a man who simply acts with firmness or even with severity, but a man who acts contrary to reason and justice—and I charge that the Bishop of Rochester, N. Y., filled all these unenviable conditions in his would-be humiliation of Father Lambert. If he wants the facts in detail I am ready to give them to him.

I think that McQuaid is really a noble character, but that in this case his wounded pride got away with his reason, his religion and his humanity, but of course, being an infallible Catholic Bishop, he neither has the grace nor the humility to confess the fact.

Of course the Bishop of Rochester could not and cannot hurt a man of Father Lambert's genius and corresponding power. Satan himself could as soon hurt the Almighty. Genius overrides the edicts of ecclesiastical or political tyrants. It is the law of eternity that if you crucify truth it will rise again and lead the world. I am not worried about Father Lambert. God and the future will take care of him. My admiration for the man is such that had I the power of Rome I would make him the Pope's ablegate in the United States instead of such mere mouthing Italian scholastics as have already been sent here, but here again genius needs not the honor bestowed by man. What I am interested in is that mere ecclesiastics because they happen to be such, should understand that especially in dealing with their priests and in all their dealings for that matter, they should act, not like the vice regents of the devil, but of Him who, though God, acted with all the gentleness of a mother toward her dearest child.

Again I have evidence in my possession that the present Bishop of Trenton, alike when he was vicar general and since he became Bishop, assisted in the most tyrannous of ways in abducting a church and church property from the priest of a certain order of Fathers who worked like a slave to rear it; and that

from first to last said Bishop acted in this affair with a brutal disregard of all the principles of common justice and decency and Christianity. If he wants the facts or if he denies this statement I am ready to give him and the public all the facts they desire.

Touching the archdiocese of Baltimore it is well known that the Cardinal Archbishop has for years sanctioned and harbored a priest by the name of Slattery in Baltimore, who under the pretence of running a priest mill for colored students has run a concern that ought long ago to have been suppressed as an impertinent nuisance ; that Slattery himself started the concern by intrigue and deception of His Eminence, Cardinal Vaughan, of England ; in a word, that the Archbishop sanctions a concern that ought long ago to have been suppressed, and this is as we should expect from the little gentleman of Baltimore, a negative rather than a positive tyranny, but a tyranny of quiescent ecclesiastical consent all the same.

To many excellent Catholics it is also well known with sorrow that by a process of the same characteristic tyranny, the Cardinal Archbishop of Baltimore has maintained in the City of Washington, and largely to the ruin of a once flourishing Catholic congregation, a mere imbecile priest, because said gentleman is supposed to belong to one of the " old families " of Maryland.

The Cardinal Archbishop does not jump upon priests as some others, but he suffers evil priests to jump upon God and His friends, and does not bring the rascals to account.

From the rapidity with which I have glanced over these cases any true man will see that it is distasteful to me. Of course I recognize fully the seriousness of the statements here made, and of course I have questioned is it better to bear the ills mentioned, than, by exposing them, to court slander, or by opposing end them, and knowing as I do that in certain New England and other dioceses, similiar tyrannies are being enacted, I have concluded that at least it is best to say so much and to back it with this kind and fatherly advice to said prelates in all parts of the country, viz., that if by any technical view of the case they may be free of some of the limitations of common law in this country, there is no law on earth or in heaven that frees them from the eternal decencies of the moral law as laid down by Him whose

servants we all are, unless indeed we are the servants of Satan, parading as ecclesiastics or what not for the gains and honors of the show.

I appeal from tyrannous bishops to the Lord Himself and to His law, and bid the purple and scarlet-robed princes of the meek and lowly Jesus to treat at least with respect and honor the true priests of the Son of God, just as they would presumably treat the Lord Himself should He appear at some of their packed and damnable ecclesiastical tribunals.

I am sorry the sycophants of His Grace of New York, by their underhanded and cowardly mouthings, forced me to say these things, but I tell them once more that I will stand no nonsense either from an archbishop, a cardinal, a vicar general or what not, and my only suggestion is that they mend their ways.

On the other hand, it is but just to some of the gentlemen here mentioned to say that various priests of their archdioceses, both by letter and in conversation, have assured me, for instance, that His Grace of St. Paul is not tyrannical with his priests, but acts like a father among them and toward them; that His Grace of New York is mildness and gentleness and fairness itself in dealing with his priests, is, in fact, a saint in his way; that, though His Eminence of Baltimore may have been too lenient toward certain posing priestly parties in his archdiocese, and may have winked at almost rascally things in connection with the management, or rather mismanagement, of the affairs of the Catholic University at Washington, etc., etc., it is hardly fair to treat such conduct as tyrannical.

As to their Lordships of Rochester and Trenton, I have no palliating word, except that, beyond question, Bishop McQuaid is a man of the noblest natural impulses. In truth I suppose the trouble with them all has been that they were not great and Christian enough to bear with modesty the exaltation which has fallen to their lot.

I beg them to accept what I have said in all kindness. It seems to me they must understand that I have no personal feeling in this matter, but am offering suggestions to men who are apt to think themselves above advice or criticism.

WILLIAM HENRY THORNE.

OTHER GLIMPSES OF CUBAN LIFE.

ON THE emerald bosom of the Gulf of Mexico and the Caribbean Sea, lies the beautiful Pearl of the Antilles, amid coral reefs and verdant isles.

The Gulf Stream is of incomparable beauty, and reflects in its pellucid depths the varying tints of emerald, sapphire and topaz, for when touched by the sunlight, the waves are iridescent, and when night casts its shadows around, resemble glittering diamonds.

The coast of Cuba is flat and low, and it has excellent harbors on the northern and southern coasts, but the outlying isles and coral reefs as well as keys, render the approach to Cuba somewhat difficult, and render a good pilot necessary. It has a coast line of 2,200 miles, or nearly 7,000 if we count all the indentations. And this extensive coast line comprises its greatest weakness and strength—its weakness when menaced by foreign foes—its strength, when affording a safe landing for filibustering expeditions, which came to aid Cuba in her struggle to cast off Spanish dominion.

The largest of the Antilles, enjoying a most advantageous position, commanding the entrance to the Gulf of Mexico, and situated south of the United States, and north of Central and South America, Cuba is called the Key of the Gulf of Mexico, the Heart of the World, Queen of the Antilles, Gem of the Caribbean Sea, Sentinel of the Mississippi, and other euphonious names indicative of its chief characteristics and natural resources.

The island's greatest length is 790 miles; its greatest breadth 130 miles, while the average breadth is eighty miles.

Before the late war which broke out in 1895, and which devastated the island, laying waste its fertile fields and depopulating the land, Cuba numbered a population of 1,000,600 souls, two-thirds white and one-third colored. With an area of 45,000 square miles, and in spite of the fertility of the soil, sixteen times greater than that of Europe, only one-sixth was under cultivation. During the war, nearly all agricultural pursuits were suspended, but since Spanish rule

has ended, Cuba is in the transition period, and time will prove what her fate will be,—whether weal or woe.

Towns on the coast are thickly settled, as well as inland, nevertheless a traveller may journey twenty leagues inland without finding a sign of habitation, which proves that there is plenty of room for new comers.

Vegetation is exuberant. In some parts of the island bushes and trees grow so close together it is necessary to cut a path through with an axe. As though loath to have her domain invaded, nature immediately throws out a fresh growth in the spot thus desecrated by man, and within a few days the woods are as impenetrable as ever.

The sunlight rarely penetrates through the thick canopy of leaves, but the forest affords a shady spot for cattle, which break through the undergrowth to browse on tender shrubs, while birds build their nests in the trees, and their joyous carols resound through the woods. There are but few songsters in Cuba, for instance, mocking-birds and thrushes, but birds of a gaudy plumage abound, with harsh, unpleasant notes, such as macaws, parrots and others of the same family.

A native of Cuba is a tiny bird called the *bijirita*. Owing to its peculiarities, being small and delicate, it is often used to designate Cubans, while the Cubans apply the name of *gorrion*, sparrow, to Spaniards, for the reason that the sparrow is not a native of Cuba, but is a voracious bird, which has a propensity to drive away other birds.

A mountain range traverses the island, approximating in length to 1000 miles. The *Pico Turquino* is 8320 feet high. And these mountains and natural caves along their slopes afford a stronghold for banditti.

Geologists believe that Cuba was united to the mainland, and Humboldt also voices this conviction in his work. "The decreasing level of the limestone formations of the island of Cuba toward the north and west," he says, "indicates the submarine connection of those rocks with the lands equally low of Florida."

And what better reason can those have who desire the annexation of Cuba to the United States, than this, that Cuba once formed part of the mainland?

Cuba possesses mineral resources which have never been explored. Gold and silver have been found, but not sufficient to warrant the hope that this may prove a treasure, although the iron, manganese and copper mines may convert Cuba into an *El Dorado* when foreign labor and capital inaugurate a new era.

Cuba possesses a growth of precious woods, such as cedar, mahogany and ebony. Acacias, mastics, and a large variety of palms grow in profusion, while the cottonwood tree, with its lustrous, purplish foliage, towers above the other denizens of the forest, and parasitical plants encircle them with a close embrace.

Palm and cocoanut trees are the distinctive features of Cuban scenery. Furthermore, they are the most useful and productive trees. The cocoanut offers both drink and food within its fresh, green, lustrous fruit, resembling a huge nut, nectar and ambrosia fit for the gods, we might say. The liquid is like sweetened water, and is a most refreshing beverage, while the white pulp is soft and luscious. The royal palm furnishes both shelter and raiment, and supplies a fibrous substance which can be woven into a coarse fabric, and the material for thatched roofs. It may interest our readers to learn that not until 1776, during the administration of the Marquis de la Torre, were thatched roofs abolished within the precincts of the city of Havana, while to this day, the dwellings of the poor, rural population, are rudely built and have thatched roofs, with no better floor than the hard pressed soil.

The banana tree attains its full growth within a year, bears fruit, and has to be cut down to make way for the countless new shoots which spring from its roots, grow, multiply and go through the same process as the parent stock. Banana leaves are wide, long and of a glossy green. The lower leaves trail on the ground, while the topmost leaf is as soft as satin, and before it unfolds resembles a roll of that lustrous fabric. This tender new leaf is invaluable for dressing wounds, or the application of cooling lotions. However, the growth of the tree is impaired, and it often dies when this leaf is removed. When the bunch of bananas first appears, it is covered with a purple sheath, which afterwards drops off, revealing the green fruit, that turns

yellow as it ripens, or red, for there is a large variety of bananas.

In 1895, when the late war broke out in Cuba, there were about 45,000 estates, the majority well supplied with the necessities of life, resembling small settlements, with field hands, and jacks of all trades, while many dwellings were as handsome as any Italian villa.

Since the abolition of slavery in 1886 in Cuba, the manufacture of sugar was carried out on a coöperative basis, sugarcane being raised on *colonias*. It was then sent to the *central* to be made into sugar, for the machinery was kept in the *central*. While many modern improvements in machinery were in common use, yet carts were primitive and oxen were yoked by heavy, wooden yokes placed on their horns, and were driven, as well as led, by long ropes tied to iron rings in their noses, after the rude fashion in vogue in the East to this day.

Sugar and tobacco are Cuba's chief products. Raising tobacco is a tedious process, requiring constant care day and night, for the farmer is obliged to take a lantern, and go into the field at midnight to destroy snails and other insects, which kill the tender sprouts if not removed at the proper time. When the leaves are gathered they are classified, packed, and forwarded to the factories.

Few rivers are navigable for any great distance in Cuba. The River Canto is the largest, flowing from the Cobre Mountains through the Valley of Bayamo, and it empties into the Bay of Buena Esperanza. The Canto River is navigable for sixty miles. A network of smaller streams traverses Cuba. The River Moa, northeast of Guantanamo, forms a beautiful cascade at its source, with a water-fall of 300 feet.

Swamps and marshes in the lowlands along the coast poison the atmosphere with malarial emanations, rendering it fatal to foreigners.

The thermometer rarely goes above 90 degrees, while it seldom falls below 50 degrees, and the above is the maximum and minimum temperature.

The heat is tempered by sea breezes along the coast and by mountain breezes in the interior.

The seasons are divided into the dry and rainy seasons, the former lasts from October to June. Rivers and streams are swollen during the rainy season, when the rain descends in torrents like a second Deluge. Rivers often overflow, and render the roads impassable for carts and conveyances, which sink into the red mire as though held in a vice.

Oranges, pineapples, pomegranates, rose-apples, figs, tamarinds, and a large variety of fruits which we might compare to the golden apples of the Hesperides, abound in Cuba. Sea shells are unusually beautiful, from tiny shells, and delicate shells, resembling a maiden's rosy ear, to larger ones of varied shape and hue. The hapless inmate is sometimes expelled from his shell by the application of a live coal. Flamingoes abound near the lagoons, as well as pelicans with enormous beaks, which fly about in pursuit of their prey, pounce upon a fish as it appears above the surface of the water, and drop it into their enormous pouch, to devour it at leisure.

Peacocks of brilliant plumage are found in the country, as well as guinea hens, rabbits and mountain rats. There are plenty of birds and small game for sportsmen.

Enormous sharks infest Cuban waters. Many a luckless tar has fallen victim to these man eaters, while disporting in the waves.

Turkey buzzards serve as natural scavengers, and can be seen flying about, or perched on house-tops after a rain, pecking at their rusty, brown feathers, and emitting a hoarse caw.

Although called the Eden of the World, as there is no paradise without a serpent, Cuba is not exempt from snakes, but they are not poisonous. The island has lesser evils also, such as spiders, tarantulas, scorpions, gnats and mosquitoes.

Niguas, or jiggers, also abound, and burrow in a countryman's bare feet, and if not removed, will cripple him for life. There are poisonous flies, too.

Comejenes are insects especially destructive to wood. As *comejenes* assume the color of the article they are boring, their ravages are not discovered until the article or woodworks fall to pieces. When they get into beams, or rafters, they are exterminated by experts, who blow arsenic into the crevices.

Young scorpions feed upon the mother, which carries them on

her back until they have consumed her, and by that time they are able to look out for themselves. Whereas the expression is used : " Sharper than a serpent's tooth," we might say: " Keener than a scorpion's sting," which is painful and hurtful.

Twilight is of brief duration in the tropics, and after sunset, darkness quickly follows, unless dispelled by moonlight, which is unusually brilliant in the tropics. Through the forests resound the sibilant notes of the night hawk, resembling a human voice so closely, it is hard to distinguish one from the other, while the bird hops from branch to branch. Owls and bats whirl through the air. Some people consider them birds of ill omen, being superstitious like nearly all natives of the tropics.

Cuba may be called " Araby the Blest," by virtue of its flowers of infinite color, variety and beauty, ranging from the delicate creamy white cape jessamine with its exquisite perfume, and others of that species, roses, the queen of all flowers, japonicas, lilies and variegated iris of intoxicating fragrance, and orchids of gaudy hue.

New York.

MARY ELIZABETH SPRINGER.

AFTER DEATH—WHAT?

THE question of supreme interest to mankind—what becomes of us after the death of the body?—remains unanswered by the only authority which, after all, men absolutely and confidently trust. Science has nothing to say as to the future of the individual human being, and scientists are even divided as to whether life beyond the grave is a reasonable and tenable hypothesis at all. The only thing of which we are absolutely sure, according to science, is that the body dies and returns to the elements of which it was originally constituted. If there be a soul, distinct from the functions of the material brain, and if it survives the physical substance with which it has been associated, science does not assume to declare, nor even to guess, since it holds that we have not sufficient evidence upon which to base even the slenderest hypothesis.

Nevertheless, humanity goes on asking with almost pitiful iteration and insistence the old question, "If a man die shall he live again?" And we ask it of science more earnestly, more hopefully, more persistently than of any other authority in the world, though science is dumb and does not wish to be interrogated. It is strange how men turn away from the only full and positive declaration of the life after death, that given by the Bible and by the Church's interpretation of the Bible, and plead instead for the most meagre, conditional and reluctant hypothesis from the mouth of any pseudo-scientist, however insignificant and unreliable, who suffers himself to be seduced from the wise and dignified silence of his fellows. Even a poet or a novelist, provided he be not confessedly religious, and therefore biased and predetermined in judgment, easily collects a large and breathless audience when he assumes to give his individual opinion, attractively colored by imagination, as to a future life and its conditions. Any independent and confidently-expressed opinion, provided it be not based upon familiar tradition, is eagerly welcomed by a great multitude of inquirers. No matter whether or not the oracle have authority or even a respectable amount of common sense. Let him but announce with sufficient clamor and positiveness that he knows or has invented something about the life beyond the grave, and men will swarm about him like flies about a sugar pot.

A few years ago a Frenchman by the name of Figuier published a book called "*Le Lendemain de la Mort*," in which he proclaimed, with a clever assumption of scientific authority, a new theory of immortality. He imagined the soul, at the death of the body, as rising to the illimitable ether that surrounds the earth's atmosphere and there entering into a new body, exempt from all physical laws and limitations except such as still prevail in the ethereal envelope of the universe. There the new man needeth not to eat, drink, labor nor sleep, but is wholly sustained by respiration of the life-giving ether. All bodies are perfect and alike in this new sphere of existence. There is no such thing as sex or sex-love, but all love each other as the dearest earthly relatives and friends do after sex-love or passion has become extinguished in the nobler sentiment of spiritual

devotion. But death still exists! Even this refined new body must die, and the soul must pass on again to another and still higher realm of being—and so on and on, through successive reincarnations, until the last vestige of the physical is eliminated and the enduring personality becomes pure spirit. Then it enters into the sun, which, as Figuiet claims, is the ultimate goal of life, and returns to bless earth and nourish new life in the form of vitalizing sunrays.

In spite of the bathos and almost amusing anti-climax of a theory like this—which might well be likened to a college sophomore's dream of life and its final materialization—Figuiet's book made a tremendous stir for a time, and got itself talked about pretty much throughout the intelligent world. Yet there was nothing original about it, and it is utterly forgotten now, together with such other morbid conceptions as Mrs. Oliphant's "The Little Pilgrim" and Mrs. Phelps-Ward's "Beyond the Gates." People eagerly read such excursions of the fancy while they are fresh and novel, because for the time being they relieve, or promise to relieve, the intolerable itch to know a little something about the unknowable. But we may be very sure that the literary theories about the life to come, if there be one, are, and always will be, as unreliable and irresponsibly fanciful as the weather predictions in the proprietary medicine catalogues. They are woefully deficient, too, in real creative imagination, and seem as flat, forced and insipid as the revelations and communications purporting to come from the distinguished dead through spiritualistic mediums.

What, then, do we actually know about death and the hereafter, aside from what the Bible tells us?—and nobody will deny, I think, that most people live as if they did not believe all that the Bible says.

1. We know with absolute certainty that the body perishes and becomes entirely annihilated as a unit, an individual creation, a microcosm.

2. We know with measurable certainty that there is either an interruption, a suspension, or a total blotting out of personal consciousness at death.

3. We know that the entire human race instinctively dreads

and shrinks from death, as if by intuition it were felt to be a supremely minatory and ominous event.

4. We know that new life demands old life to nourish it. Life consumes life. So far as our knowledge goes, there is no such thing as an indefinite series of individual existences.

To offset these facts, we have on the other hand the assurance of revelation and of universal expectation and desire that the individual does continue to live after the death of the body and that personal identity is maintained forever.

On neither side of the question does there seem to be anything but indirect and circumstantial evidence. We are singularly devoid of anything like positive, direct, demonstrable, ponderable evidence, such as in all other matters of investigation the human intellect demands, secures, and bases its decisions upon.

It seems, therefore, to be a choice between hypotheses, whether we believe in the life after death or not. There is nothing that compels assurance on either side. So far as now appears, death is and always will be the great and inscrutable mystery. We may approach it with the serene faith of the Christian, or with the equally calm indifference of the philosophical agnostic. In neither case shall we know anything about it until it is all over—and perhaps not then. The only wise and reasonable course to pursue is to so live here on earth that, if this life proves to be all, we shall have had the highest and best good of it; and if it proves to be but introductory and preparatory to another life, we shall be enabled to enter upon that nobler existence from the highest possible plane of the life that now is.*

Atlantic, Mass.

JAMES BUCKHAM.

*Mr. Buckham errs, as thousands have erred before him, in assuming that the human individual is made up merely of "physical elements," so called, and the "functions of the brain." The converse is precisely true, and were scientists, so called, anything but stone blind idiots they would have seen the truth from the beginning until now.

Whatever be the force or entity that we call soul, and whether it be a special creation in each individual human being or trans-

mitted through natural or supernatural means from the original fountain of all soul, and "cometh from afar," it is as plainly visible in the open-eyed intelligence of a babe just born as in the clear-eyed glances of old age just about to shuffle off this mortal coil, and is as sure to live after death, as it lived in some form before birth. In a word, the mystery is older than death and justifies the hope of immortality.—*The Editor.*

LOVE'S LAST DREAMS.

THE BIRTH OF LOVE.

Could I but sing the splendor of Thy birth
 Into the ages of our mortal sphere,
 And make Thy glory, now so distant, near
 Unto the hearts and homes of men on earth—
 Woo Thee across the deep and stormy firth
 Of mystery, of timid, fainting fear,
 And crown Thee, as God crowns the perfect year
 With stars, with flowers, Thou shouldst know no dearth,—

O, love immortal ! glory of each day !
 Thou burnished dove of beauty and of peace,—
 Time's rarest songs ineffable, and gay
 As moonlight, over all the wrongs that cease,
 Should crowd Thy courts with melody so sweet
 That listening angels might the song repeat.

WINDS THAT VEER.

When all the lights from this fair world have fled,
 And it hath vanished as a faded sphere,
 Or floats in dust along the winds that veer
 Throughout the endless spaces of the dead,
 Thy life, O love divine, that here hath fed
 The blinded ages with a light as clear
 As that famed star-fire once was sent to cheer
 The world and o'er it God's own glory shed,—

Shall still be light, and love's own guiding star
 To all the universe of being,—through Thee
 The farthest darkness, and the deepest scar

That it hath made upon our race, shall flee
 Before the radiance of Thy Face, afar,
 Till night is drowned in love's own shining sea.

CHARITY.

The charity that suffers long, is kind ;
 That consecrates to truth its chastened soul ;
 That never lends its hands to wrong, in whole,
 In part ; that ever yields its heart and mind
 Unto the works, the thoughts that gently bind
 The warring strifes of man which madly roll—
 'Gainst love and duty and their sweet control—
 Survives all wrecks, when worlds are left behind.

To this aspire, my soul, and lift thy head
 Through all the blinding darkness of the world ;
 For only thus the living and the dead
 Do live again when all war's flags are furled,
 And rise through elemental silence, strong,
 Upon the waves of love's immortal song.

ECCE HOMO.

As the stars encircle the world by night ;
 As the blue sky enfolds it by night and day ;
 As the flowers crown it from June to May ;
 As the sun inspires it with heat and light,
 So, the love of heaven, from depth to height
 Of the boundless universe—ray on ray,
 And glory on glory—never astray—
 Blesses and binds it with purest delight.

And the sum of this splendor, never told,—
 Never comprehended since time began—
 With eternal youth that cannot grow old—
 All shone in the face of that lonely man,
 Whose God-like words were more precious than gold,
 And whose God-like soul only love can scan.

NOT LAW BUT LOVE.

It was not law but love that brought Thee down
 From out the heights of love's infinity,
 And that each day is rolling like a sea
 Of splendor over all the hate and frown

That drove Thy childhood from its native town
Of Bethlehem to wander, bound, yet free,
In love's own silken cords of destiny,
Until God's own love formed Thy jeweled crown.

It is not dogma, hate or law, but love
That lifts the broken heart of time to Thee
In Thy dear realms of love, in Heaven above
Where Thou shalt reign unto eternity.
Hence do we crown Thee, King-like, in array,
And pour our tribute, on this blessed day.

HE IS RISEN.

"He is not here, but risen," they did say,
Who from the cloudless fountains of the morn
Had come to thwart the bitter, biting scorn
That robbed this world of glory on that day ;
"He is not here, but risen," still we say
To every murderer of truth, whose form
Of blackness, mildew, death and driving storm
Would rob us of thy love, O Queen of May !

"He is not here, but risen," O false hate !
Whose evil jargon robs this world of love ;
"He is not here, but risen," O fond mate !
Into thy bosom, where the blessed dove
Of love's undying peace forever broods
O'er hearts of love, in love's own solitudes.

GOD'S WINDING SHEET OF FLAME.

When God's own winding sheet of flame—aglow
With burnings of ten thousand slumbering years—
Shall fold in its last grasp, the wrongs, the tears
Of all the ages—when the overthrow
Of nations, in hot lava-beds shall flow
To that deep sea which hideth all our fears,
Where paupers meet with princes—peers and peers—
And life is death and darkness burning so.

I fancy that some mighty voice will say—
Above, beneath this palpable, red flame
Of savage wreck, are life and love alway,
Most subtle, but eternally the same ;
That life and love shall never fade away
Though never more the seasons wax and wane.

THE FADELESS STAR.

To me Thou art the whiteness of the all
 Surrounding universe—the fadeless star ;
 The radiant victor in life's endless war ;
 Through Thee is lifted the dark midnight pall
 Has overhung the world since that far fall
 That left upon our race its vital scar,
 Its deep and hopeless longings—near and far :
 For Thee, in song, I raise this final call,

Unto all nations of my fellow-men,
 And bid them know Thee, love Thee, and adore ;
 To Thee I consecrate again my pen,
 My heart, my soul, and to the farthest shore
 Of all existence, claim for thine and Thee
 The God-like sway of God's own Majesty.

THE DREAM OF DREAMS.

O ! dream that all the ages longed to dream,
 That poets, prophets sought in vain to tell :
 Thou magic light that every ocean's swell
 Hath prophesied—thou sun-lit, golden gleam
 Hath glorified each heart that would beteen
 The stars of heaven and the sighs of hell
 Might find in thee their crowned, radiant spell
 Of joy and peace immortal—thou dost seem

To me all manifest in that bright glow
 Of God's and man's one victory supreme—
 That mighty, marching, star-like overflow
 Of love's own ministry—that richest cream
 Of God's own kindness, which in Christ, did shine,
 With love ineffable—deathless, divine.

DEATHLESS BEAUTY.

O love ! thou art resplendent in the stars ;
 Thou breathest softly in the flowers ; the sea
 Forever rolls in loyalty to thee,
 And thou art healer of the nations' scars.
 Thou shuttest up the doors of hate ; the bars
 To highest heaven's eternal destiny,
 Touched by thy magic wand, do break and flee,
 As conquered armies in our bloody wars.

But, glory of the ages, thou dost shine,
 In majesty, outstripping thought of man ;
 Most lovely art, and perfectly divine,
 When in disgrace thou sufferest a span,
 In bitter agony and death, to prove
 The deathless beauty of thy deathless love.

THE GATES OF LOVE.

I think 'twas wise to give to Thee the name
 Whereby the fondest of our dreams are known ;
 That spite of all the graves which death hath sown
 Across our hillsides since love's quenchless flame
 First flushed the heavens with Thy deathless fame,
 There hath not come a darkness, blackness, moan
 Of wide-spread grief, but through it there hath shone
 Some ray by which love's own first morning came.

I can not always name the joy that mates
 Or masters grief's unwept and fallen tears ;
 I can not always point the way where hates
 And wrongs and woes and all the rasping fears
 Of man pass into silence through the gates
 Of love,—still know it conquers all the years.

WILLIAM HENRY THORNE

“LIBERAL” CATHOLICISM IN CANADA.

1. REPORT AND DESPATCHES OF THE EARL OF DURHAM, ON BRITISH NORTH AMERICA. Ridgeways, London, 1840.
2. ETUDE SUR LE MAL RÉVOLUTIONNAIRE EN CANADA. Anonymous. E. Plon et Cie, Paris, 1881.
3. AFFAIRE GUIBORD. RAPPORT DE LA CAUSE, AVEC LE TEXTE DU JUGEMENT. “La Minerve,” Montreal, 1870.
4. LE LIBERALISME. *Leçons données à l'Université Laval, par l'Abbé Benjamin Paquet, Docteur en Théologie, et Professeur à la Faculté de Théologie.* [Printed by permission of Archbishop of Quebec.] Quebec, 1872.
5. L'ACTION DE MARIE DANS LA SOCIÉTÉ. *Par le Rev. M. Raymond, Supt. du Séminaire de St. Hyacinthe.* Quebec, 1873.

6. LA GRANDE GUERRE ECCLÉSIASTIQUE. *Par l'Hon. L. A. Dessaulles.* Montreal, 1873.
7. LETTRE CIRCULAIRE ET COLLÉCTIVE DE TOUS LES EVÊQUES DE LA PROVINCE ECCLÉSIASTIQUE DE QUÉBEC, *en date du 22 Sept., 1875.*
8. A. LETTRE PAST. DES ARCHEV. EVÊQUES, ET ADMIN: DES PROVS. ECCLS. DE QUE. ET DE MONT. ORDONNANT D'OBSERVER FIDÈLEMENT LES LOIS FAITES POUR ASSURER LA PURETÉ ET LA LIBERTÉ DES ELECTIONS. 1892.
B. LETTRE PAST. . . . SUR LA QUESTION DES ECOLES DU MANITOBA. 1896.

The "Special Correspondent" of *The Tablet* (London, September 17, 1898), in a letter dated from the Chateau Frontenac, Quebec, with reference to the Manitoba School Question, states that "the urgent representations of the Federal Government have been successful in winning from the authorities of the province, (Manitoba) further and important concessions for the Catholic minority, and that there is good reason to hope that before very long a tolerable *modus vivendi* will be arrived at." This is somewhat vague to be sure, nor does the correspondent state what these "important concessions" are. Neither does he say by whom the hoped-for *modus vivendi* is to be "tolerated"—that is the meaning of "tolerable" is it not?—whether by the Pope and the Bishops, or by the Catholic minority, on the principle of "Hobson's choice." This, however, has always been the attitude of the *Tablet* towards the Government of "the first Catholic Premier of the Dominion"—Sir John Thompson, being a Conservative apparently does not count—and inasmuch as the said government unquestionably owes its success to the "turn-over" in the French Catholic Province of Quebec, which "turn-over" was effected partly by appeals to "Nationalism," but chiefly by solemn pledges, on the part of "Catholic" Liberal candidates, to "do more than the Remedial Bill or resign," it has occurred to me that a history of the "Liberal" Party, "Catholic" or otherwise, from its inception may help us, in some measure, to test at their real value, these "important concessions," as also the "good reason to hope that before very long, a tolerable

modus vivendi will be arrived at." I have therefore, put together to the best of my ability, the results of a four years study of Canadian politics, as of a pretty extensive reading of pamphlets and other documents, not generally accessible, dealing with "Liberal Catholicism" or "Catholic Liberalism."

It may be as well to state at the very outset, that this article must, from the nature of the subject with which it deals, be of a very religio-political character. The excuse is that religion and politics are even more inseparable in French Canada than they are elsewhere ; also that the true "conservatism" of the French Canadians is intimately, if not indissolubly, bound up with their loyalty to the Church and their obedience to the clergy, to whose support of the Government during the troublous times of the Rebellion of 1837, Lord Durham bears witness [Report pp. 11, and 98], also because the conservative party—whatever its faults or shortcomings—is the only party that has been, for the greater part of its political existence, consistently loyal to the British connection ; is the party of all, or almost all Catholics who are such in fact, and not merely in name. The present Liberal Premier professes—for adequate reasons, doubtless—to be an Imperialist, but he speaks for himself, hardly for his party, which only yesterday was in favor of "unrestricted reciprocity" with the United States, and not so very long ago of annexation, *sans phrase*. It suits Sir Wilfrid Laurier to assume his present pose, the French Canadian Liberals have never been wanting in adaptability ; a study of the politico-religious history of the party, of which he is the nominal head, during the last sixty years, may possibly enable us to decide how far the conversion is genuine, and whether it is likely to prove permanent.

The result of the Federal elections of June, 1896, followed, as might have been expected, by the Quebec Provincial "turn-over" in the Spring of the following year, has been loudly proclaimed as a great Liberal victory, not only over the conservative party, but, also over "clerical tyranny." And yet, according to a statement made by Bishop Laflèche of Three Rivers, in 1876, in an address to the Pope [Le Mal Rév: Preface]: "Le petit peuple canadien est peut-être celui de toute la grande famille catholique qui jouit aujourd'hui de la plus véritable et de

la plus complète liberté religieuse." Unless, then, there has been a great change in the course of the last twenty-two years, which no one affirms, the "tyranny" aforesaid must relate to matters purely political.

Without seeking to account for the facts, we may be content to accept them; but, even in doing so, we may fairly claim that the "victory" was due, not so much to the efforts of the Liberals, who had been out of office since 1878, but to a very general change of opinion on the part of large numbers of conservatives; in fact, to one of those sudden "landslides," as the Americans call them, for which no one can account satisfactorily. As the Federal elections, those in the Province simply "followed suit," practically turned on the vote of the French Canadian Catholics of Quebec, it is the merest statement of sober fact to assert that the Liberals owe their "triumph" to the defection of a crowd of Conservatives.

Incidentally, it may be remarked that two prominent "conservative" politicians, well known in the Province, have been credited with having "knifed" their party at the elections of last year. The motive assigned was fear of losing the balance of power hitherto held by Quebec in the Parliament at Ottawa, should the elections be won outside of, and independently of the "pivotal province;" to say nothing of their respective situations, in which the Liberals have, undoubtedly, allowed them to remain. Whether these causes were sufficient to justify them in perilling the interests of their compatriots and co-religionists in Manitoba, is another question, with which, as a matter of fact, we are not immediately concerned. Whatever may be the truth, or otherwise, of the report, there remains the Liberal victory.

This, as stated, has been loudly heralded as a triumph over "clerical tyranny;" over the "meddling of priests in politics." It is true that the Liberal candidates, in Quebec, solemnly pledged themselves to do "more than the Remedial Bill;" simply because the Bishops had indicated, with sufficient clearness, that it was the duty of Catholics to vote for those who would promise to do justice to the minority in Manitoba. Anteelection promises, like the lovers' oaths, at which, we are told, Jove laughs, cost little to make; how far they have been kept, we

all know, and might have foretold, if any one had been willing to listen. It is also true that the prospect of having a Dominion Premier of their own race, for the first time, made a "wide" interpretation of the Bishops' injunctions more easy and more attractive to the French Canadians, than it might otherwise have been. Had the leader of the Liberal Party, during the elections of 1896, been an Ontario Protestant, he might have found it a harder task to convince the Catholics of Quebec of his zeal in behalf of the "oppressed minority" in Manitoba. In the case of a French Canadian "Catholic," the battle was half won already.

In spite, however, of all that has since occurred, a leading English Catholic paper still professes to believe that Sir Wilfrid Laurier, aided by his Orange friends, will, even yet, "do justice" to the Manitoban Catholics. The Liberals, however, speak of the two elections as evident proofs that "the French Canadians have begun to emancipate themselves" from the "undue influence" of their priests in matters political; as the first dawning rays, so to speak, of a better day of "civil and religious liberty." The latter phrase has a familiar, not to say ominous, ring.

It is worth noting, moreover, that these champions of "civil and religious liberty" claim now, as in the past, the title of "Catholics." In the petition addressed to "His Holiness Leo XIII," by members of the Senate and of the House of Commons of Canada, "representing therein the Liberal party," [Montreal *Herald*, March 31, 1897], the signatories profess themselves "respectful and devoted children of the Holy Church," and in another, sent by Liberal members of the Quebec Local Legislature [*Le Soleil*, Quebec, July 16, 1897], the petitioners protest their "attachment to the person of" His Holiness, and "their devotion to the Catholic Church." So far, therefore, as professions go, they are, undoubtedly, Catholics.

Nevertheless, as far back as 1875 [Pastoral Letter of September 22], the Bishops speak of these "Catholic" Liberals in the following terms: "Ces adversaires de la religion, qui cependant prétendent au titre de catholique, sont les mêmes partout. Ils flattent ceux de ses ministres (even the Pope!) qu'ils espèrent gagner à leur cause; ils injurient, ils outragent les prêtres qui dénoncent ou qui combattent leurs desseins pervers; ils les ac-

cusent d'exercer une influence indue, de convertir la chaire de vérité en tribune politique; ils osent quelquefois les traîner devant les tribunaux civils, pour rendre compte de certaines fonctions de leur ministère, ils cherchent même à les forcer d'accorder la sépulture chrétienne en dépit de l'autorité ecclésiastique."

Here are six distinct and definite charges, which indicate the decidedly "ecclesiastical" coloring which any history of Liberalism in the Province of Quebec must, inevitably, assume: **First**, that certain enemies of the Church call themselves "Catholics;" **secondly**, that they make use of such of the clergy as they can possibly win over; but (**thirdly**) abuse and attack those who oppose them [see the two petitions above referred to *passim*]; to the extent (**fourth**) of accusing them of exercising "undue" influence, should they mention political matters, of whatever nature, in the pulpit; even (**fifth**) summoning them before the civil tribunal on charges connected with the performance of their spiritual duties, and, lastly, of forcing the clergy to give ecclesiastical burial to those whom the Church has pronounced unworthy of such rites.

The proof, or disproof, of these charges will appear in the course of the narrative of facts; we need only remark here, that, in condemning "Liberal Catholicism," or "Catholic Liberalism," the Bishops rely, as they say, on "Cinq Brefs Apostoliques, qui dénoncent le libéralisme-catholique comme absolument incompatible avec la doctrine de l'Eglise; quoiqu'il ne soit pas encore formellement condamnée comme hérétique, il ne peut plus être permis en conscience d'être un libéral-catholique." We shall have occasion in due course to refer again to this famous collective "mandement" of September 22, 1875. It will be seen, however, that the Bishops merely state that a Catholic, a man who recognizes the authority of the Church as Divine, cannot, in conscience, be a "Liberal Catholic." This is no invasion, surely, of the civil liberties of any man; no attack on a political party as such; simply a perfectly "competent" pronouncement to the effect that a certain well-defined political "creed" (for want of a better term) is incompatible with loyalty and submission to the Catholic Church; such pronouncement being based on the rulings

of the authority which all Catholics profess to recognize as supreme. It is, manifestly, the duty of those who are entrusted with the spiritual guidance of others to point out clearly, what is, and what is not, permissible to a conscientious person, a duty which includes direction, in a very real sense, in regard to any political tendencies which may affect faith or morals.

This, of course, opens up the whole subject of "Liberal Catholicism," which must, of necessity, be dealt with plainly and fully, yet, withal, as charitably and as concisely as possible, in order rightly to understand the history of the Liberal party in French Canada. The two are, to all intents and purposes, inseparable. "Liberalism" in the Province of Quebec involves the existence of "Catholic" Liberalism, otherwise "Liberal Catholicism." They are not, indeed, identical, but "Liberalism," pure and undefiled, often marches under the "Catholic" banner, would fain pass—when constrained to do so—as "Catholic" in very truth; so that it is impossible to form a true estimate of the one without taking the other into account.

But Sir Wilfrid Laurier—so he has frequently assured us—is "a Liberal of the English school;" *ergo*, not an adherent of "Continental" Liberalism. Even apart from the fact that the utterances of English "Liberals" in regard to the Denominational schools have been remarkably similar to those of their French, Belgian and Italian namesakes, so similar as to indicate a strange sympathy, if not "solidarity" between the two "schools," Sir Wilfrid Laurier is not—however he may wish to be—an English "Liberal," but a French Canadian Liberal. Therefore, since a man is to be judged by the company he keeps, Sir Wilfrid Laurier must stand on the same level as his colleagues, most of whom are bitterly and irreconcilably opposed to doing any real justice to the Catholics of Manitoba. Sir Wilfrid may lead his party—just so far as his party are willing to go. Have they not "settled" the school question, and is it not "a dead issue?"

Further, since a political party cannot, in the nature of things, cut itself wholly adrift from its past self, we may fairly estimate its present aims, methods and motives by a careful study of those by which it has been actuated in the past. Sudden conversions of parties and individuals are of no infrequent occurrence, nor are

they without adequate cause; the misfortune is that the change, especially if it be to their own advantage as well as to that of the community, is seldom of long duration. In order, therefore, to pronounce on the fitness or otherwise—the motives may be easily inferred—of the Canadian Liberal party for the task of “emancipation” which they profess to have undertaken, along with a lot of other labors, an examination of certain epochs of their past history is not only absolutely necessary, but may also prove to be of more than a little interest.

The “keynote” of their history may be gathered from their claim to have gained a victory over “clerical tyranny,” to have begun to set the French Canadians free from the “undue influence” of their priests in matters temporal, and particularly as regards their “political liberties.” Such Liberal boasts notwithstanding, the French Canadians have *not* deliberately and of set purpose revolted against the authority of their clergy. They have unquestionably been misled by specious promises, by unprincipled appeals to their passions, by “national” pride, into voting, not so much for the Liberal party, but—it cannot be too often repeated—for Liberal candidates, solemnly pledged to do ample justice to the Catholics of Manitoba. “Nationalism,” plus faith in ante-election professions, outweighed the warnings of their spiritual guides. Moreover, “Liberalism” is catching at times, and for the success, if not for the very existence, of the Liberal party, a certain section of the clergy themselves are directly responsible.

This, undoubtedly, is a grave charge, one that must be strongly substantiated before it can be accepted as proved. It rests, however, on the admission of the bishops themselves (Past. Let. Sep. 22, 75.) that the Liberals flatter those of the clergy whom they hope to win over; must also be always understood with the qualification that for many years the Canadian clergy wholly failed to realize not only the true nature, but even the existence of Liberalism. It must rest ultimately, as in the case of our estimate of the Liberal party, upon the facts to be narrated. For the present the charge is simply stated.

The clergy, in all lands, and of all creeds, are, for the most part, rightly regarded as a conservative force of the best and

truest kind. So much is this the case, that it is to be sincerely regretted that well meaning Protestants should have hailed recent events in the Province of Quebec as indications of a weakening—all along the line—of the influence of the Catholic priesthood. It is easy to speak of this as an "emancipation;" easier still to forget that the weakening of the spiritual authority is apt, sooner or later, to involve the civil authority in the same fate. For a Catholic, the clergy are possessed of a divine prerogative; their authority is, in fact, the authority of conscience, that is, of God Himself. A weakening of clerical influence, therefore, though it begin in the politico-religious domain, is liable—so are human beings, of the Latin and Celtic races, especially constituted—to extend to other matters, more clearly spiritual and moral; is, in other words, the weakening of an authority justly recognized, by all Christians, as the highest conceivable—that of conscience. It is this that constitutes the gravity of the charge preferred against some of the Canadian Catholic clergy.

There can, however, be no doubt that the Catholics of the Province of Quebec have, for many years past, had grave cause for complaint; have complained, more than once, to the supreme ecclesiastical tribunal, that of the Pope himself. It is, also equally certain that both Pius IX and Leo XIII have, by every available means, endeavored to remedy the evils brought to their notice; if the evils still exist—as the late elections abundantly testify—who is to be held chiefly responsible? The Protestants of the Province? They are a small minority, practically content with the complete, not to say generous measure of civil and religious liberty—in the truest sense—accorded to them, on all points, by an overwhelming Catholic majority—of the "conquered" race. The Federal Parliament? Surely not, since the trouble is distinctly local, depending, both for its origin and for its remedy, on the will of a people possessing the fullest possible local autonomy. The Provincial Conservatives are not wholly blameless; not altogether free from a certain taint of Gallicanism, tantamount to a mild, if not quite innocuous Erastianism. But, as this present paper is intended to prove, it is the Liberals, those especially who claim to be "Catholics" of the province, who must bear the blame of the evils against which all loyal Catholics pro-

test, and have always protested ; against which all true friends of the rights of conscience, all real believers in the superiority of Divine law over human enactments, must as strenuously protest.

And, foremost among these "Catholic" Liberals, stand certain members of the clergy, fewer it is true to-day, than at a period not very long past ; chiefly the Seminarians of Quebec, who, at one time openly avowed themselves as "Liberals," who hoped to see their ideas prevail at Rome ; and the Sulpitians of Montreal, who were always more or less "Gallican" in their views, and who, on that account, were never in the best possible accord with the "ultramontane" Bishop Bourget. It may be, as claimed, ancient history that connects these two societies with the Liberal party, as it is to-day. Ancient or not, it is a true history ; moreover, the Liberals would never be where they are at the present time, would never have risen to power on the votes of a population truly Catholic at heart, but for the "backing" and protection which they received, down to a few years ago from "Liberal" bishops and clergy. This is a responsibility from which the "Liberal" clergy cannot escape, much as they might wish to do so. More, they have even been charged with conspiring to deceive the Roman authorities ; by representing the politico-religious affairs of the province in a light favorable to their friends of the Liberal party, a task at which they were, at one time, ably assisted by Mgr. Zitelli, one of the "minutantes" of the Papal Court, with the result that, until recently, the true situation has been misunderstood at Rome. This misunderstanding was, doubtless, due to the fact that the situation, as it existed in Canada, had never been, as indeed it could not very well be, viewed as a whole by the Roman congregations, to whom complaints and questions were referred. These congregations were, of course, obliged to rely on the information furnished by those interested, which information must pass through the medium of the minutantes, and it speaks more highly for the skill than to the credit of the "Liberal" section of the Canadian clergy, and of their "ame damnée," Mgr. Zitelli, that they should have been able, for so long a period, to induce the Roman authorities to view matters in a light not wholly unfavorable to their friends. The true view, however, of the situation, is capable of proof by

facts known to all, at the time, or subsequently ; it is this view that we wish to give.

During the existence of Canada as a French colony—a period of about a hundred and fifty years—Gallicanism was the dominant spirit of the majority of the French clergy, and was, naturally, prevalent among those who had spiritual charge of New France. The laws of the colony,—confirmed at the Cession in 1763, by the Treaty of Paris, and again in 1774, by the Quebec Act—bear a strong impress of Gallicanism, which is, or was, even more evident in theological training given to the clergy. This fact is worthy of notice, as it will account, to a great extent, for the "Liberalism" with which, until a few years ago, a certain section of the Canadian priesthood—and even of the Episcopate—were, undoubtedly, infected. The subtle poison has not been altogether ejected, but the last two elections may—as they certainly should—work an effectual and permanent cure. Treating of matters, however, in the order in which they occur, we have to give due weight to the existence of this same Gallicanism. It is, essentially, a spirit which prefers—of the two—the supremacy of the State to that of the Pope ; the period of "Gallican liberties" was that in which the French Church was the bond slave of the King. In any case, a "Gallican" clergy would, in the nature of things, be more or less unwilling—to say the least—to submit to a Papal decision in regard to matters which they would claim to consider as purely secular, namely, questions of politics. That such questions are not, and cannot be *purely* secular, that is, wholly and always distinct from questions of faith or morals, is, evidently, the central point of the whole contention. The Pope says "no ;" a Gallican clergy, apparently, inclines to the contrary opinion. All true Catholics admit the authority of the Pope as final ; "Catholic" Liberals—and even a certain section of nominal Conservatives—in the Province of Quebec, have preferred to follow the teachings of the clergy to whom they owed their education ; a clergy who had, until recently, studied in the seminaries of Montreal and Quebec, French theologians principally, all, or most of whom, were, in fact, Gallican, if not Jansenist in their tendencies.

It has been the natural result of such a condition of affairs that a number of men, otherwise pious, and of irreproachable life, have grown up in a very atmosphere of error. Men of high legal attainments have studied—many of them exclusively—a system of legislation which, in effect, places the State above the Church, that is, above conscience, which, at every possible point of contact, leaves it to the State to decide the limits of its own jurisdiction—the prerogative manifestly, of the higher power of the two—contrary, not only to the teachings of the Pope and of the Bishops, but also, surely, to the most elementary principles of religious liberty. Such a system gives to the civil power the “right” to punish, for defamation of character, a priest who may refuse the Sacraments to one he deems unworthy; the “right” to force him to give religious burial to an excommunicated person—a “right” we propose to illustrate, by means of a famous case, later on; and, finally, the “right” to pronounce, in respect to a sermon, whether a priest has fulfilled his sacred ministry suitably or not.

Here, certainly, are all the characteristics of a well-developed system of Erastianism, of State supremacy over the conscience of each and every individual, the State being, of course, the will of the majority as interpreted by the law. It is a question of facts, not of creeds or prejudices. Manifestly a system which would prove so effectual against the constitutional and divine liberties of the Catholic Church, would be equally so, possibly more so, against any other form of conscientious belief. It is the problem stated by the Apostles: “Is it better to obey men rather than God?”

In order to assign a date at which to begin a study of the history of the Liberal party, the party of “emancipation” in Canada, as elsewhere, we cannot do better than choose the year 1837, more especially as that date has been so frequently contrasted with 1897 by the present Canadian Premier among others. It may be well to remark, to begin with, that French Canada, although separated politically from old France in 1763, has remained in close touch with what is, sentimentally if not practically, “la Mère Patrie.” It has escaped, indeed, the full effects of the Revolution, but has imbibed “French ideas,” that

is the ideas, social and political, of which the Revolution is the source and center; has imported such French books, good, bad or indifferent, as it had a fancy for, or was told to read. Thus it came to pass that certain persons, having a more or less factitious prominence, began to profess "Liberal" principles, not, be it said, of "the English school," but of the genuine Revolutionary, "Continental" kind; principles which, as might have been expected, found their logical expression before very long in overt revolutionary movements. It was in this fashion that the "Liberal" party may be said to have originated.

The principal instigator of these revolutionary movements was the notorious rebel and demagogue, Louis Joseph Papineau, who, having "shaken off the trammels of superstition" himself, inaugurated the "emancipation" of the French Canadians by a hopeless rebellion, a rebellion which the clergy, on the testimony of Lord Durham and others, did their utmost to prevent. Papineau himself prudently escaped to France, where he associated with kindred "Liberal" spirits. After the rebellion had been suppressed, a few of his dupes hanged and amnesty proclaimed, he returned to Canada.

One result of the rebellion was legislative union between Upper and Lower Canada—Ontario and Quebec—as proposed by Lord Durham. Each province had, up to that time (1840), enjoyed a very practical measure of autonomy under the direct control of Great Britain. Each could develop freely on its own lines—Ontario as a Protestant English colony, Quebec as a French Catholic one. Neither had a shadow of excuse for interference with the other. With legislative union came an era of more or less ungracious compromise, neither province being willing to make concessions, wherein the aggressiveness of the Protestant Briton was well matched by the tenaciousness of the Catholic Frenchman. The rights of each province had, of course, been safeguarded, as far as possible, by the act of union, but the Protestant party naturally wished to give a Protestant bias to the laws enacted by the joint Legislature; the French Catholics just as naturally resisted every such attempt. The French "Liberals" sided on principle (?) with the Protestant party, giving them an absolute majority. They have had a

fondness for the Ontario Protestants—Orangemen and others—all through their history; it is one of the few points on which they have always been consistent. This era of "compromise"—somewhat one-sided, it is true—lasted until Confederation, in 1867.

The "Liberal" ideas which Papineau the rebel, together with his friends, had imported from France, continued to grow and spread, as such ideas generally do, by means of energetic, if not very scrupulous, journalism especially. It is, doubtless, in one sense, an "emancipation" to be set free from the "bondage of superstition," superstition being, of course, any form of dogmatic belief. For such a task the leaders of the incipient "Liberal party"—not yet known by that title—were eminently well fitted; nor did they at this stage of their history deem it advisable to pose as "loyal Catholics." "Catholic Liberalism" was of somewhat later origin, an expedient born of necessity, when the strong flavor of their "Liberalism" needed a little toning down, in order to suit the tastes of an "intelligent electorate." Later on, as we shall find, the party was "Liberal" or "Catholic Liberal," as circumstances dictated; it has always been, since its first actual and public inception, effusively "Catholic" when there was anything to gain by it, more especially when they have wished to persuade the Roman authorities—to say nothing of their friends among the clergy—that the charges brought against them are simply political calumnies.

As a matter of fact; true to the traditions of their founders, they desire the complete separation of Church and State; the *omnipotence* of the State; that is its unquestioned and unlimited supremacy over all rights, whether civil or religious; they deny the right of Pope or clergy to intervene in political questions, even when such questions affect the interests of faith or morals, but will uphold any bishop who may appear to favor them, as a model to be imitated, an authority to be obeyed. While ready, as we have seen, to petition the Pope to "regulate" Canadian affairs, they have striven and will continue to strive for "secular" education, the first step being, of course, "uniformity" of text books, to be followed in due course by all the other points with which we have grown so painfully familiar. All these are mani-

festly articles taken from the "Credo in *Civitatem* Omnipotentem" of most "orthodox" Continental Liberalism; a "credo" to which, by the way, the Liberals "of the English school," as judged by their more recent utterances, might subscribe without any serious "scruples of conscience." And yet, in Canada, those who adhere to this revolutionary "faith" are at times "proud" to call themselves "Catholic Liberals" or "Liberal Catholics;" it does not greatly signify, after all, which of the two mutually-exclusive terms stands first in such an "ominous conjunction." Their chief aim, an aim to which they have attained more effectually than ever before, is to be supreme in the Provincial Legislature at Quebec, the Province of Quebec being, as they very well know, the innermost stronghold of Catholicism on the Continent of North America. Truly, with both the Federal Parliament and the local Legislature in their possession—there is no "opposition" in either worthy of the name—the Liberals have little left to ask for—only to control the Pope. That is where the "revolt" will originate when it does come, as come it must. In the meantime they have as free a hand as reasonable mortals could desire, and the men who are said to have "sold" the elections will doubtless get their reward.

It was in 1848, 1849, however, that, encouraged by the success of "revolutionary"—i. e., "Liberal"—ideas in Europe, and particularly in the "Mother-Land" of France, the party became publicly known by the name of "Liberal" or "Rouge"—names still popular to-day—Papineau being, naturally, their leader and prophet. Claiming to be "Democrats" rather than "Catholics," they published in their organ, the *Avenir*, their "young aspirations"—the usual rant—concerning liberty, equality, free education, the tyrannies of churches and monarchies, do we not know it all? That Bishop Bourget, of Montreal, should have dared to point out to the faithful of his diocese, the dangers to Church and State involved in the profession and dissemination of such principles, was, of course, according to the "Rouge" version of the matter, "political persecution." The whole incident is chiefly notable as an episode in the history of the (now) "Catholic" Liberals—"attached to the person of the Holy Father" and "devoted to the Catholic Church!" [See Petition

of Quebec Legislature, *Le Soleil*, Quebec, July 16, 1897], an episode which has never been disavowed; as showing, moreover, that, at this period, they were proud to belong rather to the Continental than to the English "School" of Liberalism, and to re-echo, as the gospel of man's social and political salvation, the catch-words of the "Glorious Revolution."

As might have been expected, such principles published and reiterated, in a fair number of papers, found not a few adherents among the "educated" laity—already "Gallican"—particularly among young men who had recently come from college, the ever-ready recruits of "Liberalism" in all ages, and in all countries—men of more brains than sense or experience. Nor were these principles, thus widely adopted, slow of showing themselves in practice.

There had existed in Montreal, for many years, a learned and literary society, known as the "Institut Canadien." In 1858, the "Liberals" found themselves a majority in this society, one admirably suited to their purpose. They began by filling the shelves of its library with dangerous and prohibited books; whereupon, Bishop Bourget, in the strict and conscientious discharge of his obvious duty as a pastor of souls, warned his flock against the perils which menaced their faith. Those of the members who were, in spite of certain Liberal and Gallican leanings, loyal Catholics, finding the majority determined on resisting, to the utmost, what they were pleased to term the "interference" of the Bishop, withdrew from the society to the number of 140. They stated with regret, that the "Institut Canadien" had failed of its mission; that the library—open to all comers—contained books regarded as "futile, irreligious and immoral," not only by Catholics, but by all Christians; that the Institute had become "*la trompette au moyen de laquelle on répand à grand bruit, parmi nos compatriotes, les idées les plus absurdes en fait de la religion, de morale, et de nationalité.*" They therefore resigned, leaving the majority, about 300 members, in undisputed possession of the "Institut Canadien." The victors celebrated their triumph by a series of six lectures on "The annexation of Canada to the United States." The leaders of the Liberal party were, therefore, openly disloyal to the British connection in 1858;

they have since become "Imperialist," by way of an (unattainable) "Unrestricted Reciprocity."

The lectures themselves are, of course, not worthy of quotation. What would be said by a French Canadian Liberal (of the most advanced "school") on such a subject, may be easily imagined. Each year, at their annual "field-day," some famous personage of sympathetic views, naturally, was invited to lecture to the assembled members and their friends, male and female. Such lectures were "de rigueur," "revolutionary;" that they were anti-Catholic, not to say anti-Christian, as well as anti-British, goes without saying. Once again, the matter is chiefly of interest as an episode in the history of the party, one which has never been repudiated; also, for the declaration of war which the lectures contained against "l'homme ennemi"—Mgr. Bourget. Finally, under date of July 14, 1869, a Decree of the Holy Office condemned the "Institut Canadien," and placed its publications on the "Index." [Circular published at Rome, July 16, 1869].

This was practically the death-warrant of the "Institut." The answer of its President was published in the form of a pamphlet, entitled "La Grande Guerre Ecclésiastique." [Par l'Hon. L. A. Dessaulles, Montreal, 1873.] The author, on page 84, is at the pains of summing up its principal formulas:

His statement is not exactly, "Liberalism of the English school" to which the present Canadian Premier claims to belong, nor is it "Imperialist." It is as certainly not Catholic in any legitimate sense of the term. But it was, in 1873, the creed of his party, as interpreted by one of its recognized leaders, a creed of which there has been no recantation by those who are, for the time being, "respectful and devoted children of the Holy Church!" [See petition of Federal members and senators, Montreal *Herald*, March 31, 1897.]

It may be as well to treat here—somewhat out of its exact chronological order—an occurrence directly connected with the condemnation of the Institut Canadien by the ecclesiastical authorities. It will be remembered that, in their collective letter of September 22, 1875, the Bishops charge the "Catholic" Liberals with trying to compel the clergy to give religious burial

to excommunicated persons. In 1870, the Institut Canadien, finding itself condemned to ignominious extinction, gladly seized on an opportunity of striking a blow at their enemy, Mgr. Bourget. One of its members, Joseph Guibord, died in a state of *ipso facto* excommunication, having publicly declared, in his last hours, that he was perfectly aware of the ecclesiastical penalties involved in continued membership of the Institut. The curé of Montreal, acting on the Bishop's instructions, refused to bury Guibord in his own lot, in the consecrated part of the cemetery. Thereupon, the Institut Canadien, acting nominally in behalf of Guibord's widow, took proceedings against the curé to compel him to bury Guibord with the rites of the Church. [Affaire Guibord.] The lawyers of the prosecution were prominent members of the Institut Canadien—Rodolphe Laflamme and Joseph Doutre.

The keynote to their plea may be found in the following sentence, uttered by Laflamme [p. 16.]“ . . . le culte de la religion catholique romaine est libre . . . mais il n'a été investi par aucune autorité du droit d'opprimer aucun de ses membres, et qu'il n'enlève aux citoyens professant ce culte aucun des droits inhérents à leur état civil.” That is to say that Guibord's *civil* status as a French Canadian Roman Catholic included all the rights and privileges of his *ecclesiastical* status as a Catholic—one over whom the Church has supreme, divine authority—and that, consequently, no ecclesiastical pains or penalties—however justly inflicted—could abrogate his *civil* rights and privileges ; in short, that *ipso facto* excommunication, knowingly and wilfully incurred, could not deprive him of religious sepulture (the rites of the Church) because he was legally, though not ecclesiastically, a Catholic when he died. Laflamme further claimed [ibid] that “après le droit commun de ce pays, il n'existe aucune autorité indépendante de l'état et des tribunaux . . . ,” the complete supremacy of the state over all causes, cases and persons, ecclesiastical as well as civil.

The other advocate for the prosecution, Joseph Doutre, followed in much the same strain. His argument, however, is chiefly noticeable for its championship of “Gallican liberties”—the subjection of the Church to the State, rather than to the Pope

—its flattery of the Sulpicians, who had, apparently, hesitated to comply with Mgr. Bourget's instructions—a flattery quite in accordance with "Catholic" Liberal principles—and for its outrageous attack on the Jesuits—whom he could not hope to win over. One phrase alone is worthy of quotation, as indicative of the character of his Liberalism:—"Honneur soit rendu aux sauvages de ce continent qui avaient commencé à supprimer du sol canadien la première semence de la sainte Société de Jésus!" This insult passed wholly unreprieved by the "Catholic" Judge Mondelet.

The lawyers for the defence were Messrs. Jetté, Cassidy and Trudel, who, in effect, claimed that the Church (priest, bishop or Pope) has the sole right to decide, in the case of her members, who is, and who is not worthy of religious burial (with rites, etc.). Also, that in a conflict between the Church and the State—between conscience and human authority—it is the former, and not the latter, that has the right to define the limits of her jurisdiction. This was, evidently, a case of the relation of a Catholic to the Church, a purely ecclesiastical question. Mr. Trudel, moreover, maintained that a consecrated cemetery was, emphatically, within the domain of the spiritual authorities; was, in fact, a part of the Church; that therefore it was not a matter affecting a man's *civil* status, but his religious status as a Catholic.

Judge Mondelet, who had allowed Joseph Doutre to insult the feelings of all true Catholics, felt it incumbent upon him to "heckle" the other party in proportion to the "orthodoxy" of their several pleadings. Thus Mr. Jetté "suffered" a little, he being more or less Gallican in his tendencies. [Note. He subsequently joined the "National" party.] Mr. Cassidy, who was more strictly orthodox, suffered more; Mr. Trudel, as being what the Liberals call an "ultramontane" beyond all measure, as may be seen by a perusal of the case. [Affaire Guibord.]

The judgment was rendered in the following terms:—

"Considérant que Sa Grandeur l'Evêque diocésain, en se servant des mots, 'on doit refuser l'absolution même à l'article de la mort,' a par cela seul donné l'ordre de refuser la sépulture dont il est question, il s'est rendu coupable d'un abus de pouvoir que répudient les lois ecclésiastiques :

“ Considérant qu’ à son décès Joseph Guibord était en possession de son état de catholique romain, et de paroissien de la paroisse de Notre Dame de Montréal, et de tous les droits que les lois y attachent (his *civil* status) :—

“ Considérant, enfin, que les défendeurs ont entièrement failli en leur défense, laquelle est injuste et sans fondement le cour adjuge et ordonné peremptoirement aux défendeurs et curé de donner aux restes dudit feu Joseph Guibord la sépulture voulue par les usages et la loi (the rites of religious burial) dans le cimetière catholique, etc., etc.” This judgment was reversed on appeal to the Superior Court, but confirmed by the Privy Council, on the ground that Guibord had not been excommunicated *nominatim*, but only *ipso facto* (“ on doit refuser l’absolution ”), a weak point in the Church’s case which was subsequently fully provided against.

In 1871, certain well-disposed Catholic laymen drew up, in view of the approaching elections, a moderately short programme, as they surely had the best possible right to do, to the effect that the electors should only give their votes to candidates who would promise sincerely if sent to Parliament, to respect the laws of the Church, and to bring about certain necessary reforms. This “ platform,” due to the spontaneous action of laymen devoted to the Church, was known as the “ Programme Catholique.”

Mgr. Bourget, of Montreal, and Mgr. Laflèche, of Three Rivers, expressed their emphatic approval of the “ Programme,” in circulars addressed to the clergy of their respective dioceses. Mgr. Taschereau—the Metropolitan of the Province—on the other hand, saw fit to forbid his clergy to speak in favor of the “ Programme ”—a course also followed by the Bishops of Rimouski and of St. Hyacinthe—not on account of any errors it might be supposed to contain, but solely on the ground that it had been drawn up without any participation on the part of the Canadian Bishops ! This was of course exactly what the “ Catholic ” Liberals wished ; an episcopal “ censure ” of the “ Programme.” Obviously, either the Bishops should not have intervened at all—according to Liberal principles—or those who endorsed the “ Programme ” had as much right to do so as those who “ censured ” it. The action of the Archbishop of Quebec

was an indirect condemnation, not only of those who had drawn up the "Programme," but of the Bishops who had given it their approval ; it was also a fact of which Mgr. Taschereau's "Liberal" friends were not slow to take the fullest possible advantage. The *Journal de Québec*, edited by an intimate personal friend of one of the clergy of the Palace, made the most virulent attack on the Bishops of Montreal and Three Rivers, attacks of which Mgr. Taschereau appeared—strangely enough—to be wholly unaware. Moreover, having been authorized at Rome in 1874, to decide as to the "opportuneness" of the "Programme," he did not hesitate to inform his clergy assembled in retreat, that Rome had *condemned* it ! It is hardly surprising to learn that Liberals of all shades hastened to proclaim that Mgr. Taschereau was the only Bishop who should be listened to ! Even in one of their latest utterances, the Provincial Petition to the Pope, they look back regretfully, to the "happy state of affairs"—the non-interference of the clergy in politics—which "lasted until lately, thanks to the wisdom and authority of His Eminence, Cardinal Taschereau." * Nor in view of these facts, can the statement made earlier in this article to the effect that a certain section of the Canadian clergy are directly responsible for the success, if not for the very existence, of the Liberal Party be regarded as otherwise than amply proved.

Were any further proof required, we might take the two following events as more than sufficient to supply it. In the Spring of 1872, the Abbé Benjamin Paquet, Professor of Theology in the "Catholic" University of Laval—for whose appointment and the proper performance of his duties, the priests of the seminary, and the Archbishop as visitor, were therefore, directly responsible—delivered with the full consent and approval of the authorities, a course of lectures on "Le Liberalisme" [Quebec, 1872], at which all the "gens instruits" were warmly invited to be present. The Abbé was known to have studied in Rome, this fact and the fact that he spoke as professor of theology in what was then the only Catholic university in Canada, gave more than usual weight and importance to his utterances ; circumstances which doubt-

* This article was written while Cardinal Taschereau was still alive. This fact should be borne in mind. F. W. G.

less, were not merely fortuitous. What chiefly interests us here however, is his assertion that the "Liberalism" condemned by Pope Pius IX is one and the same thing as what is known as "Indifferentism," which regards all forms of faith as equally true or equally false. "Catholic Liberalism," therefore, so the Abbé maintained, the "Liberalism," that is, of men professing to be "Catholics," could not possibly be the dangerous error which certain "ultramontanes" asserted it to be, for party purposes, solely.

The other event is of a similar nature. A few months later, the Abbé Raymond, Superior of the Seminary, and Vicar-General of the diocese of St. Hyacinthe, stated in a sermon delivered in Montreal ["L'Action de Marie dans la Société"], that in Canada and in the Province of Quebec particularly, there was *no* "Liberalism" in the sense condemned by the Church. How pleased the Liberals, and especially the "Catholic" Liberals were, to be thus solemnly pronounced orthodox; how grievously they resented any criticism of the Vicar-General's sermon, may be easily imagined. The sermon was approved by Mgr. Taschereau; it is of course, quite conceivable that both he and the preacher really believed that their "Liberal" friends were injured innocents, unjustly accused by bigoted ultramontanes. The effect in any case, was the same; the sermon gave new life to the Liberal party.

But the Abbé Raymond went further. He submitted his sermon to Rome. Rome replied that it contained nothing worthy of censure. He had, in fact, made a statement, as to the truth or falsehood of which the Roman authorities were, evidently not in a position to judge. They merely pronounced as to the *doctrines* taught by "L'Action de Marie." Such a decision was, however, too valuable to the exigencies of the Liberal cause, not to be made use of "for all it was worth." They loudly asserted, therefore, that, since Rome "approved" of the sermon in question, the facts, as to "Liberalism," therein stated must, necessarily, be true. This was an argument of the kind which the ordinary British Protestant miscalls "Jesuitical;" it suited the purpose of the Liberals, then, as now, to pose as "loyal Catholics," anxious, above all things, to follow "the precious teachings" of the Pope's "immortal encyclicals" [Federal Petition],

and they adopted this line of reasoning without hesitation, and wholly without scruple. The result was, as might have been expected, a large accession of converts to the cause of "Liberal" Catholicism, religion made easy.

The famous sermon of Father Braun, S.J., on "Liberalism," preached in the presence of the Archbishop of Quebec and of a number of Bishops and clergy, on the occasion of Mgr. Bourget's Golden Jubilee, was a veritable counterblast to that of the Abbé Raymond. That it should have evoked a "howl" from the Liberals, was only natural; it was, so they said, an act of folly, a deliberate insult to Mgr. Taschereau, who appears to have resented it as such. It was no more "uncalled for" than were the Abbé Paquet's official lectures on "Liberalism," published by permission of Mgr. Taschereau, or than was the Abbé Raymond's sermon, to which it was, in effect, a perfectly legitimate reply; its only "fault" was that it was on the "wrong" side.

In 1872, the Liberal party seems to have become ashamed, possibly, out of gratitude to Mgr. Taschereau and other clerical champions, of its "excesses" in the past. It was, therefore, announced to whom it might concern, that the "Liberal" party had ceased to exist (in the Province of Quebec), and was succeeded by a new "National" party, of which Mr. Jetté, one of the lawyers for the defence in the Guibord case, was a leader, more "moderate" and respectable, in every way. This was, doubtless, intended to offset the effect of certain charges brought against the "old" party, and to confirm the favorable opinions to which their friends among the clergy had given expression concerning them; as also, to prevent the success of the "Programme Catholique." It was quite in order that the "converted" organs of the "new" party should be intensely pious and "Catholic" in tone, for the time being. The result justified their expectations: the Abbé Paquet had proved (?) that Canadian "Catholic" Liberalism was not the "Liberalism" to which the Pope's condemnation referred; the Abbé Raymond had shown, conclusively (?) with the approval (?) of Rome, that continental Liberalism did not exist in the Province of Quebec. The Bishops, as we shall see, presently, were, apparently, of the

same conviction; *ergo*, the change of name, from "Liberal" to "National" was, eminently, a wise one. But the "conversion," as will happen, was not of long duration; after a few successes gained by the "new" party in the election of 1872, the term "National" gradually went out of fashion, and the old, genuine "Liberalism," "Catholic" or otherwise, emerged from its temporary, but most opportune, eclipse.

In 1873, the Fifth Provincial Council was held at Quebec. The assembled Bishops, most of whom really believed, at that time, that "*il n'y a pas, ou presque pas de libéralisme au Canada*" [Le Mal Rév. p. 168], urged thereto by the Bishops of Montreal and of Three Rivers, were constrained to admit that "the errors of Liberal Catholicism counted a few adherents (quelques adeptes) in Canada." [Ibid.] A few! It must, however, be said, in explanation, that the majority of the Bishops had even then, no very clear idea as to what was meant by "Liberal Catholicism." They either accepted, as proved, the assertion of Abbé Paquet, a theologian who had studied in Rome, that "Liberalism" was identical with "Indifferentism," or the comforting statement of Abbé Raymond that (continental) "Liberalism" did not exist in the Province. They seemingly wholly failed to grasp the fact that Liberals, masquerading as "Catholics," were the most dangerous enemies the Church could possibly have to contend against. The erroneous impression under which the Bishops labored does, however, exonerate them, in great measure, from deliberate complicity in the real designs of the Liberal party.

During the course of this year, 1873, the Conservative party, who were then in power at Ottawa, contrived to give grave offence to the Catholics of Quebec, especially in regard to the New Brunswick school settlement, which may be described as a Manitoba one, with modifications. In this case, it was the Conservatives who wished to bring about the "compromise," one by which the Catholic minority were, as usual, to be forced to sacrifice their dearest principles for the sake of "peace" and the exigencies of party tactics. The attempts at "conciliation," by which the Conservatives sought to disarm the Liberals, proved wholly unavailing, and the latter were returned to power, in 1874,

as the party of "reform." There was no talk of "emancipation" at that time, because, as yet, there was no "triumph" over "clerical tyranny."

It was the Liberals who "settled" the New Brunswick School Question, very much after the fashion in which they have since "settled" the graver Manitoba one. It is true that the New Brunswick Catholics have contrived to transform an utterly iniquitous "settlement" into a more or less workable compromise; but it is also true that the circumstances, and to some extent, the terms—as proposed by the Conservatives and adopted by the Liberals—were more favorable than in the more recent case. Still it is none the less exact to say that the party that came into power in 1874, eager to "do better than the Conservatives," wholly failed, on every count, to make good their promises.

And this, be it noted, is the same Liberal party that came into power again, two years ago, for the second time since Confederation, on a precisely similar cry of "doing better than the Conservatives." They have "settled" the Manitoba School Question, by dint of a "compromise" that abrogates every religious and civil right of the Catholic minority. They have "out-heroded" the "extravagant" Conservatives by an expenditure, and by loans, heavier than ever before; have passed a tariff "for revenue only!" which helps their friends, and injures their enemies. Even the much talked of "Preferential" clause seems destined to end where it began,—on paper—unless the Mother Country does, meekly, as her daughter bids her, and instantly repudiates the treaties which are supposed, by Canadian statesmen, to stand in the way of an "Imperial Customs Union." The Canadian Premier became (suddenly) as strong an "Imperialist" during the fever of the Jubilee, as he had been in favor of "unrestricted reciprocity" with the United States, since his accession to office. His conversion, in this respect, has been as instantaneous, not to say "miraculous," as the many changes of the French Canadian members of his party to "Catholic" Liberalism, and back again, when it suited their purpose. If we are to believe their "Petition," they are extremely anxious to obtain the Holy Father's "Apostolic Benediction" [Fed. Petn.], to say nothing of a judgment, on his part, in their favor, and against the Bishops.

At the first session of the Liberal Parliament, at Ottawa, in 1874, an act was passed, dealing with electoral abuses, and more particularly, with the question of "undue" influence. It was consistent, to say the least of it, that the "Catholic" Liberals, of the Province of Quebec, should have seized on this law as an admirable weapon against their ancient enemies, the "ultramontane" clergy. It had long been a favorite theory of theirs, advocated in their newspapers, that an election can justly be annulled if it can be proved that the electors have been influenced by anything the priest may have said, either in the pulpit or in the confessional. It is not a question of abuses, which may or may not exist ; it is simply, that any influence, exercised by a priest in regard to matters political, of whatever nature, is always "undue" influence.

A layman, on Liberal principles, may say what he chooses, even outside the church door ; may, for that matter, speak against the clergy, against religion ; may influence as many votes as he can, by almost any kind of promise ; may attack anything or anybody. This is all compatible with the "perfect liberty" from all constraint, of conscience, morals, honesty, or loyalty, of the "independent" voter, well trained, however, by Liberal literature and Liberal oratory. "It all depends whose ox is gored." The priest, on the other hand, must never mention "politics," no matter how vitally they may affect faith or morals ; must not even enlighten the conscience of a doubtful voter who comes to him for advice. His sphere is the church, which has no voice in State affairs. He is to "preach the Gospel," and leave "politics" alone. This may be "emancipation" for the layman ; it certainly looks like the disfranchisement of the priest.

Be that as it may ; the Liberals put their principles into practice at the first possible opportunity, as they have again done since the last elections. The County of Charlevoix had gone Conservative ; *ergo*, according to Liberal logic, there must have been "undue" influence on the part of the clergy. Mr. Charles François Stanislas Langelier, one of the titular professors of the Catholic University of Laval, was, with the full approval of the Rector and Faculty, the lawyer for the contestants, and advised their taking action on the ground indicated. The case came on

before Judge Routhier, and, as being typical, may as well be dealt with, to a certain extent, in detail.

The whole inquiry turned on what the priests had said in their sermons. Illiterate and ignorant persons, wholly unable to give an accurate account of a sermon, even when just heard, were cited as witnesses to give evidence concerning sermons delivered four or five months previously. All the absurdities and exaggerations gathered from such evidence, were laid to the charge of the priests of the country. It was a most efficacious way of destroying their influence, and yet the priests of the Seminary at Quebec were eager in asserting that Mr. Langelier was not attacking religion, or the clergy, or the rights of the church, but only the "pulpit extravagances" of certain individuals. At the close of the case, the Judge, a good Catholic, would not pronounce on the charges made against the priests and against their sermons, on the ground that they referred only to matters of a spiritual nature. That is to say that, if a priest told his congregation that "Liberalism" was dangerous to faith, it would be necessary for the Judge to decide on the truth or falsehood of a purely doctrinal statement, before he could admit it as evidence, for or against the defendant. He might as well—to take another example—pronounce on the merits of Protection or of Free Trade; matters which in more than one election, have "influenced" more voters than all the sermons that were ever preached. He, therefore, awarded the case to the defendants, whereupon, the contestants appealed to a higher court, where they obtained judgment in their favor.

Judge Routhier, "ultramontane" as he was, had, unwittingly, made two mistakes, of which the Liberals took full advantage. The first was, in allowing the sermons to be made the subject of the inquiry. He said in his judgment, that he was not competent to decide as to the doctrinal statements they contained; why, then, did he allow them to be discussed? He had been told, at the start, that he had no right to preside in such a case, but, mislead by Mr. Langelier, who had received instructions from Laval, he persisted in doing so.

The second mistake was of a graver nature. In spite of what he had stated, as to his competence to decide on matters of doc-

trine, he went so far as to say: "There may be, and there is, in these sermons, or speeches qualified as such, matters of a temporal nature, *which necessarily fall* under my jurisdiction *The sermon as such, is not, therefore, outside of all lay jurisdiction*, it is the matter of the sermon, and the nature of the demand made to the court in regard to it which determines to which jurisdiction it belongs; provided, always, that the priest himself is not prosecuted."

No Liberal could have done better. Once admit that the matter of a sermon may be made the subject of a legal prosecution, and any statement of doctrinal fact may be twisted into a "political" utterance. Laval University was, evidently, grateful, for it conferred on the Judge the degree of doctor of laws.

Other contested elections followed the Charlevoix precedent, and need not, therefore, be discussed here, except to remark that in one case, the judge, Casault, another professor of Laval, qualified as "undue" influence—an infringement of a voter's liberty—the statement, by a priest in the pulpit, that such or such actions, were "grave faults;" also as "undue" influence, the refusal of absolution, even for sufficient cause.

During the Provincial elections, which occurred in the Summer of 1875, certain priests of the diocese of Quebec came out, openly in favor of the Liberal party. The Abbé Paquet, the author of the famous Laval University lectures on "Liberalism," was in Rome at the time, occupied, ostensibly, with a cause of Beatification, actually, as the agent of the Liberals, clerical and lay, his duties being to induce the Roman authorities, if possible, to view the elections from their standpoint. This, naturally, emboldened the Liberals to a very noticeable extent; so much so, indeed, that the Bishops of the Province appeared—notwithstanding their optimism, two years earlier, to become conscious of the fact that "Liberalism," of a very real kind, and with more than "a few adherents," was to be found in the Catholic Province of Quebec.

This brings us to the famous "Collective Letter," from which we quoted, earlier in this article. Certain very definite points must, however, be quoted, some for the second time, because of their important bearing upon the mission of Mgr. Conroy, with

which we shall have to deal presently. The faithful are warned to beware of certain "adversaires de la religion, qui cependant prétendent au titre de catholique." They are further told that, according to the judgment of Pius IX "le libéralisme-catholique est l'ennemi le plus acharné et le plus dangereux de la divine constitution de l'église" [Mal. Rév. p. 226]; and reminded of the same Pontiff's declaration that "les astucieuses erreurs du libéralisme sont autant plus dangereuses que, par une apparence extérieure de piété elles trompent beaucoup d'hommes honnêtes et les entraînent à s'écarter de la saine doctrine." [Ibid p. 312.] This collective "Mandement," of which the anonymous author of the "Mal Révolutionnaire" states (p. 282) that "il efficaît toutes les divisions et toutes les querelles passées," recalls that, "en 1873, nous avons jugé qu'il était nécessaire de vous prémunir contre les dangers des doctrines *Catholico-Liberales* ; and in a subsequent document issued in 1876, the bishops state that, in their letter of September 22, 1875, they had "exposé plus au long les mêmes enseignements." Lastly, the faithful are told, plainly that "un parti politique peut être jugé dangereux, non seulement par son programme et ses antécédents, mais encore par les programmes et les antécédents particuliers de ses *chefs*, de ses *principaux membres* et de sa *presse*. It would hardly be possible to describe the character, aims, methods, and dangers of the "Catholic" Liberal party in Quebec more accurately than do these documents.

And yet, the collective "Mandement" did not kill the Liberal party. It might at least, have made it practically impossible for any professing Catholic to belong to it, had not certain "Liberal" priests, belonging to the Archbishop's palace and to the seminary at Quebec, gathered all their forces, and made use of every conceivable pretext, "ruses et fourberies" as the French say, in order to weaken the effect of the Bishop's unmistakable condemnation of the "Catholic Liberal" party. They even determined if possible, to "engineer" things at Rome in such a fashion as to deprive the Mandement of all force and authority.

Their first move was to present at Rome, through the agency of their friend, the Abbé Benjamin Paquet, a profession of their loyalty, devotion and submission to Holy Church, very similar

in tone, no doubt, to their latest utterances on the subject. Next, they endeavored to persuade the Roman authorities that "Liberal" in Canada was simply a party name, as in England. Therefore, they contrived to inveigle Archbishop Lynch, of Toronto, who knew nothing whatever about their real character and aims, as how could he? into giving an Episcopal pronouncement in favor of the innocence and orthodoxy of their "Catholic" Liberalism. They had, for the time being, at all events, lost the patronage of their former good friend and champion, Mgr. Taschereau, and pined for want of it. Archbishop Lynch would do as well as any one else, more especially as he was willing to repeat the old shibboleth that "Catholic-Liberalism," in a bad sense, of course, was identical with "Indifferentism."

That was all they needed, especially as their new right reverend backer wrote to Rome in the strain they most liked, giving an entirely misleading description of the nature of French Canadian "Catholic" Liberalism. The additional aid of Mgr. Persico, formerly Bishop of Savannah, U. S. A., and now (1876) Curé of St. Columban de Sillery, near Quebec, was, therefore, strictly speaking, superfluous, but none the less welcome, for all that. One Irish-Canadian Archbishop, together with an American (Italian) ex-Bishop, though neither really understood what, or whom he was dealing with, would more than offset Mgr. Taschereau's desertion.

The result must have exceeded the most sanguine expectations of the Liberals. Rome could, of course, only act on the information furnished; the fact that the French Canadian Episcopate made no direct answer to the assertions of Mgr. Lynch and Mgr. Persico may have appeared to justify the conclusion arrived at, namely, that the Bishops were interfering too much in purely political matters, and that a section of the clergy were following their example. It was what the Liberals had always asserted, and now their assertion, no matter by what means, had been confirmed by the authority of Rome itself. That is to say that the Liberals, thanks to their clerical champions, had been able to return the Bishops' "death-blow" with interest.

A hint as to Rome's decision having been given by the Abbé

Benjamin Paquet, to his friend, the Abbé Bolduc, of the Archbishop's Palace at Quebec, Mgr. Taschereau was informed of it, with a purpose. Here, again, the "Liberal" clergy were successful. Mgr. Taschereau, not wishing to share in any reprimand which Rome might see fit to convey to the Bishops, issued under date of May 25, 1876, a circular to his clergy, which tacitly admitted that the collective letter of September 22d previous had "gone too far against the Liberals," which was, in fact, a complete "backdown," and in which he absolutely forbade his clergy to discuss political questions, in public or in private, under any circumstances whatever. The Archbishop of Quebec was, therefore, allowed to return alone, to his Liberal allegiance, for which return he has earned their dubious commendation for "wisdom and authority" (Prov. Pet.). The resignation of Mgr. Bourget, whom the Liberals designated "a public nuisance," which occurred shortly after, added materially to their satisfaction. In his humility, the poor old man, abused at home, and misunderstood at Rome, took his unpopularity as a Divine intimation that he should resign, which he unfortunately did, much to the discouragement of those in whose cause he had fought so long and so bravely.

As both the Federal and the Provincial Petition refer to the Mission of Mgr. Conroy in 1876, it may be as well to give a brief account of its more important events. The Federal Petition speaks of it in the following terms, which it will be noted are effusively "Catholic:"

Some twenty years ago, His Holiness Pius the IX, your illustrious and lamented predecessor of the Pontifical Throne, acting through the Sacred Congregation of the Propaganda, deemed it his duty to put a stop to certain abuses of a similar character, and forbade the intervention of the clergy in politics. This prohibition was generally respected so long as His Eminence, Cardinal Taschereau, was able to guide the Church in Canada, but since old age and infirmities have paralyzed his guiding hand, the *abuses* (!) to which your illustrious predecessor had put a stop, have begun again, and threaten once more to create trouble among us and to compromise, not only Catholic interests in this country, but the peace and harmony which should exist between the various elements of our population.

The Provincial Petition is more explicit, but not less "Catholic :"

In 1876, at the instance of a great number of Catholics, alarmed at the attitude of the clergy in politics, the Holy See delegated to Canada, Mgr. Conroy, and, thanks to the sage prescriptions promulgated by the Roman Court, at the request of that distinguished prelate, Catholic consciences were reassured and religious peace restored.

This happy state of affairs lasted until lately, thanks to the wisdom and the authority of His Eminence, Cardinal Taschereau. Unhappily the abuses of twenty years ago have been renewed with greater violence. Consequently, the undersigned humbly submit that, in their opinion, the appointment of an Apostolic Delegate would contribute largely to put an end to religious difficulties in this province.

Both, as will be seen, hold up Mgr. Taschereau as a model of episcopal wisdom and moderation ; which can be easily understood from what has been already related. Both complain of the intervention of the clergy who dared to oppose them. Both, moreover, seem to infer that Mgr. Conroy was, equally, an example of what an Apostolic Delegate should be.

He announced himself, at the outset of his mission, as, practically, a disciple of Abbé Raymond. He played, in fact, from the first, into the hands of the "Catholic" Liberals, lay and clerical, who, naturally, used him to their own ends, and, as naturally, still consider him perfection.

The joint mandement of September 22, 1875 (with its co-related documents) from which, as we have seen, Mgr. Taschereau had dissociated himself, was of course the chief object of attack on the part of the "Catholic" Liberals.

Mgr. Conroy naturally hastened to indorse the accurate expression of his own opinion. In an address delivered in the Church of Notre Dame—the parish church of Montreal—on the last Sunday of October, he thus referred to the Bishops' recantation of their "error :"—"Ce sont là de nobles paroles des paroles précieuses pour le Canada Catholique. Elles contiennent le secret de sa paix, car elle affirme la vérité contre deux erreurs, qui cherchent à troubler son repos. Contre ces deux

erreurs, il faut que vous vous mettiez en garde. Ne vous laissez donc pas entraîner par ceux qui ouvertement, ou par des voies détournées, veulent vous éloigner de la doctrine que vos Evêques vous enseignent ; ni, d'un autre côté, par ceux qui, par trop de zèle religieux ou politique, voudraient mettre en force contre des personnes ou des partis, des condamnations qui n'ont jamais été prononcées." (p. 308.)

According to Mgr. Conroy, therefore, no political party in the Province of Quebec has ever been condemned or has been worthy of condemnation, and Catholics are at liberty to support any party that can escape the very vague censures of the Pastoral letter of October 11, 1877. Moreover, in his opinion, the Bishops' letter of 1875 was due to "excess of zeal," was in fact, an "error." Lastly, the letter of 1877 introduces a blessed era of peace and moderation, of episcopal teaching worthy of all praise and of perfect obedience. No wonder that Mgr. Conroy lives in the grateful remembrance of those whose cause he so ably championed !

The mission of Mgr. Smeulders, who was sent to Canada in 1881, practically in response to a petition forwarded to Rome by the Bishop of Three Rivers—which covers much the same ground as this article—was intended to deal, chiefly, with matters of a purely ecclesiastical nature. It has, however, a certain politico-religious interest, inasmuch as, from the Delegate's report, founded, in great measure, on "Le Mal Revolutionnaire," the Roman authorities obtained much valuable and *unbiased* information concerning the true state of affairs in French Canada. Mgr. Zitelli and the Abbé Paquet were no longer to have things their own way, and it is from this period that we may date the clearer understanding, on the part of the Roman Congregations, of the methods, aims, and character of the "Catholic" Liberals of Quebec, who, very naturally have nothing to say in favor of Mgr. Smeulders. As a matter of fact, he, too, fell into the hands of the "Liberal" clergy at Quebec, and had prepared a report to suit them, when he received instructions from Rome to proceed to Montreal. There, matters were shown to him in their true light, and he reported accordingly, much to the disgust of the Liberals who had expected to find him a second Mgr. Conroy.

As the Provincial Petition, which, by the way, is dated December 4, 1896, accuses the "majority of the clergy of this province" with having "intervened in the contest" (the provincial elections of '92) to the detriment of "the Liberals," and to the advantage of the "opposite party"—it was this election in which Mercier was defeated,—it may be as well to quote exactly what the Bishops did say in their Pastoral [8. A.] :—

"Déjà, à plusieurs reprises Nous vous avons fait avertir par vos pasteurs que, dans les élections, vous êtes sous le regard de Dieu, et devez agir pour le plus grand bien de la religion et de la patrie et que vous devez donner votre vote . . . à celui que vous jugez, après réflexion, le plus honnête, et plus capable de bien s'acquitter de la charge importante que vous voulez lui confier." (p. 2.) The rest of the pastoral simply refers to the evils of bribery and of drunkenness.

There is surely nothing here that a reasonable man could object to, and, taking into account the Liberal "principle" that *any* interference in politics, on the part of the clergy is "undue influence," we cannot attach much importance to the charge here made against the clergy. The same petition, however, continues :—

This intervention was still more ardent at the general elections for the House of Commons of Canada on June 23d, last.

In a number of counties the clergy went as far as to say that the electors could not vote for Liberal candidates without involving their conscience, committing a serious fault and incurring refusal of the sacraments.

The undersigned believe that this intervention in the late contest was inopportune and unjustified, fatal to the prestige of the clergy, the efficacy of its sacerdotal character, and regret to say that it has given to the enemies of our clergy the occasion to proclaim that a Catholic cannot, like a Protestant, freely exercise his rights of citizenship according to his judgment and his conscience.

The influence of the Canadian clergy upon our Catholic population is great. The signers of this petition seek in no way to circumscribe it. They would like to see this influence increase.

Turning now to the Pastoral of May 6, 1896, the elections

occurred on the 23d of June following, we find that the Bishops say that they have le droit et le devoir d'élever la voix, soit pour prémunir les fidèles contre les dangers qui menacent leur foi, soit pour les diriger, les stimuler ou les soutenir dans la juste revendication de droits imprescriptibles manifestement méconnus et violés.

They next state their object is to justify l'attitude prise par les membres de la hiérarchie catholique dans la présente question scolaire, et pour mieux faire comprendre l'obligation où sont les fidèles de suivre les directions épiscopales. . . . ;

And that they feel en présence de la lutte électorale qui s'engage, qu'un impérieux devoir nous incombe : ce devoir, c'est d'indiquer à tous les fidèles soumis à notre juridiction et dont nous avons à diriger les consciences, la seule ligne de conduite à suivre dans les présentes élections.

So far, the Pastoral contains simply a claim on the part of the Bishops, to the obvious right of directing the consciences of Catholic voters in regard to a question intimately connected with both faith and morals, the education of the young. The Liberals have declared again and yet again, that the Manitoba school question was a purely political one; the Bishops, on the other hand, maintain that it is (not "was") an essentially religious one, and as such, clearly within their province. It was, of course, only in strict accordance with their "principles" that the "Catholic" Liberals should have regarded this clerical "intervention" as "inopportune" and "unjustified;" naturally, because it rendered their task of "emancipation" a more difficult one. It was equally natural that they should regard the result of both elections as a "triumph" over this same "intervention."

What then was the object desired by the Bishops?

It will be noted that the Bishops not only carefully refrain from naming any political party, but assert that they refuse to identify themselves with either one or the other. The gist of the whole Pastoral is, in effect, that the question is "avant tout, *une question religieuse*," and that every Catholic is bound in conscience, before God, to vote for men "*sincèrement* resolu" to do justice to the Catholic minority in Manitoba. It is easy to see how, with so much latitude allowed, so many "loopholes"

afforded, the Catholics of Quebec, blinded by "National" pride and misled by specious professions, should have voted for the men who *solemnly pledged themselves* "to do more than the Remedial Bill." The charge preferred by the Liberals that many of the clergy went so far as to say that an elector could not in conscience vote for the Liberal party, may or may not be true; they have never attempted to prove it. In any case it is difficult to see how a conscientious Catholic, acquainted with the Liberal "record," and who remembered the one fact that they had defeated the Remedial Bill by a system of most unscrupulous "filibustering," could vote for the Liberals, their promises notwithstanding. But it proves at the same time the wisdom of those who had said: "There will come a day when the Bishops will speak and when they will not be listened to."

There remains now but one point in the Provincial Petition which needs to be elucidated in as few words as possible. The petitioners state:

The undersigned affirm emphatically that in all their public career their votes have been in accord with their Catholic (?) principles, and that the Liberal party, when it came into power, *put an end to the religious difficulties (!)* which would have become fatal to the clergy and to religion, and to which the Conservative party had been unable to give a desirable solution.

They have, therefore, "settled" the Manitoba school question in accordance with their "Catholic principles," and Mr. Tarte—once a Conservative champion of the Manitoba minority, but now Minister of Public Works, Sir Wilfrid Laurier's Cabinet—stated in the House [*Herald*, March 31, '97] that he believed the "settlement" would meet with the "approval" of the people. The following statement, however, of Mr. Tarte's "organ," *La Patrie*, may throw some light, not only on the "Catholic" character of the "settlement, but also what it implies—for the Liberals:

"Maintenant que la question des écoles du Manitoba est réglée, reglons la question des écoles de Québec." [*La Patrie*, April 5, '97.]

The Catholics of Manitoba have been deprived, by the "Catholic" Liberal "settlement," of their "separate," that is of their

Catholic schools. The "settlement" proposed for Quebec by this typical "Catholic" Liberal must be—in order to constitute any sort of a parallel—on precisely similar lines. The "separate" schools, Protestant as well as Catholic, of the Province of Quebec, are to be legally abolished, as they have been in Manitoba, and replaced by a uniform system of State schools.

This, then, is the goal of the party of "emancipation," of the "Catholic" Liberals of Quebec. They began as "Democrats," and have been, by turns, Annexationists, Commercial Unionists and Imperialists. They have been Catholic and anti-Catholic as it suited their purpose, but in one thing, at least, they have been consistent—their determination to "emancipate" their countrymen from the "tyranny" of the clergy. They have won two elections in spite of the bishops; they have, apparently, "the ball at their feet." They have "settled" the Manitoba school question on sound Liberal principles; they will, if they can, do the same thing in Quebec, for all their professions of "attachment to the person of His Holiness" and "devotion to the Catholic Church!" When that great end is attained they themselves will be able to return openly to the true Liberalism of their first leaders, Papineau, Doutre, Laflamme and others, and be no longer obliged to masquerade as "Catholics," and those whom they misled by their "astucieuses erreurs," as Pius IX called their principles, will finally discover what "Catholic" Liberalism really means, and will have an opportunity of choosing between loyalty and obedience to their best friends, the clergy, and submission to those who, while claiming to set the French Canadians "free," are in reality bringing them into bondage.

FRANCIS W. GREY.

Westbury, England.

REV. DR. BRANN & CO.

ACCORDING to the highly imaginary and poetic editor of the *Midland Review*, issue of January 19th, and with his usual inverted and far-fetched way of getting at things, that is : "In the

January *Catholic World*, very curiously, we find Rev. H. A. Brann, D.D., saying, as if in reply to Mr. Thorne's terrible indictment of the American Republic: 'The history of every nation of Europe is stained by bloody penal codes to punish religious offences. Our government ALONE, has never put a man to death for his religion. And therefore we have double reasons for loving our country.' " I am quoting this, not with any view of entering into a controversy with the aforesaid poetic editor—God forbid—but for the purpose of pointing out Brann's insufferable stupidity and of calling attention to the fact that Brann's idiocy in this case is a fair sample of the usual verdancy and imbecility with which national and international problems are treated in that hasty, half-taught and slim-waisted affair called *The Catholic World*.

If "Rev. H. A. Brann, D.D."—and heaven spare us all the titles—should write for the *Catholic World* or even for the *GLOBE REVIEW*, an article giving the details of his various political and other manifestations of love of country, and then show with unsparing hand how little a wretched and posing though petted priest, may learn from his own wretched experiences, notwithstanding all his titles, why Mr. Brann's readers would at least have some facts to go on, and Brann himself might become almost as famous as his late illustrious and infinitely more gifted namesake.

But the Rev. H. A. Brann, D.D., like many other ecclesiastics, is not over fond of facts. It is so much more convenient to fling around high-sounding platitudes and then have them compared, as if in answer, etc., etc., to the words of hard-working and industrious thinkers, which alas, Brann never has presumed to be.

Let us however get at the milk in Brann's cocoanut.

If I remember correctly this glorious American country is about 125 years old. Now if there is any milk in the Brann cocoanut at all, it is in the implied fact that while people are not put to death in the United States "to punish religious offences,"—whatever that may mean—they have been so put to death in every nation of Europe, that is during the same period of course, otherwise the milk in Brann's cocoanut is not only skim milk but

sour milk—a sort of dish-water milk—bad enough to make anybody sick that was not at the same time a Rev. and a D.D.

Now what are the facts? Simply these—if my memory serves me correctly—that not in any single nation of Europe have there been any penal laws enacted or any death punishments, or other serious inflictions “to punish religious offences,” during the last 125 years.

Of course Brann did not see the idiotic and illogical and un-historic falsehood of his position, and of course the verdant editor of the *Catholic World* did not see these things. Who expects such people to see anything but the light weight and cheap grade conceits of their own untaught and shallow brains? But one might have expected the highly imaginary and poetic editor of the *Midland Review* to have stumbled on the insufferable balderdash of Brann’s spredeagleism before quoting it as even an imaginary answer to the masterly article by Father Heffernan in the last *GLOBE*, nor to speak of its being an answer to “Mr. Thorne’s terrible indictment of the American Republic.” Brann is a shallow-pated, high-stilted, posing priest, who, not having character or intellect to sustain him, has to fall back on gingerbread titles and the patronage of a gingerbread archbishop, and he is no more capable of writing an answer to Father Heffernan’s article on the Catholic monarchy or an answer to Mr. Thorne’s terrible indictment, etc., than Bob. Ingersoll is capable of writing an answer to the immortal and divine philosophy of St. Paul. But anything, except beer and whiskey, goes in the *Catholic World*. But why the Dickens did not the highly imaginary and poetic editor of the *Midland Review* see the nigger in Mr. Brann’s woodpile?

O’Malley is supposed to be not only poetic but wide awake.

In truth I here and now challenge any priest, editor, prelate, statesman, Protestant or Catholic, in the United States to answer that indictment, and as for such will ’o the wisps, such mountebanks, such starched and posing nobodies as the Rev. H. A. Brann, D.D. & Co., including, of course, the editor of the *Catholic World*, their words would not be worth noticing here were it not that certain poetic and other editors give to the words of such boobies an importance that in no way, manner or

degree belongs to any thing that they have to say on any subject in this all too serious world. For God's sake, Mr. O'Malley, if you take any notice of the *GLOBE* at all, read it and be an honest man. Brann is nobody and the *Catholic World* has not weight enough of brains and of real Catholic faith to outscale the thinnest and lightest moonbeam of stupidity that ever played upon the upturned face of a sentimental fool.

I am not taking any advantage of these shallow-pated gentlemen. Mr. Brann's comparison fails of all value except for the historic period that we have been a nation, and all the world knows that the nations of Europe had laid aside anything and everything like religious persecution, or punishment for "religious offences" before Sam Adams and Ben Franklin and Tom Jefferson and other infidel rebels, led by Tom Paine, sprung upon the world that falsehood of all falsehoods, the American Declaration of Independence.

In a word, every honest and intelligent reader of history knows that in the matter of freedom of religious convictions we followed the nations of Europe and did not lead them, but this unutterable ignoramus, the Rev. H. A. Brann, D.D.—wonder if he has not got an LL.D. somewhere—seems to suppose that all the nations of Europe are still hanging or burning everybody not of the same religious belief as the respective rulers of those nations.

I would to God, and for the sake of pure Catholic faith alone, that the Archbishop of New York would gag or in some way "penal code" such insufferable asses as Brann & Co. into silence, except on matters of the simplest questions of religion, and then in the pulpit, but alas and unfortunately, it is more than likely that His Grace of New York fathered and mothered and nourished and smiled over this piece of bombastic ignorance on the part of his pet—the Rev. H. A. Brann, D.D.

It would be just like him. In nine cases out of ten he is on the side of the imbeciles of his archdiocese, no matter what they say or what they do. But we will let him alone this time and stick awhile to Brann.

Not only did the European nations lead us in the matter of religious liberty—"so-called"—and heaven knows it is only "so-

called" to this hour, for if a man has any real religion in New York to-day, let him beware of the Archbishop and the millionaires—but as a matter of fact, if we go back for 150 years before our so-called American Revolution, the forefathers of the very men who instigated, organized, and made triumphant that revolution so-called, were the bitterest, the vilest, the cruelest, the most blood-thirsty, and the meanest abettors of religious persecution the world has ever known.

The early Catholics, especially of Maryland—God rest their blessed souls—were the only people in America that believed in or practiced religious freedom.

The Puritans were demons of religious persecution, the Quakers, when they got their theeing and thouing well under way in Pennsylvania and New Jersey, were but little better than the Puritans, and the Episcopalians, poor conceited white-washed representatives of Henry VIII's abortion known as the Church of England, thought the field was all theirs because they had gowned bishops, etc. Indeed as far back as James the II—unsavory and pig-headed and lascivious James—and Catholic of course—shocked and outraged by the barbarities practiced in these American Colonies by the grandfathers of this Republic, protested that English law did not contemplate the punishment of man or woman by reason of his or her religious opinions. Spite of all this one might suppose from the statement of this booby Brann that punishment for religious opinions only ceased when Tom Paine and Sam Adams kicked their heels in the face of God Almighty and all good government, and started to teach the world the infamous falsehoods of the Declaration of Independence so-called.

In truth, religious liberty in America to-day means liberty to obey the tyrannous and overbearing impertinence of this or that prelate, or of this or that millionaire. Let any priest in the city of New York, where the mild and gentle Corrigan holds sway, undertake to practice any religious liberty and find how soon he will be McGlynnized into nonentity. Let any professor in the Chicago University to-day practice any form of religious freedom in word or act that will bring him any where near to harmony with Christ's religious or moral truth, and he will soon find how

very unpleasant it is to be Rockerfellowed all over the earth feeling like a culprit.

There never was a "penal code" in any nation of Europe as debasing to the true soul of all religion as the unwritten code of the plutocracy of the United States to-day. Corrigan and Ireland are abject slaves to this unwritten penal code, and do not any more dare to preach or instruct their priests to preach or practice the simple religion of Jesus than they dare to walk the streets unclothed. The plutocratic atmosphere would freeze them to death, and the poor, padded and palaced mortals! how could they stand the cold? And unclothed? What would Corrigan be without all his vestments even? Beware of the pets of the purple!

Brann!! In God's name why should this defunct clerical politician, this place-seeker, this untaught blundering booby, be admitted even to the *Catholic World* to ventilate his insufferable ignorance and bring the blush of shame upon the face of every Catholic who knows even as much history as is taught in the first grammar classes of our Catholic schools and convents?

Let him keep to his breviary and the ordinary work of a parish priest, that is infinitely too good, too high, too sacred and too intellectual even on its most primal plane for such nameless nobodies as the Rev. H. A. Brann, D.D. and Company. So let us have peace.

WILLIAM HENRY THORNE.

CHARACTER TYPES IN OLD AND NEW FICTION.

ONCE upon a time we heard the prancing of the reindeer and the jingle of their bells upon the roof. If it had been possible to keep away from the sandman who came about at that hour, sprinkling sand from his bag into the eyes of tired little girls, we should have seen the great and good St. Nicholas who left the reindeer and their bells upon the roof, and coming down his smoky way, opened his pack and spread its treasure upon the hearth for us.

For, once upon a time, he did come down by the smoky way of the chimney without burning himself on the coals in the

grate, or even scorching his great fur coat ! It was only because of the rudeness of the sandman that we did not see him and talk with him.

Once upon a time, there hung at the end of the rainbow a great bag of gold, and he who could secure it might live in a wondrous castle all his life, and give treasures of money and dolls and candy to all the little girls in the world who were poor.

Once upon a time the tragedy of Cock Robin who was killed by the Sparrow, brought tears to our eyes, and the fate of the half-drowned cat dropped into the well by little Tommy Green and gallantly rescued by big John Stout made a story too mournful to be read twice at one sitting.

Once upon a time Cinderella lived and moved and had her being. What invectives of wrath and hate were called down upon the heads of the ugly sisters ! What love and sympathy poured out upon the little beauty, as she stepped into her coach that rolled out of the pumpkin ! What adoration was bestowed upon the adorable prince ! What suspense and frenzy of excitement when the tiny glass slipper is placed upon the foot of the dear little Cinderella while the horrid, plain sisters stand scoffing by !

Once upon a time Bluebeard was the wickedest man ever born into this world, and often in the shadows we could see his wives suspended by their hair in the very closet where were hanging our sunbonnets and pinafores !

Once upon a time there was Jack and his little affair with the giant. The charm of his chivalry and deeds of bravery never paled even in the glory of a Sunday afternoon account of David and Goliath.

There came another time. It dawned with the day when we discovered that if we stuck a pin into our beloved doll it did not bring blood. It was that day when the sweet mother flushed with excitement and the happy father whistling with glee made too much noise in assisting St. Nicholas and the saint himself was not there. In that waking moment when the child knew there was no dear old Santa Claus and never had been, the child heart received its first little shock of age, and a few tears fell because of the pain.

Ever since those days our hearts invite into them the creatures of men's brains, and our best friends are among the creations of their fancy.

The vaporous figures of mythology are as familiar to our imaginations as the men who stalk through the somber pages of history. We recognize the picture of Adonis as readily as we know the portrait of George Washington ; and we speak of a statue of Neptune with as much assurance as we would discuss a bronze of Benjamin Franklin.

The imagery of Grecian mythology is as clear to us as the didactic lines of the multiplication table, and the beautiful creatures of poets' fancies serve to-day to point a moral and adorn a tale. We recur in speech and thought to pure ideals as easily as we do to the Pilgrim Fathers. The faithful friend of Æneas has been made to represent faithfulness in all friends, ever since he was dreamed of, and to-day we call him blessed who has his *Fidus Achates*.

We talk of the Achilles heel of an invulnerable country as readily as we speak of the power of her navy.

Jason setting out upon his search for the golden fleece is no more a stranger to us than is Columbus.

Bassanio said of Portia :

"Nor is the wide world ignorant of her worth,
For the four winds blow in from every coast
Renowned suitors ; and her sunny locks
Hang on her temples like a golden fleece ;
Which makes her seat of Belmont Colchos' strand,
And many Jasons come in quest of her ;"

and the morning paper will contain a choice morsel which may read something on this wise :

For fleece of gold long years ago
There sailed away one Mr. Jason.
But now to make the Cubans free
He stayed at home, did Billy Mason.

Familiar and well known as all these people are to us, yet we only see them by looking up. They are elevated in power and prowess ; they live in remote and strange quarters of the earth, and they are not the people nor like the people among whom we live and whom we take by the hand.

It is only in the third stage of the evolution of the fictitious narrative—which stage is the novel—that we find the types of character which are actual portraits. Sometimes these types in literature are faithful copies of men and women met upon the street, in the drawing room, or looked upon through prison bars. Sometimes the novelist sees a face and about it builds a character which takes its place in the world, a pronounced type to be emulated or shunned. Sometimes the types are pure creations. The novel is dramatic in its method. It presents a picture of real life. It has a plot of more or less complexity and the characters play their parts with life-like fidelity, while the modes of speech, manners, dress and scenery are in perfect keeping with the period to which the story belongs.

The novel is broad and far-reaching in its creative force.

It enhances and illuminates the personality of historical subjects. Great as are kings, and great as are the doings of their kingdoms, the simple history of it all too often makes only a dull and dreary recitative. Engrossed in the fascinations of the romance, inseparably intertwined with triumphs of beauty and love, the figures take upon themselves a new glory.

Such a thing Miss Mulbach did for Frederick the Great, and Dumas for Louis Quatorze.

The novel creates types. Washington Irving created the Knickerbockers, and of it Charles Dudley Warner says: "In one way it is one of the greatest feats of genius. For it is absolutely a creation. There is little, almost nothing in the character of the Dutch, either in the Netherlands or in New York, on which to base it. The society of New Amsterdam, judged by contemporary accounts, and judged also by its descendants, was gay and full of vivacity; not especially intellectual, but intelligent, tolerant, and not lacking in the thrift and enterprise and love of liberty that had made the Netherlands for two centuries the first of civilized nations. By the force of Irving's genius, his romance was substituted for history. The world accepted it as history, so far as the portraiture of character, habits and manners is concerned, and the impression he made will probably never be effaced. It is impossible for the Dutchman in New York ever to escape the humorous conception of him

which Irving imposed upon the world. He created the Knickerbocker legend. This is as inseparable from New York as the form of the island and the encircling shores of the bay.

"The Knickerbocker legend has given great distinction to the island of Manhattan. It is its most all pervading and descriptive name, and whether its influence has been good or bad, its creation and imposition is a unique feat in literature."

Fenimore Cooper created an Indian which many people accepted as the faithful type of the poor red man. Sympathetic little clubs organized to send relief supplies, not to the filthy animal sleeping in the sun behind the grease-wood, or stealing ponies from the corral of the man who had fed him, but to the noble, down-trodden creature who lived only in the pages of Fenimore Cooper's books.

In the last days of Helen Hunt Jackson's feverish life, she built two beautiful creatures, *Allesandra* and *Ramona*. About them were the fascinations of the sweet air of the south land, the low adobe houses, where roses clambered and jessamines clung; where the bells of the missions chimed for matins and vespers, and the great olive orchards turned their silver-lined leaves to the sun. Mrs. Hunt lifted herself in her bed of pain and made a supreme effort to raise her voice in behalf of that class to which *Allesandra* and *Ramona* belonged. But they were purely literary. The dwellers in southern California read the story and smiled, saying, "That's a very pretty tale, but where did she find that Indian?" One suffered a great shock when meeting the lovely wood-dove of a *Ramona* in the flesh. She was older by a few years than when Mrs. Hunt heard her musical name and saw her great wondrous eyes. Tall and stately, she made an imposing figure, coming from her ranch rich in oranges and cattle. But when one realized that she of the musical name and soft eyes, was fierce, drove her sons from home, beat her daughters and servants, and was in every way a fit companion for her drunken, unprincipled husband, it was harrowing to one's preconceived notions of her. Such is the power of the novel. Had not the fallacy of the author in this case been so loud and lusty, the pretty story of *Ramona* might have plowed through men's sympathies as did *Uncle Tom*, *George Harris* and *Eliza*.

The world is teeming with people who were born in the novel. They are types, great, small and ordinary. But we know them all, and we talk about them, as we speak of the little seamstress who comes in the morning, of the statesman who speaks to a continent, of the boy who holds our horse, or the clergyman who says the prayers o'er our dead.

There are loud and garrulous women whom we know, as we know an odd neighbor or a country cousin who is privileged to be queer.

There is Smollett's Tabitha Bramble ; there is Sheridan's Mrs. Malaprop. Who does not quote Mrs. Partington, and who can not hear Mrs. Caudle abusing poor Job between the hours of eleven p. m. and seven ? Even Bulwer Lytton appreciated her gift of scolding, for he laughed and said :

"Violante was indeed a bewitching child, a child to whom I defy Mrs. Caudle herself (immortal Mrs. Caudle) to be a harsh stepmother."

There is the figure of a gentleman in the time of Queen Anne, an inimitable gentleman, with nameless graces, with generosity, modesty and eccentric whims, the great Sir Roger de Coverly.

There is Don Juan, who lives in romance, in drama, and in melodrama, the refined libertine.

There is the immortal Don Quixote, who ever since he was born in Cervantes' book has stood out like a silhouette of all unattainable or impracticable ideals ; of all useless chivalric or visionary undertakings. In Ruskin's lectures on architecture and painting he wrote :

"Since his (Cervantes) time, the purest impulses and noblest purposes have perhaps been oftener stayed by the devil under the name of Quixotism than any other base name or false allegation."

There are Aladdin's Tower (a structure as real as St. Peter's) and Aladdin's lamp and ring, as visible to our mind's eye as crown jewels we read about.

"The ephemeral kingdom of Westphalia," said Scott, "composed out of the spoils of these principalities, vanished into air like the palaces of Aladdin in the Arabian tale," and when "The Mystery of Edwin Drood" was left incomplete, Longfellow sighed:

“Ah who shall lift that wand of magic power
And the lost clew regain?
The unfinished window in Aladdin's tower
Unfinished must remain.”

Leigh Hunt felt a friendly sympathy for the personality of Robinson Crusoe. “There are Robinson Crusoes in the moral as well as the physical world, men cast on desert islands of thought and speculation; without companionship, without worldly resources, forced to arm and clothe themselves out of the remains of shipwrecked hopes, and to make a home for their solitary hearts in the nooks and imaginations of reading.”

In the “author's apology” of *The Knickerbockers*, he says:

“It soon became evident to me that, like Robinson Crusoe, I had begun on too large a scale, and that to launch my history successfully, I must reduce its proportions.”

Side by side with Robinson Crusoe lives his man Friday, who will fill his place in the world until he and his master die together with the passing of our memory.

There is no historical evidence of the actual existence of Robin Hood, and yet the English outlaw has been placed in history by legend, song, and story.

Monte Cristo is as real to the reading world and to thousands outside of it, as was Dumas himself with his curious erratic character, and his life flecked with fortune and poverty, virtue and vice.

There was born in a novel the inimitable Becky Sharp. “A most charming, dazzling little lady dressed in black appeared in Young Street one day and gave Thackeray a large bunch of fresh violets, then disappeared as suddenly as she came. Many supposed her to be the original of Becky, but when questioned about it, Thackeray only laughed and said he never consciously copied anyone.” “About the wonderful children of his brain who lived in Vanity Fair, he declared he disliked everybody except Dob and poor Amelia.” Colonel Newcome, Pendennis, Henry Esmond, all are familiar friends, types of as distinct personalities with little curves of character, as well known to us as the people of our own household.

“Were all of Dickens's books swept by some intellectual

catastrophe out of the world, there would still exist in the world some score at least of people with all whose sayings and ways we are more intimately acquainted than with those of our brothers and sisters, who would owe to him their being. While we live and while our children live, Sam Weller, and Dick Swiveller, Mr. Pecksniff and Mrs. Gamp, the Micawbers and the Squeerses can never die. They are more real than we ourselves, and will outlive and outlast us, as they have outlived their creator."

Of those born of the novel to-day, who are to take their places in the world side by side with these worthies? Who are to join the company of those who have stamped the imprint of their characters upon our thoughts and affections, and whose friendship will descend from generation to generation?

The grotesque is a memory, and an unpleasant vision, like Quilp, Uriah Heep, Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde. The unique is interesting but ephemeral, like Sherlock Holmes.

While "of making many books there is no end," we are still waiting for the novel that is to give us one man, woman, or child worthy to join the company of immortals. Have the short stories and the novelettes a tendency to destroy the making of immortal types? Yet once there was a volume of bulky closely written sheets called *Robert Elsmere*; and 679 pages of *Heavenly Twins* failed to keep life in *Evadne*. There is one little figure hesitating just without the door. His hand is upon the latch, and he longs to lift it and look within, just as he peered through the windows of the cottage of the Painted Lady.

If little Jenny Wren were lonesome, or our dear old friends longed to fill the place of Paul Dombey with some one too healthy and practical to die, would they open the door to Sentimental Tommy?

Washington, D. C.

MARY Y. PATTERSON.

EDUCATE LAY PROFESSORS FOR CATHOLIC COLLEGES.

THE hundreds of priests who know me personally and the thousands who have read my work intelligently, know that my sincere regard for the priest in his own vocation amounts almost to superstitious reverence. I simply love a priest as such, no matter of what nationality he may be ; no matter whether he be liberal and loose of theology, or exact and scholarly and rigidly orthodox ; no matter if he be worldly, unspiritual, and given to egotism, pompous, overbearing, high stilted, unapproachable, purpleized, vain, officious, or simple-hearted, devout, sincere, natural, heavenly and almost god-inspired in his goodness, as some of my friends in the priesthood impress me as being. I love them one and all, even the degraded and fallen, if not wilfully reprobate, and what is more, I am as sure as I am of my own life that the future redemption of the world is to come wholly and solely through the ministry of this divine order of men.

In view of these statements, I am confident that the priests who are friendly toward me and even those who may be unfriendly will bear with any discriminations made in this article that may at first sight seem to call in question some of the prerogatives exercised by priests in these times.

It is nearly seven years since I was received into the Catholic Church, and thanks be to God, my heart and mind are more loyal to it to-day than they were on the days of my new baptism and confirmation, but "we have this treasure in earthen vessels." There is a human side to the priesthood. There is a human side to Catholic education, and during these last seven years it has been my good fortune to study this side as well as to admire and adore the divine side, in colleges and convents, as well as in parishes and archdioceses, hence to arrive at certain conclusions which I propose here to express with all the clearness in my power.

Among these are, *first*, that priestly influence is entirely too exclusively dominant in the so-called Catholic secular education of our day. *Second*, that the priest, as a rule, is, by virtue of his

ecclesiastical and religious training, utterly incompetent to teach many branches of so-called secular education as these should and ought to be taught to the present and to the rising generations; *third*, that the only way out of this, that is, the only way to meet and fulfill the divine duty of Catholic secular education for this and for future ages, is to educate Catholic laymen especially for the various professions hereafter to be named, and give said laymen according to their gifts and devotion every appearance and recognition of honor, position and influence in the councils of the Church, that their learning and their devotion actually deserve.

I am not a learned man, and I seek neither place, position nor honor from the Catholic Church or from any ecclesiastical or political organization or power on the face of the earth. My profession has been chosen for me, I think, by Providence divine. I would not change places, all things considered, with any priest, prelate or potentate in the world. Hence let no sycophant time-server, judging me by himself, assume that I am writing to secure some imagined advancement for myself. That is impossible. A man trained in anguish and suffering as I have been trained for forty years, until he speaks God's truth, without fear or favor, to thousands of the representative and most earnest souls of his generation, has a position second only, if indeed second at all even to the Holy Father himself, but I have watched closely the cases of certain very gifted laymen in the Catholic Church in this country during the past seven years. I have seen and heard of Protestant laymen as professors in Catholic Universities so-called, I have heard and known of cathedral choirs led and directed by skeptical and infidel musical professors, I have talked with hundreds of intelligent Catholic laymen who have mourned the lack of competent, gifted and thoroughly equipped Catholic laymen as professors in our Catholic colleges, and though, from time to time, in this REVIEW and under the pressure of specific events I have advocated a larger place for Catholic laymen, alike in the education and honorable recognition of the Church in this country in our day, I have never till now committed myself to the theses I here advocate.

It takes quite as many years of earnest and many sided study

and practice to make a young man master of the world's literary thought, style and composition as it takes to make him master of Christian theology, ethics, ceremonial observance and ecclesiastical law. It usually takes about seven good years of careful study and training to fit a young man for the priesthood. Indeed, if he can by utmost application prepare himself or get himself prepared in that time to stand up before any congregation and preach the gospel and administer the sacraments of the church in a manner at all worthy of his divine vocation, or in any manner superior to a blundering clodhopper, he shows not only aptitude for his vocation but native talents of mind and heart for which he should be eternally grateful to Almighty God.

Of course, in any respectable training for the priesthood, a young man gets along the way certain instructions in general literature and in almost every line of study, but my experience has taught me that, as matters now stand in our Catholic colleges, said instruction is either too absolutely serious, priestly, biased, and very limited withal, or it is too utterly trivial, novelistic, lacking alike in the highest moral and the highest philosophical discrimination and still more limited withal.

I am not blaming, or even criticising, any present teacher of literature or other branch of knowledge, lay or priestly, in any Catholic college on earth. I am simply stating facts that are palpable to many intelligent Catholics who have talked with me on the subject, and that are clear as daylight to my own mind.

The first and all-important side of the training of a priest is to make a priest out of him; to train his body to the observances of celibacy and health on that ground, and his mind and heart to the thoughts and philosophies of every phase of Christian theology, and to fit him for the divine and practical work of the religious father of human souls.

My position first of all is that all this training—and I am not questioning its general adaptedness to the end in view—is of a character to place the man, when become a priest, out of sympathy with and out of touch with all the millionfold variety of pleasures and profit derived from the pursuit and practice of a dozen other intellectual and social accomplishments that the

world has devoted much of its energy to for many centuries, and that said priestly training and the resultant work thereof are not only enough to employ the best gifts and energies of any priest on earth, but that, above all, they unfit the priest to be master and teacher in other branches of study and of life.

Do not forget my first position, that it takes a man as long to become a master in literature, or say in geography, geology, astronomy, sociology, art and arithmetic, music, political economy and international law, economics, engineering, including all branches of electricity, and the relation of each one of these studies to its kindred thought and teaching in all ages of the world, as it takes him to become master in theology; and, as no man, not even a priest, has more than one head, it is practically and absolutely impossible for him to prepare himself properly to teach any one of these so-called secular branches of learning as it ought to be taught—that is, even if he may have special gifts and inclinations in any one of the directions named, he cannot give enough of his life to it to fit him for mastership in it without neglecting a good seven years of hard work in the priesthood; and my position further is that no priest has a right to steal these seven years of energy from his divine vocation in the priesthood, that is really to steal them from God, in order to fit himself for any one of the vocations named.

No man can serve two masters; above all, no priest can be a faithful priest and at the same time a competent teacher in any other line of thought or art whatsoever.

Hence the fearful amount of slip-shod and contemptible work done by priests and prelates in America to-day, who fancy that they are editors, literary gentlemen, and scientists in the varied ranges of meaning applied to that term, hence, also, the constant complaint of young men educated in Catholic colleges, to the effect that in the secular branches of education, there was not the thoroughness characteristic of Protestant, or purely secular institutions like Harvard, Yale, Princeton, and the like; and as the vocation of professor, or master in these secular branches is seldom open to Catholic laymen—and at present is not well filled by them when so occupied, we see at once the lamentable lack of a class of educated Catholic laymen in this country, and at

the same time get at the secret of a very serious phase of present lacking in the Catholic education of our time.

I would not be misunderstood. I am not blaming or criticising priests in any order or relation in life. As a rule they are an heroic and over-worked class of men, and if they did all in their power, that is their utmost, as moral and religious guides of the human souls under their care, they would be still more over-worked and their average span of life would be much shorter than it is at present, and heaven knows it is short enough now.

I know also from many genial experiences that priests as a rule are not only a jolly set of men, that is, outside of the routine of their lives of exacting duty, but they are at the same time well read, well informed and acutely interested in all phases of human life and human learning. In the realm of literature—I mean outside of the literature of their own vocation—they are as a rule better read and more appreciative and more quickly detective of the best than any other class of men on earth, and this might seem to contradict what I have said a moment ago, but it is not so.

It is one thing to understand and appreciate good literature and good music, or good art for instance, and another thing entirely to produce the good thing in either line, or to be a master teacher of it. It is one thing to have the most intelligent, intense, and ravishing and critical appreciation of good music and quite another to strike one chord in harmony with the great master singers and the all prevailing divine harmonies of the world, and the same law applies to all arts and spheres of learning. This is the difference between understanding and appreciating a thing, an art—anything, and being able to teach it, or to do it with such master strokes as command the admiration of your fellow men; and above all, boys and young men deserve and must have the best teachers that can be evolved. All this applies to every secular vocation as vividly as it applies to music and literature, and it is not fault finding that I am after, but such a revision of our present order of Catholic education and educators as shall prove a blessing to humanity and an honor to Almighty God.

My position so far is that priests as a rule are not the proper persons to teach the various branches of secular education indi-

cated, that they have no right to take so much time from their sacred vocation as might possibly qualify a few of them for such work, that, in fact the entire spirit of their training for the priesthood and the moral and religious *esprit de corps* of the priesthood is such as to disqualify them for such secular work, that this is the reason of the deficiency in average Catholic college education so lamented by the more intelligent Catholic laity everywhere, and that, on the other hand, we have no large and commanding body of educated Catholic laymen at present who are competent for the work; simply because such vocations are not open to them under present arrangements of entire clerical direction of our educational affairs, and it is to suggest means of changing this dominating clerical direction in Catholic educational affairs and to suggest means of providing for a more generous education of Catholic laymen in order to fit them for such vocations that this article is written.

In still further caution against any misunderstanding of my position, I am moved to say, however, that as all Catholic education, even in secular matters, must in my judgment be given in the spirit of absolute loyalty to Catholic faith, and particularly under the direction of the priesthood, I would forever continue to have the more gifted, cultivated and devout among the orders of the priesthood and among such of the secular clergy as have proven themselves worthy to be intrusted with such matters, at the head of and in control of all our Catholic colleges, and teachers, of course, of all branches that had a direct bearing upon Catholic faith.

I would not in any manner cut down the priestly control of our colleges and universities, and I would have enough priests still among instructors in these institutions to control, and oversee and direct them as at present, but in view of all the facts stated I would at once begin a process of Catholic education of laymen to meet the large and more varied demands of secular Catholic education that the present age has forced upon us.

In a word, I suggest that the Catholic prelates and the leading Catholic educators of the United States at once get together and formulate a definite plan whereby some four or five hundred of the most promising of the boys and young men now in our

Catholic colleges, but who have manifested no especial aptitude or design for the vocation of the priesthood, be selected, and that they, according to the gifts and inclinations of each one, be encouraged to pursue special courses of study to fit each one for the special line of secular teaching to which he may be inclined and for which said prelates and educators in their own dioceses and colleges may conclude that said students may reasonably be expected to excel.

Then I would see to it that the students selected with such future professional work in view as indicated, should after or during their usual academic course of study, take a special course in Catholic theology and philosophy, so that beyond all reasonable hazard they might be thoroughly grounded intellectually and morally in Catholic Faith. This being done and their academical and theological course being ended, I would send them to the different secular universities at home or abroad or both, for a period of five or six years of special and specific studies of the specialty that each had selected, and of course, to such secular universities as in each case were most noted for the special lines of study that each young man had selected ; thus at the end of five or six or seven years from date of inauguration of this scheme, we would have from four to five hundred thoroughly and broadly accomplished young gentlemen—no longer so very young—who would be ready to enter our Catholic colleges under the supervision of their existing clerical masters and directors, and teach, as they ought to be taught in our day, all the secular branches indicated in a manner to command the respect and attention of the entire civilized world ; and I would keep on with this process from year to year and from century to century until every Catholic college in America had anywhere from five to twenty of the most accomplished lay Catholic professors to be found on the face of the earth, and surely this were a more noble ambition than to parade Catholic liberalism, or a revival of the Gaelic language, or to further the conferences of the Knights of Columbus, or to duplicate a lot of big marble colleges and universities where they are not needed, simply to perpetuate the faults now in vogue among us, not to speak of perpetuating the silly and childish ambition of this or that priest or prelate now

interested in spreading his own fame as an educator of long-winded cant and humbug. Two points of opposition or questioning here suggest themselves—first, could said laymen be trusted to adhere to the work marked out for them; would not their faith be apt to suffer shipwreck in and through the processes of liberal culture named and would not priests in general and prelates in particular be too jealous of this new body of Catholic lay educators to receive and encourage them with any warmth of sympathy, or to honor them as their learning, ability and valor deserved?

On the first point it occurs to me to say that it is not often that a highly cultured Catholic layman even under existing conditions swerves from or denies the faith. It is the half educated, would be smart and fashionable business man, the shyster pettifogger lawyer, the corrupt politician, in a word the worldly Catholic, who is not educated but who dresses to kill and parades the world like a dead and stuffed turkey-gobbler, that is apt to deny the faith and look down upon priests and Catholic duties as beneath their august and buzzard-like corpulances. The Egans and Stoddards of our faith are as loyal to it as the most devout prelate alive, and infinitely more valuable to it than any ten prelates known to this writer. In a word, I think the fear and questioning on this head practically groundless. We must learn to trust our own beliefs. If our faith is divine it can stand all the secular light in heaven or on earth.

On the other point I am not so clear, but still very hopeful. For my own part I have found priests everywhere ready to use what little talent I might have in any direction outside of the work that employs all my time, and I have found them ever ready to grant any honors that a younger layman in search of honors might be ready and glad to receive.

I grant, however, that the process I have in mind would vastly increase, not only the usefulness, but the force and influence of the layman element in the Catholic Church, and would, to that extent, divide the honors as well as the labors of the vast and increasing educational work of the Church. But there should be no priestly jealousy on this account. Educated Catholic laymen are more devoted to the priesthood than any other class of men.

They are also more companionable with them. Of course they discriminate between hypocrites, sycophants, bores and gentlemen, but this, alas, the Church badly needs, and at all hazards we must broaden and make less priestly our field of secular Catholic education, and admit the capable lay Catholic educators of the future to a full and just share of all the honors of the Church, and a full share in its educational councils, or see the age go by us and leave us worrying because young men go to secular rather than Catholic colleges, and in hundreds of cases fall away from a faith that offers them no share in the great educational movement of the times.

Furthermore, please do not forget my claim that the esprit and the vocation of a priest inherently and absolutely disqualify him for entering into the esprit and work of such Catholic lay education as I have in mind. The two callings are divergent alike in spirit and in work, and the lay professor of any one of the branches I have indicated must not only as to years of application be especially fitted for the work as priests are fitted for their work, he must also be free as these are free to give his pupils the full benefit of all his years of study, while holding their minds and hearts loyal to the faith of their fathers and the Church of the living God.

Having covered thus the general conditions of the field in mind, I may go more into detail as to the secular studies and teachings indicated and what I understand by these.

One naturally begins with and emphasizes the work in which he feels most at home, hence I begin with what I might consider a fair preparation for a lay professorship of general literature in a Catholic college, in which, while the whole world of literature is to be covered, the divine and ideal literature of Christian and Catholic writers is to be given its proper place of honor, inspiration and divine guidance.

I take it for granted that no priest in the United States, or, as far as I know, perhaps with one exception, is competent to teach general literature, its evolution, its different grades of merit in all ages and nations of the world, its philosophy, etc., etc., and I am very confident that no layman at present attempting the business is anywhere near competent for this work.

A fair understanding of the lighter grades of English, French and Italian literature of recent centuries is by no means a sufficient qualification for the mastership I have in mind. To my mind, in fact, it is not enough that said master in literature should also have a corresponding familiarity with the lighter grades of ancient Greek and Roman literature.

All the literatures of the world, even to their lightest comedies and novels, are the outgrowth of the ancient and modern sacred literatures of the world.

Take this as my key note and you will understand why I insist that a man intended for an instructor in literature or in any other secular branch of modern learning should, along with his academic studies, take a sound course of Catholic theology and philosophy.

The last and lightest popular novel springs from heaven or hell, and in order to judge its moral origin and aspects a teacher must know how it is related not only to the literary tone of the age but how it is related to the moral law of the age and the heart of God.

A novice in the business cannot correctly judge either point.

I go still further and hold that a competent teacher of literature must have made himself familiar not only with Catholic theology and philosophy from the Roman Catholic standpoint, he must also have mastered the creeds of modern Protestantism as these are differentiated from Catholic theology and philosophy. Further, in order to understand the lighter literature of Greece and Rome, and of the earlier and later Asiatic nations, he must have conquered the sacred literature of these nations, so of the Arabic, and of all modern nations since the dawn of the Christian era. And he must have done this not as a conceited and biased Catholic, but with an open mind, ever ready to see the beauties and truths of said so-called pagan and modern Christian and infidel literatures, but ever with a keen mind, alert at the same time to see their defects in philosophy and with such mastery over and understanding of and confidence in his own diviner faith that will make him a true and competent guide for the most pure, the most devout and the most exacting of yearning students of his own faith.

Is there any priest at present teaching literature in any Catholic college in the United States who has ever dreamed of attaining such mastery over that great illumination and shadow of the human soul known as the literature of the world?

Has Egan done this? Has Stoddard done it? God bless them. They know that I love them well or I would not mention their names here. And as for Con de Pallen or other and lesser third and fourth class lay Catholic literary men—have they even in their wildest flights of silly notions in literature ever dreamed of attempting to do it? And it is because of this utter lack of large and broadminded Catholic lay talent among us that I have suggested the great and pressing need of some such scheme as is here indicated.

It is not enough that a teacher understands the literary touch of this or that man, in any age or nation of the world, he must first understand the mental and moral caliber of said writer, and how all this is related to the nation and the literature in which and out of which he was evolved, for so alone can he understand how to compare any writer, great or small, with other writers in other nations and other ages of the world.

Besides all this a master teacher in literature must keep himself posted as to all the more important new books issued each year, not only in his own language but in all the languages of the world. He must read or read into them or in some way get an intelligent understanding of them. He must read or read carefully into all the more prominent literary and religious journals of his day and, of course must keep himself posted, through the best newspapers, in all the leading public events of his day. The same conditions of world wide, active reading, observation and study apply also to every true master teacher in any one of the branches named. In order to do all this as it ought to be done as preliminary to anything like competent instruction in these branches, the master teacher in each line will need and ought to have three or four assistants, secretaries, readers and helpers, intelligent young men, students and seminarians, who in reading would mark books for special passages, make clippings from magazines and journals of all descriptions and in different languages bearing upon the special line of in-

struction involved. In a word, instead of the slip-shod cramming of so many so-called professors of these days, the master teacher in each line of study indicated should be in and of himself, by virtue of his long and many labors, master and authority in his line and so full of thought and learning in his specialty that he could give one or a hundred lectures on call and not mere formal mouthings of other men's thoughts and sayings but out of the abundance of his own well filled mind.

Of course all this would cost money as well as much hard labor, and of course a lay Catholic professor, who was thus master of any great branch of learning, would rank alike in usefulness, honor and position with any bishop or archbishop in the world, and of course his salary should be adequate to his position.

The same laws of careful preparation apply to any man who can be supposed to be fit for any leading editorial position on any great Catholic journal, and surely any one of these men thus prepared and employed is the peer, every way, of any ecclesiastic alive, and as superior to the average congressman or pettifogger, as light is supposed to be superior to darkness. I do not claim to have fulfilled all these conditions, but I have fulfilled enough of them to be able to say these things to the hierarchy of our times.

I hear a great deal of late about Catholic criticism and the lack of it, but if the spitling scribblers who indulge in such twaddle would take a few lessons from what has been done among us, or if they would attempt a little brilliant and cosmopolitan reviewing on their own account, their own verdancy and the immeasurable capacity of some other writers among us might become apparent even to the verdant spitlings here hinted at.

But it is not in literature alone that we need deeply read and competent lay professors in our Catholic colleges.

There is not a science or a branch of learning extant but is still in its formative state, and some of the most venerable of them, as for instance, astronomy, medicine, geology, and geography, surface and physical, are still, as taught in our day, more than half lies.

The science or philosophy of art and æsthetics, of sociology, of political economy and of international law are as full of false-

hood, misconception and misstatements as a well worn sieve is full of holes. In many of the universities of Europe these defects are plainly known, but the time seems hardly ripe, the new light hardly clear enough to break down the many-sided and contemptible falsehoods of our so-called modern sciences and philosophies.

I would have our new lay students enter into every phase of ancient and modern thought, and belief, bearing upon each one of these so called sciences and philosophies, dealing with them at first hand under the instruction of the best specialists to be found in the world, all the while knowing that the nearer he gets to actual and primal truth in any phase of learning in the world, the nearer he gets to the heart beats of God, and the more sure will he be of being in deeper harmony with his own divine and Catholic faith.

Let us not be afraid. The entire universe is instinct with and ruled by God Almighty. Jesus of Nazareth is the human incarnation of this eternal God. The Catholic Church is His ordained and guided angel of light to all ages of the world. The Holy Spirit broods over and protects and guides every soul that is seeking the light. There is nothing to fear, men or devils—falsehood or crime. All are under the guidance of the God we love and honor, and His Church can never suffer from too much light, for God is light and in Him is no darkness at all.

Of course, if the young men so selected and set apart from our existing Catholic colleges every year, have means of their own or are the sons of wealthy or well-to-do parents, they will gladly bear their own expenses during the years of special study here indicated, and especially when it is understood that if found competent and otherwise worthy, future lucrative positions of honor await them. If however, some or many of them should be poor as is most likely they would be, for the Eternal very often chooses the poor and the sons of the poor through whom to give His supremest truths and blessings to the world, then, in such cases I hold that the prelates and leading educators and priests of each diocese should at once institute a fund from their own savings and from the gifts of the rich for the encouragement and support of said poor but gifted students ; and how much more noble and

beautiful in the sight of God and how much more useful to the Church and the world such a fund would prove than many of the expenditures of the Church in our times.

It is needless to add that the so-called "Catholic University of America," situated at Washington, D. C., can never accomplish the needed work I have here outlined. There is not a man in the institution at this time who could begin to handle any one of the departments I have indicated, as they all ought to be handled, and as they must be handled in the near future, unless we are willing to have our modern Catholic colleges fall into third and fourth rate educational affairs in everything except in the one sphere of Catholic theology and philosophy.

This article is but a suggestion. Many parts of the suggestion are capable of being elaborated into separate articles. Doubtless there are weaknesses in the suggestion, as it stands, but in the main its positions are true and will have to be complied with or the Church in this country will suffer in proportion to its neglect of what is here suggested.

Respectfully submitted by

WILLIAM HENRY THORNE.

INDIANS OF THE DIOCESE OF DULUTH.

THE recent outbreak of the Indians in Northern Minnesota has helped to call public attention to two facts; one, the bad treatment to which these "Wards of the Nation" are often subjected; the other, the influence for good exerted by the faithful and self-sacrificing Catholic Missionaries.

In various parts of the diocese the Indians have their religious needs supplied by the Benedictine, Franciscan, and Jesuit Fathers.

These good priests read and write the Chippewa language, visit the Indian Missions with all the attendant difficulties of long distances, bad roads, and inclement weather, and have succeeded in forming really good Christian communities.

The Benedictine Sisters with much devotion have schools for Indian children at White Earth and Red Lake reservations.

It has been my good fortune to see those children confided to the care of the Sisters, growing up well instructed in the Christian Doctrine, leading pious—even holy—lives and not likely to lose in comparison with well-educated white people.

The schools at White Earth and Red Lake have been built by private charity. Mother Katherine Drexel has earned the prayers of the Indians, indeed of all lovers of humanity, for her charities in this direction. The children educated in these schools are an honor to their teachers and to the founders of the schools.

In the new order of things these same schools built at great expense and well furnished are soon to be deprived of any government aid, and the children are to be sacrificed to the craze for what are called *non-sectarian* schools.

Long ago Senator George G. Vest of Missouri, who made himself thoroughly acquainted with the Indian question—a man totally unprejudiced—declared publicly, “that the only schools that have ever done the Indian any good are those conducted by the religious.”

Though this was wisdom crying aloud in the streets, yet the cry was to deaf men, for many would rather see the Indian damned than that he should be saved by Catholic influences.

Sad experience has shown that without a careful religious training, the so-called educated Indian is worse than when in his savage condition ; both time and money are wasted. Some of the children come back from these non-sectarian schools to their homes well skilled in sneers at the Catholic religion and its practices, loud in their contempt for confession, and able to quote Scripture for their purpose. Soon enough, though, the usual consequences are at hand, the girls become the prey of the impure white man, and the boys, the slaves of the meanest of all white men—the whiskey seller.

One is reminded very forcibly of our Lord's words to the Scribes and Pharisees, “Woe to you Scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites, because you go around about sea and land to make one proselyte and when he is made, you make him the child of hell two-fold more than yourselves.”

The appended report of the work amongst the Indians tells its own story, it is worth a careful examination.

It is the fashion now to keep from the public anything that redounds to the credit of Catholicity, but to seize with avidity on every scandal and on every lie that is half the truth and to put it in glaring head-lines before the reader.

I take this opportunity to offer my sincere thanks to the holy and earnest men and women missionaries who in the Diocese of Duluth have done such honest work for God's glory and the salvation of souls. Their names are not in the mouths of men, but are I hope written in the Book of Life.

When the government places the Indians under the management of United States officers, such as are educated at West Point—men free from the taint of bigotry and prejudice—men above taking advantage of the weakness and ignorance of these poor people, then we shall have some hope for the future Red Man.

Up to this the record has been stained and befouled by much that is mean and dishonorable, frequently, too, when the government itself had the very best intentions.

These are the statistics :

CHIPPEWAS OF THE DIOCESE OF DULUTH, CLASSIFIED RESPECT-
ING THEIR RELIGION.

Reservations	Catholics	Pagan	Protestants	Totals	
White Earth	790	147	50	987	Totals on
Pembina	540	3	0	543	White Earth
White Earth, Rice River	420	200	20	640	Reservation :
Pine Point	150	200	40	390	Cath. 2000
Twin Lakes	100	300	40	440	Pagan 850
Red Lake	600	460	40	1100	Protest. 150
Fond Du Lac	500	100	0	600	—
Leech Lake	170	680	50	900	Total, 3000
Mille Lacs	20	580	0	600	—
Winnibigoshish Lake	25	175	0	200	—
Cass Lake	0	125	25	150	—
Sandy Lake	30	50	0	80	—
Vermillion Lake	60	190	50	300	—
White Oak Pt. & Ball Club	100	100	0	200	—
Grand Marais	250	36	0	286	—
Totals,	3,755	3,346	316	7,416	

GLOBE NOTES.

THE most casual readers of this magazine, if there are such, must have noticed that the last December issue was not only two weeks late but was as full of typographical errors as the GLOBE is usually free from them.

The explanation is as follows: I was sick in the hospital when the issue was put into the printers' hands. The printers were new to the work and proved utterly incompetent.

When the proofs were coming out I was still too ill to read them and the parties intrusted with the work failed in all matters of accuracy, so that I was almost ashamed to have a copy of the December GLOBE go before the world.

As far as I am concerned I have no doubt that the humiliation was good for my pride, and as far as the readers are concerned I can only ask their pardon and their forbearance in a case wherein I probably suffer more than all my readers put together.

I had planned and resolved that the GLOBE for December, 1898, should be the greatest number I had ever issued; was very proud of it, in advance, and doubtless needed and deserved the humiliation which those devils known as printers forced upon my unwilling soul.

* * * * * * *

As I read other periodicals and compare them with my own I am more and more impressed with those distinctive elements that have differentiated the GLOBE from all its rivals and given it a unique place in current literature.

In founding the GLOBE, nearly ten years ago, I was firmly resolved to hold all modern literature up to the highest standard of judgment as to its merits, and just as firmly resolved to judge of its value or uselessness in the measure that in its spirit it adhered to or departed from the Ten Commandments and the Sermon on the Mount.

Of course, I did not fully comprehend at the outset into what opposition of all sorts this attitude would hurl me. I never consider that side of a question. I believe in the power of truth as I believe in God. I know that truth in the long run must conquer, always has conquered, and I always work for final and

eternal issues, not for the praises or blame that may whistle around me for a day.

After nearly ten years of battle along the lines indicated, I see that I have made a magazine that deals almost exclusively with the great moral issues of civilization and only incidentally with the commercial data, the literary trash, the patriotic gush and the damnable social and other idiocies that occupy the serious attention of the other magazines almost exclusively.

What is serious history and civilization for them is for me simply the transient uprisings of ignorance, pride, vanity, hence worthy only of my contempt, and bound to find annihilation when the old gods awaken once more and set their Nemesis upon the brows of traitors to culture and traitors to justice, now called patriots and prelates and gentlemen in various parts of this benighted world.

I cannot help all this. I should have been and still should be false to the light God has given me were I simply to play hack journalist, Catholic or Protestant, like so many of my fellow editors, and write up to the measure of their lights instead of up to the measure of my own.

My education and my experience during these last forty years oblige me to treat all literary work from a critical standpoint and with the highest work of the ablest men of the race fully in view. In the same way and for similar reasons I am obliged to treat all commercial, all national, and all international questions, not from the standpoint of the Monroe doctrine, so called, or any other silly babbling of an untaught politician, but from the standpoint of eternal right and justice as these have been amply and clearly illustrated in the rise and fall of all the ancient and modern nations of the world, and I have done this, applying the old standards of culture and justice to individuals and to nations; not that I desire to be contrary to the average work of the average fool and rascally writers or rulers of our day, but for the simple reason that in order to be true to myself and my sense of duty to the great issues of culture and justice now before the world, I have been obliged to write as I have written and must still do so till the end, and a Catholic enemy of culture and justice only excites my wrath and contempt more than a Protestant or an in-

fidel, because the Catholic has grace and light that should redeem him from his blindness and stupidity.

* * * * *

Nearly thirty years ago I wrote in the first of a series of papers named "New Era Pamphlets" the then startling proposition, since become pretty clear to all the world, that a few Jews carried the nations of the world in their vest pockets, and the then scarcely less startling proposition that inside of a quarter of a century the legislation of this so-called free country would be done at the dictation of these gentlemen, plus the menace of the scavenger's broom. To-day I have many personal friends who are Jews. Some of them are subscribers for and many of them are readers of this magazine. To them and to all my readers I say here most emphatically that I have never blamed the Jew for nipping the nations and ruling them with a few slips of paper.

I would rule them myself were they as amenable to moral truth as they are to the gold standard, so-called.

I admire the Jew for getting his grip on the throats of our Christian dogs and holding them with such skill. I am only blaming the dogs for being such cowardly fools.

To prove that these prophecies have become literally true in our day one has but to point to the facts made prominent in the speeches of W. J. Bryan two years ago—to the fact that a fellow like T. V. Powderly is Commissioner of Emigration at the Port of New York, that a fellow like Bourke Cockran was the ready tool of the gold bugs in the last Presidential election, and to the fact that a fellow like L. D. Gage—a mere hack of the money lenders—has held his place as Secretary of the Treasury of the United States spite of all his blundering imbecility; but if further proof is needed let the industrious statistician give the public a statement of the absurd laws enacted by the United States during the last twenty-five years at the dictation of the scavengers on the one hand and the money-lenders on the other. If the reader is still skeptical on the Jew question, let him ponder over the following brief statement, copied from "The Signs of the Times."

"The nations of the earth owe the Money Power the vast

debt of twenty thousand millions. They pay—or the producers in the nations pay—to the Money Power, year by year, the annual \$800,000,000, of interest, while in all the world there are but \$660,457,000 in gold coin !”

Yet we keep on borrowing a la Cleveland, a la McKinley, and every other untaught fool—at the rate of hundreds of millions more, promising to pay principal and interest in gold, putting on the stamp act here and the tariff there, so squeezing the life blood out of the masses, while the money lenders and holders of our bonds escape any taxes on those bonds, escape the only just tax on earth, that is, an income tax, and all this while thousands of our “fellow citizens” are starving for want of work that abundant silver mining and abundant road making and road mending, and world-wide commerce that ought to be going on from and to our shores would give them, but which are held at a practical standstill because all legislation favorable to these vast industries is controlled on the one side by the money lender and on the other by ignorant scavengers led by such purchasable and purchased ignoramuses as T. V. Powderly and the Hon. Bourke Cockran, etc. Still we call ourselves civilized and expect intelligent editors to write up and praise the two-fold damnation.

I confess that I have no liking for the Populists or the Socialists. For my own part I very much prefer being governed by the money lenders and their lieutenants—the emperors, kings, queens, princes and Crokers of this world—than to be governed by the Populists or the Socialists. It is of no moment to me personally, in fact. I keep all laws, and abuse the infernal fools that make them, but I want my fellow citizens to know that they are voting for the iron hand that binds them to death when they vote for the money lenders and their tools, the literary and other scavengers of our day. But I do not dream that any legislation through Bryan and Democracy, or through McKinley and the G. O. P. can help us, or that anything but world-wide revolution, world-wide war and world-wide blood-letting can help us in these plutocratic and devil’s own times.

If a man mortgages his house, his farm or his furniture, he himself, his wife and his family are to that extent in the power of

the gentleman, that is, the usurer who holds the mortgage, but the emperors, the statesmen—God save the mark—and the infernal asinine Clevelands and McKinleys of this world mortgage the nations of the world, the heritage of the workers and bread winners of the world, and all for what,—not that money is or need be scarce with the nations, for lo ! the mines of the earth are full of silver, and even the paper money of the nations is as good as gold, and the nations have a right to coin this silver into money—not at all—not that the elements of money are scarce or that the credit of any great nation like our own is liable to be submerged by any amount of silver money or paper money, but simply because as long as the fictitious value of gold is kept up by the men who control the output of gold in the world, these same men can control and demand their usury and carry the nations in their vest pockets as of old.

In a word, the workers work to support loafers in idleness, all to keep up the fictitious value of that modern and monstrous idol that we call gold.

And this is what the hireling editors of a corrupt and venal press call honest money, and maintaining the credit of the nation. Honest hell ! and the credit of the devil.

Let us break away from the thieves and the liars, though we deluge the whole earth in their blood and our own.

* * * * *

Is it to be peace or war? All the world has noted the generous and imperial proposition of the Czar of Russia for the disarmament of the nations, looking to world-wide peace. A good part of the English-speaking portion of the world has also noticed what some of the newspapers recently styled Mr. W. T. Stead's proposed crusade for peace. Mr. W. T. Stead is a shallow-pated, ignorant and vulgar journalist, simply this and nothing more, and that he, rather than any one of tens of thousands of his ilk, should have thrust his unbalanced and crack-brained head into prominence over the Czar's proposition is only another proof added to many that he has already given, that he has about as much comprehension of the present moral and military aspects and destinies of modern nations as a school girl in her

first grammar class or an office girl just through with her typewriter for the day.

The question of war or peace has never been determined by emperors or kings, much less by half-cracked editors or typewriters.

Whoever will follow the causes that led up to the wars of ancient or of modern times will find that a certain kind of immoral militarism and national selfishness, showing itself in a thousand ways, have always forced the kings of the earth, the generals and commanders of armies and their like to fight the great battles of the world that have been fought from the earliest ages down to our own times.

When pugilists devote their lives to training for fight, fate forces them to fight. Fighting is all they know. When nations train seventy per cent. of their able-bodied men for the larger pugilism of national war, fate forces them to express their splendid training in the bloody butchery of war. This law has never failed in all human history, and will not fail in our own day.

Again, the very attitude of national training for war is, in itself, especially in Christian times and nations, wherein men and nations should know better, such an absolute evidence of the low and debased morals of the nations, that God in heaven would not be just to His ideal of making men into His own image of charity and peace were He to fail not only to let the butchers butcher each other, but, in fact, were He to fail to force them to do so.

The only way to disinfect certain substances of infectious disease and vermin is to burn the articles themselves.

All wars have simply been to that extent a clearing of the world of a certain amount of infectious hellishness that dwelt in the fighting and murderous heart of the race. It will be so to the end of time. The only peace crusade worth having in this world, is to impregnate each human soul individually, and finally the nations collectively, with the principles of the Sermon on the Mount, thus making "practical Catholics" out of the millions who, in these days, while professing to be Christians, are lying and stealing and practicing for war while they cry peace, peace ! as if the eternal God could be hoodwinked by such infernal

hypocrisy or by such noisy gadabout quasi imbeciles as W. T. Stead & Co.

Modern nations will have to fight, and soon, because they have been training for it these many years, because, in fact, they are good for nothing else, and because the time is nigh when the earth must be cleared of much of the human rubbish that now infects the air.

* * * * *

Some people complain that I am too personal and too severe in my strictures upon public men, and a few sneaking, cowardly, pious and despicable slanderers who are afraid to approach me in person or to have their own stained names mentioned, approach my friends and intimate viler things. Whatever concerns my own honor, my sincerity and my integrity I have so referred to in previous issues of this magazine that any man or woman who hereafter in any other than an open way attacks my character is by his or her own act self-condemned as a liar and a slanderer.

As regards the severity of my personal criticism, I repeat here what I have often said before, *first*, that I never attack even public characters until I have very carefully watched their record for years and have given up all hope of finding anything but prevailing corruption in them; *second*, that I have never exposed one hundredth part of the villainy known to me concerning the public men I may have severely criticised. In a word, the reserve fund and force of the GLOBE are infinitely beyond its expended energy; *fourth*, the things I say of said public men are not half as severe as the newspapers say of them when it suits the newspaper pocket to be severe, but as the newspaper man has no moral force and is insincere while the GLOBE is in dead earnest, my sayings may seem a little more shocking at times. In truth, the worst of my sayings are not more severe than many things that come to me in letters from friendly and earnest priests of the Church.

Under date of January 10, 1899, a Western priest of great ability and devotion, after saying some complimentary things of my work in the last GLOBE, which I shall not mention, said: "It is a mystery to me that you have any friends at all in this truth-

hating age. . . . I resigned my charge because I found that the more Catholic I became the less support or encouragement, moral or financial, I received alike from people, priests or prelates. This is a terrible statement to make but it is true!" etc., etc.

Another priest writing me from the far South, under the same date, after saying very kind things of the *GLOBE*, touched upon a delicate subject as follows: "A Catholic priest near by, a courtier and a time-server, borrowed some copies of the *GLOBE* from me. When, a few days ago, I asked him to return the same,—Well, said he, I do not approve of this *REVIEW*. I don't think Thorne has any right to write as he does,—so I threw the *REVIEW* into the fire!!! But, said I, it was not your property, it was mine. He answered in excuse by a lie—I had forgotten it was yours!!!"

I quote these words—not to hurt that priestly "courtier, thief and liar," in the far South, but to say that there are lots of them in all parts of the world. Perhaps, indeed, there may be a few specimens of the same breed in New York, and what I find the world over, and what I rejoice in as much as I dare, is that it is everywhere this lying, thieving, sleek and courtier-like truth-hating and despicable type of saintly ecclesiastic that hates the *GLOBE* and its editor, and never to this day have I had any trouble with any priest that loved God's truth and justice and lived for their advancement; and here let me bear my testimony to the fact that, according to my experience, the vast majority of the priests in the Catholic Church are such devoted men, though, by pressure of Americanized circumstances, the number on the black list of my correspondent may be increasing in these last days. As to the general stricture that I am too personal and too severe and too un-American, hear what that sheet of immaculate whiteness, of high art and of boundless patriotism, *The Journal*, of New York, said in a spread out large type editorial, in its issue of January 14, 1899. Here we are:

"The country may be thankful that the War Investigating Commission did not interfere with the repulsive exhibition presented by Commissary-General Eagan on Thursday. The thing was a shocking outrage, not only on all the traditions of military

propriety, but on the commonest decencies of civilized life ; it will be an indelible disgrace to our army and to our national good name throughout the world ; it will confound our friends and rejoice our enemies abroad ; it will make our citizens in foreign lands blush for the name of American—but nevertheless it is well that it was permitted. If the War Department under the rule of Alger has become a sty of cads and blackguards, it is well that the country and Congress should know it before new responsibilities are intrusted to it. . . . Not an additional soldier until Alger has retired to private life and his disgraced pets have been kicked out of the army."

Let us add, then let Miles's pets go, then Shafter's, then all the pets of all the low grade hack politicians, now in both houses of Congress, including Sampson, the political pet and all like him in the navy ; then, in God's name and in the name of our country, when we have a ruler or rulers that mean anything but filth and double-dealing—let Bill Hearst and his degraded and degrading type of journalism go—including Jim Bennett's *New York Herald*, and Whitelawless Reid's *Tribune*, and let us have a regular spring house-cleaning, but a war that is war, and beef that is beef, and not preserved with chemicals, will have to tide us over those days. Americanism ! If you really want to find it Simon-pure go to our penitentiaries, and if you do not find enough of it there go to Philadelphia and study the private lives of John Wanamaker and George Graham.

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Regarding Archbishop Ireland's visit to Rome in the early part of this year, and about which the secular newspapers of St. Paul and New York gave such exaggerated accounts, as if said visit was to settle forever all the vexing questions that have arisen regarding the relations of the Church with the new American rule in the recently acquired Spanish possessions by the United States, the initiated know very well that ninety per cent. of said newspaper gush was simply a bluff and a blind. They also know very well that during the last two years very serious complaints have been lodged with the authorities at Rome, touching some of Archbishop Ireland's recent arbitrary treatment of certain priests in his archdiocese, also concerning the nature of his north-

western land speculations, which again have been sugar-coated and whitewashed by the secular newspapers ; also concerning certain sales and mortgages of Catholic properties in the archdiocese of St. Paul, and to these initiated it looks far more probable that the Archbishop of St. Paul was invited to Rome to clear up these domestic ecclesiastical affairs rather than to become the adviser of the Pope regarding the affairs of the Church in our newly acquired Spanish possessions. Alas ! And fortunately the Pope has many better and wiser advisers than His Grace of St. Paul touching the latter questions, but the Pope has no one who can, under papal pressure, so well advise him in the more personal matters referred to, and the editor of the *GLOBE* here frankly confesses that he has refrained from reviewing the bottom facts of the first issues named, up to this time, because he has been expecting these last two years that the Archbishop of St. Paul would be invited to Rome, and because the editor of the *GLOBE* firmly believes in the wisdom of the final rulings of Rome in all matters of this kind. Meanwhile I beg to advise the American newspaper idiots who are constantly proclaiming the importance and placarding the praises of the Archbishop of St. Paul, that Rome is not utterly and absolutely bluffed by such idiocy, and that no American prelate better understands this than Archbishop Ireland himself.

I greatly admire the untiring energy and the courageous fight that His Grace of St. Paul has exercised in many issues during the past ten years, but I would to God his splendid gifts had been exercised in a nobler way and toward higher ends. It is never too late to mend however, and in the language of an old Protestant revival hymn :

"While the lamp holds out to burn
The vilest sinner may return."

* * * * *

Among other slanders that some of the contemptible Catholics of New York are insidiously and sneakingly spreading in regard to the editor of the *GLOBE REVIEW* are these: that my so-called opposition to the Paulists is based on personal grounds, because seven years ago, when I was received into the Catholic Church, they refused to consider suggestions of mine looking to a union

of the GLOBE with the *Catholic World*. In the exceeding humility of my soul at that time I made such a suggestion, but, being advised by my best Catholic friends to continue the GLOBE on its old lines, I gave up all thought of union with the *Catholic World* or with the *American Catholic Quarterly Review*, then published in Philadelphia, and to-day I am glad that neither union was ever consummated. I believe that the *Catholic Quarterly Review* has died a natural death, notwithstanding the fact that the accomplished Archbishop of Philadelphia was its figurehead and nominal editor, and everybody that knows anything of the vitalities and values of any literature knows very well that the *Catholic World* ought to have been kicked to death for its imbecility and perpetual blunders years ago, but the Paulists' money bags and a lot of priestly palaver have kept it nominally alive to this day.

I have nothing against the Paulists on account of their magazine, except that two or three years ago they admitted to its pages an article dastardly attacking me because some Baptist idiot had opposed the teachings of the GLOBE on the modern status of the negro. I did not even know at the time that the fellow Slattery, a so-called priest of Baltimore, who wrote the article, was posing as a sort of modern friend of the negro, and, by appealing to the stuffy sympathies of certain rich women, was running a so-called negro priest mill in Baltimore, in which young and earnest white priests were insulted and outraged by said Slattery, while witless negroes were petted and pampered by him and trained for years under Slattery morals and theology only to go out accomplished porters for Pullman palace cars. Had I known these things when I wrote my reply to the posing and pompous idiot called Slattery, I would have dealt more severely with him than I did, but, not knowing Slattery, and looking upon the article in the *Catholic World* not only as a breach of all Christian courtesy, but as a breach of all journalistic courtesy and as an open declaration of war on the GLOBE, I gave Editor Doyle and his associates simply what, in my judgment, they exactly deserved.

So I would have let the matter drop, but I have found these last two years that minions of these liberal Catholic saints per-

sist in misrepresenting the *GLOBE* and its editor in ways as heretofore indicated and in other ways.

Whatever criticisms I have offered touching their recent and contemptible spirit over Eliot's life of Fr. Hecker have been in the line of all my criticisms of so-called Catholic Liberal Americanism. I hate it and despise it alike for its conceits of superior morality and superior wisdom, as I hate and despise it for putting any ism of its disciples, teetotalism, patriotism, Americanism, or what not, before the simple, broad and world-wide truths of Catholic orthodoxy as believed and preached and practiced by true Catholics all through the ages. I do not hate Doyle or Ireland or Keane. I simply hate and despise their narrow conceits, as if they, as Americans, though most of them are Irishmen, knew anything or practiced any virtue that had not been known to and practiced by all Catholics from Peter to Leo of Rome, and the above is really the gist of so-called Catholic Liberal Americanism. As to dogma and practice, it aims to minimize the difference between Catholic and Protestant faith, hoping so, I doubt not, to win Protestants to the Catholic fold, but a Protestant, like any other untaught or mis-taught human being, must do his first work over again and enter the Catholic kingdom like a little child, or he will never get there, and the Catholic Liberal who tries to paddle him over the breakers without the firm staff of Catholic faith, is an enemy to the Church and hence an enemy to the human race.

There is nothing personal about this. It is simply that I am opposed to all shuffling mediators, knowing that there is but one Mediator, and but one way to obtain the blessed merits of His eternal atonement and His eternal love.

Again, I despise the so-called American Catholic Liberalism, because it is persistently putting its so-called patriotism before its loyalty to Jesus and His Church. To perdition with such patriotism. The Catholic priest or layman who boasts of his patriotism, his loyalty to the flag, etc., etc., regardless of the cause in which that patriotism or that flag may be engaged, is no Catholic. He is simply a slave of cant and the devil. Imagine the Christian subjects of the Augustinian age proclaiming their loyalty to Augustus in his persecutions of the Christians.

Why, they would have deserved to be eaten by lions and dogs, had they done so, but lots of our Catholic priests and others, that is, liberal American Catholics so-called, have time and again during the last twelve months deemed the flag of far greater importance than their loyalty to Christ. There is nothing personal in my opposition here. It is an eternal principal of wrong doing that I see, and see it done in the name of the Church for which Christ died. The Catholic who puts his patriotism before his Church may conclude that he is well nigh American and liberal enough to be damned, and for my part I have no mercy on him or patience with him. To perdition with him, the quicker the better, and if he be a prelate, put him on the Pacific Express for perdition.

Again, I hate and despise much of our Paulist and other Catholic Liberal Americanism for presuming to add to the exacted morals of the Church, the wretched and hollow-pated puritanic notion of teetotalism. In truth Doyle and his like would be lost without this contemptible shibboleth of New England idiocy wherewith to save the world. Was Jesus a teetotaler? did any of the Apostles preach total abstinence? Has the Church ever declared total abstinence an essential dogma of its insistent morality? Is Doyle or is Cleary, or any other mountebank of modern morality, wiser than Jesus or His Church? To perdition with such imbecile wiseacreism.

Again, these wretches say of me that I am a Jesuit or in the leading strings of the Jesuits. My answer is that it is an infernal lie. I have dear friends and subscribers among the Jesuits, the Redemptorists, the Augustinians, the Christian Brothers, and the clerics of St. Viateur, but I have just as near and dear friends, and a great many more subscribers, among the secular priesthood east and west, at home and abroad, and some good friends and even subscribers among the Paulists; but no priest of any order and no secular priest has me in any leading strings. I am a Catholic. I am wielding the power of this magazine for what I believe to be pure Catholic truth and morality, and I defy any one of my despicable slanderers to prove either from my words or my conduct that I am false to these principles.

Life to me is not a matter of prelatic or Paulistic vesting and

posing, much less is it a matter of back door and servant girl espionage and slander, but a great and commanding conflict between right and wrong. Jesus and the Church are to me the incarnation of right and goodness and truth, and when your temperance cranks and your secular ecclesiasticalism run in the teeth of these, I say, to perdition with such religion and let it burn there forever. Now try to attribute this to some false and insincere motives, you Catholic offspring of vipers, but do not say that I have not warned you to flee from the wrath to come.

Touching the question of any jealousy on my part because my suggestions of a Catholic journalistic union with the *GLOBE* were not acted upon years ago, such jealousy is impossible. I do not pretend to have tens of thousands of circulation. I am not a business man, and I have no barrel of religious money on which to draw in order to pay for uselessly big editions in order to claim a large circulation, but, spite of all the prelatie and other patronage claimed by certain other Catholic magazines, and spite of my independence and the slander I am subjected to on account of this, I am ready to wager ten to five that the *GLOBE REVIEW* sells more copies per issue in the leading Catholic and other book stores of New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore and Boston than any other Catholic magazine published.

A few months ago that toilet paper affair called *Donahoe's*, of Boston, announced that His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons and His Grace Archbishop Corrigan were stockholders in that concern. Well, it is just like them; but it will take more than their combined influence to stop people from buying the *GLOBE REVIEW* or to force intelligent Catholics to buy *Donahoe's*, and as for Doyle's *Catholic World*, it has not adhesive force enough to catch a fly. Jealous of such trash? God forbid!

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Since the election of Roosevelt as Governor of New York that half-baked, half-taught and narrow-visioned pettifogger John Raines, of Rochester, N. Y., has been promenading the thoroughfares of this State once more as a would-be reformer. Mr. Raines, I understand, is the son of a so-called clergyman, in all probability one of those temperance cranks whose religion consisted almost exclusively in the modern notion that whatever

sins you yourself commit in the dark, no matter how base you may be in your dealings with your fellow men, or how many mistresses you may pretend to keep, you must not allow your neighbor any rights or privileges, above all you must not allow him to take a glass of beer on Sunday.

From all I can learn John Raines is himself a respectable man, but he is, unfortunately, like many other pious fools in these days, afflicted with the notion that to drink beer or wine is a sin and especially sinful on Sunday. This of itself is enough to write him down an ass from the intellectual standpoint, and a charlatan of reform. A look into the face of any portrait of this country clown of reform will teach any reader of faces that his whole vision is centered upon his own advancement and poisoned with self-conceit. In this respect he is not unlike tens of thousands of other American pettifoggers, but as long as these gentlemen keep to their own private practices and their own affairs nobody objects to them. They do very well to snap at each other like dogs in a kennel over a bone. But John Raines not only has the bad points of a snapping pettifogger, he has all the bad points of the well known temperance crank at the same time.

There is something about this phase of modern moral insanity that makes men the most unendurable fads on the face of the earth. Their ignorance of all fundamental principles of rights and wrongs among men, is only equalled by their insufferable conceit of superiority, because forsooth, they do not drink; because again, forsooth, that their heads are usually too weak to stand a good solid drink of whiskey. We have such men in the Catholic Church. Some of them are priests, and they consider the pledge of total abstinence of far greater importance than the Lord's Prayer, the Apostles Creed or the Sermon on the Mount. They are unendurable cads and charlatans. I could name a few of these dear gentlemen, but my friends say I am too personal in this magazine, so I refrain from here naming Doyle, Cleary & Co., men after John Raines' own heart and type. Indeed John Raines might almost become a Paulist Father, but then his religion might strike in and he would possibly break his heart over the peculiar ways of his democratic brother George.

What does it concern John Raines or any other inland, pro-

vincial and half-baked crank whether the smaller or the larger hotels in this city serve wine with or without meals on Sunday or other days? Let such mere pettifoggers keep to their own business of pettifogging and leave moral reforms to men who know something of the habits and something of the rights of their fellow men. The initiated say that Raines is politically ambitious, that the new Governor—the Rough Rider, the flag-swinging and formerly reformer—is not in sympathy with this venerable greenhorn from Rochester, but, be that as it may, the *GLOBE* is with Bishop Potter in his declaration that the saloon is a necessity, and the *GLOBE* is positive that the citizens of New York have the same right to drink wine that they have to drink water on Sundays, and the editor of the *GLOBE* has no language strong enough to express his contempt for such half-baked reformers as Raines, Doyle, Cleary & Co. Let them mind their own business and learn how to live themselves.

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February 12, 1899. Since the belated issue of the December, '98, *GLOBE REVIEW*, I have received many scores of letters, most of them renewals of subscriptions for this year, many of them containing the warmest commendations of the *GLOBE*'s position on our late American-Spanish war, others endorsing warmly my recent suggestions concerning certain members of the American hierarchy, and still others assuring me of the many prayers that are being offered and Masses said for my speedy restoration to health, and urging me not to sell the *GLOBE*, but to keep on in the work of speaking the truth as long as I am able. In a word, the last issue of the *GLOBE*, which, by reason of facts mentioned in the early part of these *GLOBE NOTES*, gave me so much anxiety, has received more prompt and generous responses from my subscribers than any number issued for a long while, and it now looks as if this year of my sixtieth birthday and the tenth anniversary of the *GLOBE REVIEW* was to be one of the most successful years of my life. I have worked very hard these last ten years and against fearful and secret and open odds to keep this magazine in the foreground of all that is best and highest in modern thought and life, and, though I am quite content with the awards of appreciation that have been sent to

me from all parts of the world, I have sometimes longed for more appreciation nearer home, and I am free to confess that disappointment in this particular, plus the rasping illness of the last two years, may have at times made my words a little too severe.

When, however, I find, as I have found, that men and women and priests, who call themselves Catholics, attribute my best motives to insincere and sordid designs, and my acts of charity, in refraining from giving utterance to damaging facts, as evidence of my insincerity, I feel like cursing such vermin until there is nothing left of them but their cowardly tails.

Of course I am aware that any man who has ever spoken or written the truth, as I try to write it, has been traduced by the liars, thieves and scoundrels he condemns. I know my place in the world and expect to be abused, but it does seem as if one's neighbors, who have every means of finding out one's life, whether it be false or true, might do me the justice of speaking openly or keeping their jealous and venomous and cowardly lips closed.

In a word, if my readers knew the facts that are known to me concerning the people I handle severely, they would wonder at my mildness. But even in General Eagan's beef there was a fibrous undertone of vital goodness, and it is very questionable if one could say much more for the militarism of General Miles. The *New York Journal* rides him, as an ass, because it pays.

It is all very well for Bill Hearst and other editors of yellow journalism, to get up sensational columns day after day against Eagan and Alger and Armour, by turns, but the real scoundrels in the case are those same newspaper scoundrels who hounded an imbecile and scoundrelly Congress into passing the stupid and lying war resolution and forcing this nation into an attitude which could not be prepared for in a day or in many days.

Those rascals are the real murderers of the brave and impetuous boys who rushed into our so-called army and died of a thousand causes of neglect, bad feeding and bad clothing, simply because it was impossible to make proper provision for them at an hour's notice.

Hang the journalists and Congressmen who forced the bloody

war, and let Armour off on the ground that he will do better next time.

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During the early days of February the secular and religious newspapers were making thousands of silly comments upon Gomez & Co.'s demand for \$60,000,000, as pay for the "patriotic" Cuban army, so-called; indeed, they treated said demand, not only as extravagant but as absurd and ridiculous, but to my mind the \$3,000,000, granted to Gomez & Co., by the McKinley government—"not as pay but as charity"—was alike insulting, inadequate and contemptible.

Gomez & Co. kept up a certain kind of miscreant and wild-cat rebellion in Cuba for nearly three years. By so doing, they furnished the McKinley government with whatever excuse the American Congress had for interfering with the government of Spain in the Island, and for passing the infamous and lying war resolutions that brought on the American-Spanish war. The same patriotic gentlemen loafers of the backwoods, called Cuban patriots, served as spies for and allies of the American troops in their Masonic and anti-Catholic and bloody bluffing, whereby Spain was robbed of her Cuban possessions; and so became the means, whereby the McKinley government got possession of one of the loveliest and richest portions of the globe. It therefore seems to me that the demand of Gomez & Co. was modest and in every way reasonable. If the Island of Cuba, and the other Spanish possessions that we have grasped like robbers, were and are worth the sacred treasures of human life, not to speak of the Armour beef and the money expended in the steal, surely Gomez & Co. are worthy of handsome pay for the part they played, directly and indirectly, in bringing these possessions into our hands. Of course the McKinley government has found out by this time, what the GLOBE tried to teach them more than a year ago, *viz*, that Gomez & Co. are really a worthless set of intriguing loafers, nevertheless they were our allies, and as they are poor and the McKinley government rich, why should not the latter handsomely reward its rebel and worthless allies, especially in order to disband the miscreants and let them go where they please. But it is very difficult for the American news-

papers, being in the service of liars, to see the truth on any subject in these war days.

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Another beautiful instance of the immaculate wisdom and veracity of the American newspapers, appeared in various issues of the New York press, on Friday, February 3d, of this year. Here are a few head lines from the *New York World* of said date.

"Spaniards in Cuba want annexation. Havana Committee issues appeal to compatriots to work to bring it about. 400,000 ready to vote for it. That number would be largely augmented, it is said, by Cubans of wealth, position and influence. Castillo's party repudiated. Trade prospects of the Island would be ruined, it is declared, by a native government."

Thus we are beginning to get at the putrid milk in that rotten American Congressional cocoanut, which declared that Cuba and the Cubans were and of right should be free.

The GLOBE has steadily pointed out the truth that the American pretensions on this part were infamous lies, and now Spaniards, Cubans, Americans and even the newspapers are confirming all that the GLOBE has been claiming during the last two years, in a word, that the patriotic and native Cubans, half-breeds, black and tan-colored included, were unfit for self-government, and that the United States simply meant to steal the Island and then govern it in their own interests, which, being robbers and infidels, they have, by their own codes of honor, a perfect right to do.

More than two years ago, the GLOBE in its varied discussions of the negro problem pointed out the fact that wherever these South American half-breeds had rebelled and had got control of the government, from San Domingo to Brazil to Cuba—bloodshed had increased and commerce decreased. And that such would be the case especially in Cuba if the "patriotic" half-breeds got control. Now, alas! the New York newspapers are proclaiming this truth, and why? simply because it is the American and not the Spanish ox that would be gored by the "patriots" in question. How wonderfully human and humane and patriotic this government and these newspapers are, and how

smart at learning the truth when self interest flashes it into their otherwise blinded and selfish souls.

But the most wonderful illumination in these Pulitzer & Co. head lines may be found in the figures giving the numbers of Spanish and Cuban patriots now in Cuba that are just dying to vote for annexation to the United States. According to reliable statistics, the entire population of Cuba, including all the latest half-breed babies, with an American cast in their eyes, is about one million and a quarter.

The United States number about 70,000,000 souls. At our last presidential election, when either for hire or for principle pretty nearly every voter in the country voted, there were a little less than 12,000,000 voters, or about one-sixth of our entire population, but according to the statistics of the *New York World* about half the entire population of Cuba is ready to vote for annexation to the United States. But perhaps the women, the half-breed babies and the famous serpents and reptiles of the island are included in the estimate of Cuban voters, and I think it would be wise to include them.

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It seems that Mgr. Thomas J. Conaty, Rector of the Catholic University, etc., has been delivering a lecture before the Knights of Columbus in Brooklyn, New York, on Robert Elsmere, culture, humanity, the Catholic Church, etc. As far as I can gather from the untempered writer of my Catholic exchanges, I should agree with all that Mgr. Conaty said on the relation of pure Catholicism to culture, humanity, etc., but in God's name why give such a lecture before the Knights of Columbus, and of all places in Brooklyn? I notice other honorable mention of said Knights in *The Catholic Telegraph*, of Cincinnati, and in *The Catholic Columbian*, of Columbus, Ohio.

As a matter of fact the Knights of Columbus are a shyster body, a secret order, with rites of initiation baser and viler than anything ever attributed to Freemasonry, an order run to a great extent by cheap pettifoggers and contemptible politicians, and largely for cheap political and shyster ends.

As a matter of fact one of the leading Councils of Brooklyn, the very place where Conaty gave his lecture on glittering gen-

eralities, had, within a week or so of said lecture, and by the low grade methods known to the shyster manager of secret societies, done its level best to disgrace two of the best priests known to the Catholics of Brooklyn, and for no other reason than that said shyster and so-called Catholic managers, though disgraced and renegade Catholics, had been kindly rebuked by the priests in question.

The simple truth is that the Knights of Columbus, like other secret societies run by ambitious and ignorant laymen, is an organization that no respectable priest or other gentleman should allow himself to patronize or become a member of, and if Mgr. Conaty had gotten at the facts in Brooklyn and had given the Knights hail Columbia, that is, simple truth and justice, instead of pandering to their low grade vanity, he would have shown himself to some extent a Catholic and a Christian teacher, and might have spared the editor of the *GLOBE REVIEW* the necessity of calling the Knights a body of presumptuous fools, and Conaty himself a mere trimmer of the rotten vanities of contemptible men.

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Not all the bloody butcheries of the Filipinos by American troops at Manila on Sunday, February fifth, nor all the boastful and shameless accounts of those butcheries that have appeared in American newspapers, have disgusted me half so much as the brief words of Secretary of State John Hay, third class literary hack, etc., to the effect that the long suffering Filipinos must be treated as "brawlers," and "disturbers of the peace." And this again, "Secretary Hay announces that the work of civilizing the islands will go forward at once." To begin with, our noble and humane American officers have gone into their churches, upset and set fire to a lot of coal oil in order to burn out these "brawlers."

Does Secretary Hay really think that he himself is civilized or that he knows how to civilize anybody or anything?

Just before the American-Spanish war the native Filipinos then in rebellion against the lawful government of Spain were "oppressed heroes," "native patriots," fighting for their homes and firesides, like George Washington & Co., a hundred and

twenty years ago. Now that they dared to shoot back at American troops who first fired on them, they are brawlers and disturbers of the peace, rebels still, but against what and against whom? A lot of American adventurers sent over there as to Cuba at the dictation of the leaders of Freemasonry to give them American liberty so-called; that is, to give them hell.

In truth the despicable contradictions of our various assumed attitudes since this war began are enough to fill the whole human race with self-contempt, and yet John Hay & Co. call this sort of thing civilizing the islands, etc. Spain had for centuries actually been civilizing the possessions that we have bullied her out of. She had taught many thousands of them some respect for religion, for law and for lawful government, and in the last ten years, if my memory serves me rightly, she has not murdered as many native Filipinos as our humane Americans murdered on Saturday and Sunday, fifth of February, in this year of peace 1899.

Have we not civilized the Indians this same way for a hundred years until there are only a few of them left? and are we not now educating these to play football? I wonder if John Hay is a footballer, and if he considers the game a true sign of advanced civilization. Out with the black list of the congressional murderers who passed the war resolution, and let the devil have his own.

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As to our official vote for and against the Treaty of Peace, I think that those Senators who voted against the treaty were mistaken, for reasons given in the first article of this issue, but, as they were mistaken from the very best motives of patriotism and duty, I have no severe words for Senators Hoar & Co., and I hold that the *New York Sun's* treatment of these men in its leading editorial of February 7th was alike beastly, brutal and unutterably unreasonable.

My position from the first has been that it was a national crime to force this war on Spain, that if war came, we must, per force of might and numbers, win; that if we fought at all we must fight to win, and, having won and having discovered that the "patriots" in Cuba and the Philippines were utterly unfit to

govern themselves and the countries wherein they had been rebels, we should have to hold our conquered possessions and govern them ourselves; that this, however, would be a harder and longer piece of work than those murderous Congressmen who forced the war had any idea of.

We are only just beginning to find out some of the difficulties, risks and sacrifices of the work we have undertaken, and I am as sure as I am of my own existence that, fifty years hence, the average religious and moral character of the inhabitants of Cuba and the Philippines will be far inferior to what it has been during the last fifty years under Spanish dominion, and, as I am wholly interested in this phase of the question, I am wholly against every aggressive movement that our government has made in the matter, but we cannot go back, as I have said again and again—that is, not until we are forced back—further, that we shall be forced back, and most likely in connection with internal strifes among ourselves.

Now, however, is the time for Sorosis to go to these new possessions and force all their new wisdom of genital and wiseacre short-skirtism. With a few thousand bicycles and a regiment or two of those gifted females who adorn our city parks and boulevards on Sundays and ventilate their endless capacity for senseless gush in our public halls nearly every day and night in the year, it ought to be as easy to civilize all the Filipinos and all the Cuban half-breeds in one year as it is for Hay to write McKinley's speeches or for a refined woman to smoke a cigarette.

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Anywhere from fifteen to twenty Catholic weeklies and monthlies come to this office as exchanges because the editor of the *GLOBE* has been asked to exchange with them on the distinct understanding that they would give due notices of the *GLOBE* as its regular issues appeared, but, though this magazine treats of subjects at first hand and after many years of serious study of the subjects treated, and though the abler secular papers from Montreal to Mexico give due attention to these matters as treated in the *GLOBE REVIEW*, a large proportion of these thrice-diluted-dishwater Catholic publications, either from fear or contemptible sycophancy, fail to give any due attention to this mag-

azine. In fact they often give attention to the writings and speeches of tenth-grade idiots who treat of said subjects that the GLOBE has set agoing, but without any credit to or mention of the original work of this REVIEW. I have no favors to ask of this grade of idiots or editors. I do not ask them to quote from, notice or commend the GLOBE REVIEW; I simply give them public notice in this way, that, unless in the future they give due attention to the GLOBE, they will not any longer receive it in exchange for their papers.

I have little or no use for said Catholic publications. Most of them go into my waste-basket as soon as glanced at, but I am entirely willing to send the GLOBE to them if their editors do the square and manly thing by me.

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The *New York Journal*, of February 22d, announced another special cablegram from Rome, this time giving what has proven to be a pretty correct outline of the Pope's long anticipated utterance on "Americanism."

This final word of Leo XIII confirms all that I have said in this magazine regarding Americanism during the last five years. Viewed from any exalted Catholic, moral and religious standpoint, Americanism, that is those peculiar American propensities not only in the Catholic Church but out of it, which differentiate American notions on religion and culture, from the best Christian and Catholic notions on the same themes, that have prevailed in the nations of Europe from the day Christ was crucified until now—are simply another phase of hell over again.

The Pope's letter means this absolutely, but with the fine and necessary diplomacy of the great head of the Church, the Pope puts his meaning in more diplomatic phrase.

Time and again during these past five years, dear friends have said to me: "If you would only come out on the liberal side of American Catholicism you would be great and powerful," etc., etc., and my reply usually has been "Damn your *American Catholicism*." I hate and despise it as an up-start folly. I know no American, English, French, Italian, or other national Catholicism. There really is no such thing. The words themselves are a contradiction. The Catholic Church is cosmopolitan, in-

ternational, universal, the same in Siam as it is in St. Paul, and the man that does not understand this, be he priest, bishop or archbishop; is not fit to be a teacher or ruler in the Catholic Church of God, and the Catholic that puts his Irish or his Americanism before the Church ought to be hung.

I need not add here that my comments on Hecker and Heckerism in the December, '98, *GLOBE REVIEW*, and my various comments on American liberalism, and the article treating of this subject and bearing down on liberal American Catholicism in this March *GLOBE*, were all written or accepted and in the printer's hands before even the briefest outline of the Pope's letter on Americanism reached this country. In a word, while I would gladly be a follower of the utterances of Leo XIII, I have not been such, but have declared his own deepest thoughts on all these and kindred matters, and with intense earnestness, always in advance of said official utterances.

This is nothing to boast of and I do not boast of it. Any true Catholic layman or priest who properly understood the simplest meaning of his church's inception, history and destiny, might have said the same things with even greater emphasis and without any fear or suspicion of being out of harmony with the head of the Church.

It is all very simple. There is one fold and there is one shepherd, and he that loveth father or mother, or houses, or lands, or country, more than that fold and that shepherd, is not worthy of the fold or the shepherd, and is really only perambulating by various patriotic and other by-ways of ambition toward the hottest corners of purgatory or perdition.

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Among other points noted in the *Journal's* cablegram are these :

"ROME, February 21.—The Pope's long delayed letter on Americanism to Cardinal Gibbons was finally made public to-day. It was dated January 22d, but the efforts made by the American Archbishops culminating in the visit of Archbishop Ireland to Rome, in the hope of modifying the antagonism of His Holiness toward American ideas, led to this delay in its publication." But "The Pope sent the letter to Cardinal Gibbons

without consulting Archbishop Ireland. No other American bishops were consulted, but the Sacred College has unanimously approved the letter."

The *Journal's* correspondent called upon Archbishop Ireland, who at first declined to say anything. Finally, he said:

"The Pope is infallible. All Catholics must respect his decisions."

Of course, but God bless him for saying so much. Now let him live up to it in all lines, from the innermost heart of him to the outermost phase of his ecclesiastical and political career, and the antagonism between this REVIEW and His Grace of St. Paul is at an end.

Meanwhile, I wish the American newspapers that are constantly bellowing the praises and magnifying the so-called influence of Ireland & Co., at Rome, would or could be made to understand, not as against Ireland, but for the sake of God's simple truth, that Ireland, Keane & Co. have no more influence at Rome or in the Councils of the Church in the United States, than any other prelates of similar positions to their own, and as for the *Catholic World's* notion that Ireland is the most picturesque figure in the American Catholic hierarchy, God! how absurd and contemptible is such bosh.

Ireland, it now seems, went to Rome, among other things, to try and bluff His Holiness, the Pope, into some modification of his official condemnation of Irelandism, Heckerism, Doyleism and the entire brood of cackling cant called Americanism or liberal Catholicism, and was not admitted even to a kitchen door or side-alley conference on the matter.

A few years ago, amid flights of telegrams announcing his coming eastward, the Archbishop of St. Paul, one famous evening, made a demonstrative visit to a certain house in Brooklyn, for the purpose of bluffing Mgr. Satolli into a reinstatement of Keane as Rector—"Lord Rector," that is or used to be—of the Catholic University at Washington, but he had not said six words of bluff before he himself was forbidden to utter another word in that vein, and as he knew no other vein just then, he left Satolli's apartments and the house, baffled, but not daunted, and he and those he manages as a master spirit, have kept up

their wretched American bluff, called liberalism, until recent days. If Ireland and Keane and Doyle will come to my office in New York, some evening, about six o'clock, after work for the day is done, I will send out for a jug of beer and we will drink together to the Popes of the past, present and future, and bury the hatchet with the entire amateur stuff called Americanism, and swear to be loyal and loving *Catholics* in the broadest and sweetest sense hereafter, till our poor lives shall end. If they prefer to drink the toast in water, well and good, I shall drink it in wine or beer. Meanwhile, if they still keep up their wretched Heckerism, etc., I shall rake them fore and aft as long as I can swing the pen.

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The following paragraph from *The Review* of St. Louis, seems to me not only worthy of insertion here, but worthy also of comment on my part :

“‘Credo,’ in the *Colorado Catholic*, suggests that Mr. Thorne of the GLOBE REVIEW take unto himself Maurice Francis Egan of the Catholic University as associate editor. ‘Those who knew Mr. Egan while assistant editor of the New York *Freeman’s Journal*,’ he says, ‘know that short literary articles such as he prepared for editorials would find many appreciative readers. But, alas ! he will try to write novels. His novels lack the true ring. Yet he will do them, while he can do work that can not be equaled by any other writer. I know the great need of Catholic novels, but I hate to see such a man as Mr. Egan waste himself in trying to supply the need. As a literary man, Mr. Egan will not be remembered as the novelist.’—Thorne and Egan—what a team it would be ! We prefer the GLOBE REVIEW without Egan.”

I understand the entire paragraph to be the expression of “Credo” in the *Colorado Catholic*, except the last line, which I understand to be the comment of the brilliant, industrious, learned and gifted editor of *The Review*.

Thousands of notices of this magazine are made and published which I never see. Many years ago I hired a clipping bureau to cut them out and send them to me, but not for many years have I done that, and now I see only a few of those that are sent to me by the courtesy of editors and friends.

I probably never should have seen this, only that I am a careful reader of Mr. Preuss's *Review* and so got at Colorado by way of St. Louis, so to speak.

In the first place I wish to thank "*Credo*" for his kindly suggestion regarding Mr. Egan, though I suppose I ought to put it Prof. Maurice Francis Egan, LL.D., etc., that is, Prof. Dr. Egan, in short, and I beg to assure him and all the dear friends of Egan that for many years I have desired just such a beautiful combination as is here suggested, but it takes money to command the services of a genius like Egan, and I would either have his best and strongest or nothing, and as I have not the bait wherewith to catch the fish, the greatest fish story of our day is liable to remain untold. In fact, any man who becomes associate editor of the GLOBE has to bring money as well as genius.

I am sorry thus to differ with my gifted young friend of *The Review*, but I would like Egan to come and I believe that could we make it Thorne and Egan, or, as I would make it alike for the sake of art and euphony—*Egan and Thorne*, I could persuade Mr. Preuss and his friends to like the GLOBE better than they have ever liked it up to this hour.

In a word, I am very fond of Egan. I do not like his stories much better than "*Credo*." I love his poetry, and see in the man capabilities of literary utterance which only need a great and free magazine like the GLOBE to kindle them into fascinating and splendid articles, and I am jealous of no man.

I consider Egan and Stoddard the only literary men in the Catholic Church in this country. The other gentlemen are well enough in their way, but their way is the way of amateurism. Were I to make any exceptions in this I should except Walter Lecky—but he is a priest—and Con de Pallen and Mr. Randall, but no others. With both hands and a warm heart I invite Egan to the GLOBE.

P. S.—If any readers of the GLOBE who may not be intending to keep all the numbers and have them bound, have copies of number 10 and number 15, I should be glad to exchange any number for the last or the present year, or to pay the cash at usual

price for said numbers if returned to me in good condition.
The demand for back numbers increases as the supply decreases.

WILLIAM HENRY THORNE.

FAREWELL.

As a wind-swept harp, borne on angel wings,
Through infinite spaces, beyond the stars,
Must still have a touch of earth in its strings,
A faint re-echo of its aches and scars,
Though the spheric music around it sings ;
Though it leaps the spaces, and bounds the bars
Of immortal death ; though the love it clings
To, is victor of life, through all its wars ;

So my soul, to-night, is afloat and flows
Onward and upward, throughout space and time,
Till the burning fount of creation glows
With infinite splendor, and mine and thine
Are as specks of dust on the soul of man :
Scan it—nor harp, nor I, nor angel can.

WILLIAM HENRY THORNE.

THE GLOBE.

NO. XXXIV.

JUNE, 1899.

WAS THE POPE FOOLED ON AMERICANISM ?

THE one all important subject before the American Catholic public during the last three months has been Pope Leo XIII.'s pronouncement against so-called Catholic Americanism and the various manner in which this has been received, especially by the so-called Catholic press of the United States, proving, as it all proves, most clearly and once more to the astonishment of the world, the divine and infallible wisdom of the Head of the Church and the blundering ambition on the one side and the contemptible slavery on the other of many Catholic priests, prelates and journalists in this new land with its new theologies, new criticism of the Scriptures, new theories of morals and government and its new notions of religious and other vows that may last over night or as long as you please.

God bless the Holy Father for having issued this letter and God curse the posing newspaper palavered prelates that tried to prevent its issue, and God pity the poor half-shelved priestly newspaper editorial slaves of these same prelates for pretending not to know where this same condemned Americanism was, and let us all pity the still more abject lay-Catholic editorial slaves who, in their insufferable ignorance and verdancy did not know what the Pope was driving at, and who, in their dependent imbecility and complacency put themselves in the position of mak-

ing out the Pope to be a fool and ill-informed in order to save those bullying American priests and prelates upon whom said editors are dependent for the pap that keeps them alive.

From this general category of condemnation I must promptly exempt the editors of two Catholic weeklies: *First*, Mr. Dillon of the *New World*, Chicago, whose editorial comment on the Pope's letter, though mild and kindly, was broadly and truly Catholic, showing at once that the editor of the *New World* and the Archbishop of Chicago, whose organ the *New World* is, are Catholics in the only true sense of loyalty to the Church and her declared dogma and discipline before all things and before all other institutions whatsoever in this world, and I cannot help remarking here again, and for the twentieth time during the last seven years, that no man, prelate, priest, or layman, is fit to open his mouth or to touch his pen as teacher, editor or what not in the Catholic Church or in her literature or journalism who has not this principle built and burnt into his blood and bones.

Second, Mr. Preuss of *The Review*, St. Louis, whose masterful, thorough and exhaustive treatment of the whole matter in his paper shows him to be by a million diameters the ablest and truest Catholic editor in the United States, and to whom I here publicly express my sincere thanks for his varied quotation and comment, some of which I propose to use in this article.

Within gunshot of the issue of the Pope's letter, certain Western pap-fed editorial slaves of certain Western prelates asserted, with the pompous authority and positiveness characteristic of their class, that there would be no papal letter on Americanism, but Mr. Preuss, in his *Review*, steadily asserted that there would be such letter, and shortly, and that it would not be even army beef to said papers, their editors or the prelates in question.

At this point in my writing a long list of clippings from *Church Progress*, St. Louis, bearing upon this subject, was received at my office, sent to me, evidently, by some interested friend. From these clippings it would seem that I must also exempt from this list of cowardly and imbecile Catholic papers, the *Church Progress*. This paper does not reach me among my regular exchanges, hence I had missed its clear and Catholic

and sensible utterances until after I had planned and had begun this paper.

Now I shall add them to the mass of material previously accumulated and use such portions of them as may fit my purpose in treating of the subject. In my December, 1898, *GLOBE* I had dealt with Heckerism simply as an inherited Yankee conceit, for which poor Hecker was only half to blame, and had shown that his views in general and his rebellion leading up to his expulsion from the Redemptorists, were clear proofs that he was never more than half converted anyway, and that for his surviving Paulist brethren to try to make a saint out of him, was, even if sincere, the stupidest absurdity that a set of supposed learned men could be guilty of.

There are now in my possession abundant evidences, however, that said effort never was sincere, evidences in fact that his surviving and now would-be adoring brethren, were glad enough to be rid of him when he went to reap the reward of his false notions of Catholicism in that world where all are justly and sincerely judged. Still further evidences, in fact, that the publication of Elliott's *Life of Hecker* and the various schemes to boom it here and abroad, were simply the methods known to business men for booming their business, and that in this case, the business to be boomed was the general saintliness of the wretched and shortsighted boomers who entered into that scheme. But more of this directly. Fortunately for the Church and the world there are thousands of men in the Catholic Church who could put all the brains that Hecker or Elliott was ever blessed with in their vest pocket without noticing any additional weight to their own. Fortunately, in the present instance, such a man was found in Rev. Charles Maignen, D.D., who, long before most of us, saw the "nigger" in Hecker's wood pile, and uncovered the lying and grinning humbug. Fortunately, also, the Pope himself, though aged and infirm, was as ever awake to the dangers and safeguards of the Church, and finally, through all sorts of advisers, got hold of the true drift of the Elliott-Hecker and Ireland business and brought the rascals to their feet, as he will yet, I doubt not, bring them to their knees. But I am anticipating the matter of my article and will now proceed in order.

All the world now knows the character and meaning of the Pope's letter on Americanism. It is my purpose to treat that letter first, as related to certain American prelates ; second, as related to the Paulist Fathers ; third, as related to American Catholic journalism. I put the prelates first, because the dignity of their ecclesiastical positions would in some sense demand it, and because, in fact, the babblings of Hecker & Co. relative to "natural virtues," and in practical ridicule of "monastic vows," etc., etc., would never have found their way beyond the tissue paper influence of their slim-waisted *Catholic World*, had not Archbishop Ireland and Bishop Keane and others practically adopted, declared and defended the same. But did they do this? All intelligent Catholic readers know that when "Father" Elliott's Life of Hecker first appeared in the *Catholic World*, it was prefaced with an introduction by His Grace, the Archbishop of St. Paul ; further, that in said introduction Archbishop Ireland lauded Hecker to the skies, spoke of the Paulists, Hecker included, as representative Catholic priests, Yankee priests, who had brought into American Catholic thought and activity those progressive and up-to-date ideas that were to make this land Catholic, but with an American Yankee attachment, that would keep the Catholic Church in America abreast of the age, so to speak, in truth that would make Catholic Americanism one with Yankeeism, one with American Republicanism, one with American Democracy, until at last the Americanism of Ireland, Keane, the Paulists and others of their ilk, as was plain and painful to all true Catholics in the United States, was becoming greater in their minds and consequently greater in the minds of their newspaper cliques, than the old, divine and eternal Church of God, with its headship at Rome.

In connection with this advancing error, all foreigners—that is, all foreigners except Irishmen—were ridiculed, especially all foreign, that is German, French, Spanish and Italian, priests were ridiculed, and everything and everybody in the Church that was not up-to-date *American*, starred and striped all over with Americanism, Yankeeized, Maine-lawized, temperance-pledgeized, etc., etc., was ridiculed, as Utopian, out-of-date, belonging to the Middle Ages, etc., reactionary, etc. And I here frankly

confess that when I was received into the Catholic Church, seven years ago, and when I first read Archbishop Ireland's introduction to Elliott's Life of Hecker, and being naturally inclined to whatever was truly progressive in Catholic thought, I was at first inclined, partly persuaded, alike by the glowing rhetoric of Archbishop Ireland, and by my personal admiration for the man, to take sides with what has finally been condemned by the Pope. But gradually, as I grew familiar with the merits of the issue, and gradually as I grew familiar with the motives and methods of action of the entire Liberal crew, I chose the side of the old divine methods and dogma of the Church, and thousands of Catholic priests of all nations of the world will bear witness that during the last six years I have never failed to ridicule said liberal American crew of priests and prelates or to uphold the old methods and measures of the Church of God.

Now all the world knows that the Yankeeized "progressive" notions in Elliott's Life of Hecker which Archbishop Ireland endorsed and lauded seven years ago, and which he has never ceased to advocate, are the very notions that the Pope has condemned, and that instead of having proved "Father" Hecker to have been a saint and the Paulists to be the representative Catholics of the world, and instead of booming the Paulist fraternity and their blundering organ *The Catholic World*, the book itself is practically on the Index, Father Hecker proven to have been as I have said, a fourth-rate thinker, no Catholic in the true sense of that word, and the Paulists a set of half taught exoteric Yankeeized and usually conceited ninnies. So the whirligig of time brings every donkey into his own proper traces and leaves the teaching power in the hands of true teachers as of old.

Again, all intelligent Catholic readers know very well that Archbishop Ireland, time and again during these last ten years, has publicly inveighed against the old monastic methods of the Catholic Church. The age had outgrown these methods, monastic vows and brotherhoods were things of the past, well enough perhaps for the dark ages, but utterly out of harmony with the American and democratic life of our day. This has all been so public that His Grace of St. Paul has long stood in the average American mind, especially in the newspaper world, as the enemy of the

various orders of monastic life in this country, and as the champion of less exclusive Catholic thought and methods, and all this in face of the fact that one of the central principles of apostolic life was that they had all things in common, lived—in a word—a community life, and in face of the fact that Saint Augustine, one of the adored saints of the Church, founded the order still called after his name, and in face of the fact that the true Church, these last fifteen, say nineteen hundred years has approved and encouraged the monastic or community life, and that most of its greatest scholars, teachers and saints have been cradled in these orders or have founded new orders—I think too many of them—in order to meet the new demands of successive ages of the world.

In truth no one but a Yankee like Hecker, or a Western Irishman like Ireland, could ever have had the brass and hardihood thus to have flown in the face of the Church of God, but when a priest has once broken his vows, and when a prelate has once chosen land schemes and the pap and patronage of politics, railroads, trusts, and a corrupted judiciary in preference to the plain duties of his archbishopric, so that, as I am credibly informed, he is absent from his archdiocese more than half of each year, there is no telling what foolish notions may sway their heads and hearts, until they are brought to their senses, as recently in the case of Keane, who has become nobody in Rome, and the case of Hecker and the Paulists, who have been called down and smoothed over, or as in the case of Ireland, who having gone to Rome, as I learn against the orders of Rome, and in order to bluff the Pope out of his simple duty on Americanism, did not get an interview on the subject, was snubbed while there, but having finally disowned the theories he had been advocating for a decade, was granted a parting, but brief and formal farewell.

Just at this point in the writing of this article I found in the *St. Louis Review*, the letter addressed to His Holiness, Leo XIII., by His Grace the Archbishop of New York, on the subject here discussed, and as this part of my article is dealing with the relations of our prelates to the Pope's letter on Americanism, this seems to be the place to handle this letter of Archbishop Corrigan.

It is full of magniloquent rhetoric, full of protestation of loyalty ; almost abject in its high-sounding devotion to the Pope, apparently very, very grateful to the Holy Father for having promulgated his letter, and of course full of acceptance of the Pope's declarations. How could it be otherwise? His Grace of New York is, in his small way, one of the most slavish diplomats on God's earth. But it must seem strange even to his limited intellect, that he never discovered all this before. Hecker and Heckerism, the very things condemned in the Pope's letter, have grown up and prospered unchecked and undetected right under the nose and eyes of the Archbishop of New York. The Paulists have been his pets. It seems that he never suspected, never had acumen enough to discover either their errors or their boomerang methods of spreading them, or else he was too selfish and cowardly to detect and rebuke them. Is he not a theologian? Was it not his business to protect his flock from error?

Furthermore some of us have been pointing out and refuting these errors and methods, right under the nose and eyes of the Archbishop of New York, during at least the last five years, stating almost in the Pope's own words that said errors and methods were unCatholic, pernicious and damnable, but His Grace of New York, though a careful reader of our words, as there is abundance of evidence, yet has never sent us his thanks, his sympathy, his protestations of friendship, loyalty or help. On the contrary, he has steadily sided with the Heckerites until, alas ! the Pope tells him what some of us have been telling him and the world for years, that Heckerism is not Catholicism, then immediately, His Grace of New York folds his meek hands and plays wise and politic and cables his submission to and his sympathy with Rome. Let me here teach him a lesson, viz., that *truth*, next to God, is the sacredest object of worship under or above the stars, that truth, uttered by the humblest servant of God, is as worthy of honor as if thundered from Sinai by God Himself, or from the Vatican by the Pope of Rome. But what does Corrigan care for truth? God's truth or mine? And what do I care for his ecclesiastical worldliness?

This is but a glance at the relation of certain American pre-

lates towards the Pope's letter, and the errors of thought and method condemned therein. I have not at this writing seen any rendering of the letter of Cardinal Gibbons, and in some sense this ought to be the most important of all, because in accordance with the dignities and laws of procedure of the Church, the Pope's letter was sent to him and his reply must be considered as the representative and official reply of the Church in this country. Furthermore, it is well known that Cardinal Gibbons, while himself pure-minded and loyal to every dogma of the Church, has been writing for years in this matter of Americanism as a sort of "me too Platt," or under-secretary of the Archbishop of St. Paul. If the Cardinal's letter reaches me in time, I shall review it here.

As to the relation of the Paulist "Fathers" so-called, to this whole matter, I would to God it were not my duty to picture that business. I believe the Paulists to have been honest and earnest men throughout. I shall not impugn their motives, but I shall show as I have often shown before, that they know about as much of essential, orthodox and historic Catholicity as Bob Ingersoll knows of Almighty God and His Sacred Scriptures.

Let it never be forgotten that Hecker was an expelled renegade from one order of Fathers before he founded the order of Paulists, and hence, as I have pointed out in previous issues of this magazine, was, in fact, and by every principle of philosophic and of practical morality, unfit to found another order of Fathers. If you have broken your vows in one sacred calling, religious, conjugal, or what not, you are unfit to take other vows or teach others how to observe them.

God is not mocked or hoodwinked even by prelates and Paulists.

Here at least is the secret of Hecker's teachings about vows. Like Milton's teachings on divorce, Hecker's teachings regarding vows are a special pleading to cover his own previous blundering and disobedience. Then again, he was a Yankee, believing in the divinity of the individual judgment at any given moment of the night or day. As Emerson said: "I express my belief to-day with the express understanding of my right to express a different belief to-morrow." The individual man is divine. God?

We do not know much about Him, and the Church is nowhere. The infernal and destructive immorality of modern divorce, the very breath and life of Yankee civilization, is the outgrowth of the same principle. True, I am married, and have taken vows, but if they are irksome, I will rescind those vows and take others. I will be a monk for a night, or I will be married for a night. Here are a few of Hecker's own words from the Life of "Father" Hecker by "Father" Elliott, as quoted and commented on by the *Tablet* via the St. Louis *Review*.

" 'Men of stable character need no vows to guarantee adherence to a divine vocation, and men of feeble character may indeed vow themselves into an outward stability, but it is of little fruit to themselves personally, and their irremovability is often of infinite distress to their superiors.' On this passage the *Tablet* says:

" 'Words which might be taken to imply that to the best sort of men vows are useless, while to others they are so often mischievous that on the whole (at least under modern conditions of society) a religious order would be better without them.' The fact that such errors could go unchallenged for ten or twelve years, and that, when condemned, those who taught them do not retract but throw the blame on others, shows how necessary was the Holy Father's letter to Cardinal Gibbons."

"*Men of stable character*," etc.—that is, men of stubborn, Yankeeized, bull-necked wills, who take vows to break them if it crosses their wills to obey—and this is the Yankee notion of *stability*—not that you bear your self-assumed burden in the name of God and duty until death, but that as soon as it irks you, fly to ills you know not of. Years before I became a Catholic I pointed out, over and over again, in my papers on "The Genius of New England," that this was its essential blunder and weakness; that it had lost the meaning of the words right and duty, and now understood them to mean just what-I "darn" please. Hecker only applied the error of his ancestors for two hundred years to the Catholic practice of monastic vows.

It is clear that he thought he knew better than the apostles and fathers of the Church, and these wretched conceits of his and his brethren concerning vows, concerning Maine laws and

total abstinence, in favor of minimizing the difference between Protestant and Catholic beliefs, that I have been exposing and condemning in this REVIEW for the past six years, and that Ireland and Keane have been promulgating and that His Grace of New York has been winking at and smiling over, having at last been condemned by the Holy Father in plain but kindly, yet in unmistakable terms, what should you expect the gentlemen named to do about it? What have they done about it? They ought to have recanted and repented forthwith, but not yet.

Ireland being on the spot and pretty well scared by the lack of any cordial reception at Rome, immediately disclaimed all these errors in a letter to the Holy Father, and, with the indecent arrogance he has grown accustomed to, spoke not only for himself, but for all his brethren in America, which, of course, he had no right to do, as he was not sent there as their representative, and had no power to speak for them, but he did not *recant* or *repent*. Archbishop Corrigan, after a little, fell head over heels in his earnestness to kiss both the Pope's feet, in humble submission, but there was no word to this effect: "I have been an easy-going, uncareful fool, straining at gnats of petty intrigue and jealousy all these years, while swallowing this Paulist camel of heresy unperceived." Oh, no!

As for the Paulists themselves, they at once put on their Yankee hardihood of conceit and wanted to argue with the Pope. As a matter of fact they did give out to the New York papers that they were not included in the Pope's condemnation, that the old gentleman had been hoodwinked by a lot of foreigners and fooled by errors of statements in the French rendering of Elliott's Life of Hecker, and this was the report generally believed among Protestant readers of our daily papers, and also by many Catholics; that is, to save themselves from any blame or condemnation they were willing to and as a matter of fact did, circulate reports which implied that the Holy Father had been fooled by a French rendering of their own errors; hence that the Holy Father had made up his mind hastily, that is, that the infallible head of the Church who had been watching these things for several years, and who had tried in various ways to heal the breach in the American Church caused alike by the boldness and

duplicity of the men holding these errors, *was himself to blame* for hasty action on imperfect data. Not the Paulists; not Ireland, not Corrigan, not even Keane, and these are the men who consider themselves the vice-regents of Christ in this land, who consider themselves above criticism, who neglect Catholic truth and duty for contemptible ambitions and intrigue, and who claim to lead while they mislead the millions of Catholic people intrusted to their care. God forgive them, and in the language of a good old Irish servant woman after reading the March GLOBE, "If the good Lord puts up with them surely we ought to be charitable toward them." But the good Lord only puts up with them for a while.

This brings us to speak a little more explicitly of the relations of Catholic *journalism* to the Pope's letter on Americanism, and as I have said, when the letter was first made public, my exchanges generally—with the marked and heroic exception of *Preuss's Review*—seemed dazed and wrote in non-committal fashion as if they did not know what the Pope was driving at. Many of them were coöperative organs of Ireland & Co., and had not yet got their cue. Plainly the Pope had been fooled or else they were fools and knaves born and bred, and of course I accept the latter interpretation. Here are a few specimens of the craft.

Instead of finding the sinners here at home and promptly condemning them, here is what the *Freeman's Journal*, New York, with double column head lines, printed in a letter dated Rome, March 1.

"Special Correspondence.

"ROME, March 1, 1899.—Why was the late letter of His Holiness ever drawn up and published?

"Simply because all the hot-heads, sore-heads and soft-heads of Europe had made of 'religious Americanism' a sort of battle-cry in their war against the ancient teaching and spirit of the Church. The Charbonnells of France, the Schells of Germany, the Tribunas and Italies of Italy were all on their hind legs braying about 'Americanism.' Father Hecker became their guide, philosopher and friend. Into the good Father Hecker's mouth they put all the dangerous, delusive, stupid and damnable,"

etc., etc., but not one word in favor of the condemnation of Ireland, Hecker, Doyle & Co. No, no, "The woman tempted me and I did eat." Hecker was all right but the contemptible foreigners grew wild over Heckerism and so made it contemptible. The poor foreigners. The dear Roman correspondent of the *Freeman's Journal*. Wonder if he could not get a plenary indulgence for contemptible lying and hire Father Lambert to give him absolution and then die and be done with such eternal nonsense.

Here is still an earlier comment from the secular press :

("FROM OUR CORRESPONDENT.")

"ROME, Tuesday Night.

"In the *Osservatore Romano* this evening there appears a letter upon 'Americanism' from the Pope to Cardinal Gibbons, Archbishop of Baltimore. The letter bears the date of January 22, and in it the Pope, after declaring his affection towards the American episcopate, alludes to the troubles which have arisen out of the attempts to introduce new opinions into the Catholic Church, and regrets the excess of liberty which had been permitted by the authorities of the Church. He condemns the innovations, and demonstrates the absurdity of the theories by which they are supported.

" 'If Americanism is intended simply to represent the habits and customs which are peculiar to Americans,' says the Pope, 'nothing need be said ; but if it embodies the opinions contained in the book, "The Life of Father Hecker," the American bishops should promptly reject them.' These opinions sanction certain relaxations of discipline, and the evasion of some questions of dogma, in order to satisfy those who object to them. The Pope disapproves of the division of virtues into 'active' and 'passive,' as set forth in the book in question. Whilst recognizing the liberty of Christians to join themselves into corporations without any religious obligations, the Pope affirms that his predilection is for religious orders. The Pope deplores the desire to abandon the ancient systems in order to conciliate dissidents, and declares that he cannot approve the theories that are called 'Americanism,' which appear to suggest that the Americans desire to have a Church different from that of other coun-

tries. The letter will be transmitted to all the Roman Catholic Bishops of the United States, to whom the Pope sends his benediction."

In a word, the secular press, though clear-eyed in its perception that the errors condemned by the Pope are American and Paulistic, is still clear that the Holy Father sends his benediction to the Paulists as well as others; but they must repent and retract before they can share that benediction.

The Sacred Heart Review expresses the following opinion:

"It may be that the 'Americanism' in doctrine against which he [the Pope] warns us can be found only in the life of a priest whom we have all honored and loved, or rather, as the Holy Father himself says, in that life 'as interpreted and translated in a foreign language.' The writer of that life we also know and esteem, and we believe he will be the first among us and the most ardent to disown that 'Americanism' which must be as much a stranger to him as to the rest of us. 'Americanism' in social, political, and governmental concerns we profess, advocate, and admire within certain limits, but 'Americanism' in religion—we will have none of it."

But, for God's sake, if the editor of the *Sacred Heart Review*, of Boston, was a Catholic, teacher of the faith of our forefathers, etc., etc., why in the name of eternal justice and common sense did he not know what the Pope was aiming at and say plainly that, though devoted to Father Hecker as all Yankees naturally were, he now saw that the founder of the Paulists was a mistaken loon, and had better have stayed at Brook Farm, raising Yankee onions.

The New York *Freeman's Journal* (March 4) comments on the Pope's letter as follows:

"It must be disappointing to the refractaires and retrogressionists, as it contains none of the thunders of the Vatican which they fondly hoped for and confidently predicted. Its tone is that of the father solicitous for the peace, union, and welfare of his children, and goes straight to the heart and conscience. It is a calm, kindly, authoritative voice, heard above the noise and wrangling of angry disputants, and it will be heeded. It clears the atmosphere, gives to the word Americanism a definite mean-

ing, and points out in what sense the term is the symbol of legitimate opinion and in what sense it is not. It often happens that a clear definition or distinction removes the cause of contention, or reveals the fact that there was no cause. Before the letter appeared there was scarcely anything in the whole criminal calendar of heresy and schism that 'Americanism' was not made to stand for, especially by French monarchical doctrinaires. Americanism, in the mind of the American Catholic liberal, stood for American political conditions, customs, and laws in contrast with the conditions, customs, and laws of European nations. It was the symbol of a political, not a theological attitude. And as such the Holy Father has declared that 'there is no reason to take exception to the name.'

"As to the attitude of the letter in reference to Father Hecker, it is to be noted that the Pope refers to 'The Life of Father Hecker' 'especially as interpreted and translated in a foreign language.' Judging from the errors noted and condemned by the Pope, there is no doubt that the French translation of his life has greatly misrepresented the teaching of Father Hecker. We have room for but one instance. In that part of the Holy Father's letter where he treats of divine guidance, he says," etc. But such qualifying twaddle is insufferable rot.

In the first place the very men who have stood for God's truth in these United States, that is in favor of the old historic dogma and in opposition to the Yankee book condemned in the Pope's letter, are still called refractaires as in the day when this loose-jointed business of Heckerism and Irelandism was on stilts brandishing the American flag, and again the despicable idiocy of Heckerism and the Paulists instead of being admitted and repented of is attributed to the French translation of Elliott's life of Hecker, as if the Pope, after all, was an old imbecile and an ill-informed fool.

The Congregationalist (Boston) sees in the letter simply another phase of the old controversy between the liberal and the ultramontane wings of the Roman church. It says:

"Called forth by the writings of Fathers Hecker and Elliott of the Paulists, an American order of priests, numbering chiefly

those who have formerly been Protestants, the letter really is a decision respecting a controversy in which the Jesuits on the one side and men like Cardinal Gibbons, Archbishop Ireland, and Monsignor Keane on the other are the disputants; and while the point at issue in this case is chiefly one of methods as to how Protestants and unbelievers are to be best won to Rome, the larger issue is whether the 'black pope' or the 'white pope' shall rule at Rome, whether the reactionary or the progressive forces within the church as a whole, and especially in the United States, are to rule. Judging by comparatively recent developments at the Catholic University in Washington and the tenor of this letter, the reactionaries have won a partial victory."

"A partial victory." My God! It is not a question of partial victory, or a question of reactionaries or liberalism. It is God's old eternal truth as uttered and practised by the apostles and interpreted by His Church in all ages of the world versus a parcel of Yankee and Western upstarts who thought they were bigger than God or His Church and that they were out on a prairie chicken hunt of their own.

The Protestant mind cannot understand this, and we do not blame Protestant journalism for misunderstanding it, but that papers like the *Freeman's Journal* and the *Sacred Heart Review* should seem to misunderstand it is a burning sin and an infernal shame.

Under date of March 10 the *New York Herald* published what purported to be a letter from Mgr. O'Connell of Rome, general tool and sycophant slave of Ireland, Keane & Co., and the *Herald* gave a picture of O'Connell, from which it would appear that he was an escaped lunatic or a convict, and this in substance is what the pictured if not picturesque O'Connell had to say to the *Herald* interviewer:

"The question," he said to me, "is not as obscure or as complicated as it may appear at first sight. The confusion which has arisen is due entirely to the passions which have been stirred up around it, in Europe more than anywhere else. Heckerism has been confounded with Americanism—that is to say, they are two things which are entirely without the other, or disappear without the other, or disappear without the other ceasing to exist."

But Mgr. O'Connell knows about as much of the merits of this subject as the poetic and highly imaginary editor of the *Midland Review*, Louisville, knows about it. Both of them are Irishmen of fifth or sixth rate intellectual powers, and had better confine themselves to Anglo-Americanism and subjects liable to call forth their poetic hate, animosity and provincialism, for plainly they are untaught boobies in the higher spheres of the dogma and morals of the eternal Church of God. Exit—O'Connell and O'Malley—*au revoir*.

Here are other specimens of Heckerism and Irelandism as quoted by the *Congregationalist* and reprinted by the *Literary Digest* of March 18, first from Father Hecker's Diary.

"I do not think that the principal characteristic of our fathers and of our life should be poverty or obedience or any other special and secondary virtue, or even a cardinal virtue, but zeal for apostolic works. A Paulist is to emphasize individuality, that is, to make individual liberty an essential element in every judgment that touches the life and welfare of the community and that of its members. Those who emphasize the community element are inclined to look upon this as a dangerous and impracticable experiment. Individuality is an integral and conspicuous element in the life of the Paulist."

"In his introduction to 'The Life of Father Hecker,' Archbishop Ireland wrote :

"'Each century calls for its type of Christian perfection. At one time it was martyrdom ; at another it was the humility of the cloister. To-day we need the Christian gentleman and the Christian citizen. An honest ballot and social decorum among Catholics will do more for God's glory and the salvation of souls than midnight flagellations and Compostellan pilgrimages.'"

Poor man. It is plain that Hecker wanted to be good, provided he could emphasize his individuality, kick over the traces, smash the harness that galled him a little and knock the coach that carried him all to pieces, in order to put rubber tires on or some patent Yankee axle, just to show improvement and to emphasize your individuality, and Ireland would give up monastic life for an honest ballot, social decorum among Catholics, etc. All the while, he himself may be helping to corrupt the ballot,

as in the recent McKinley campaign, and in his eternal invasion of the privileges of his fellow prelates, and acting as if he was the only archbishop in America, etc., etc.

Here is a comment of O'Malley, as quoted by the *St. Louis Review*:

"Editor O'Malley, of the *Midland Review*, who but a few weeks ago confessed that he hardly knew 'what the fight was about,' suavely gives it as his impression that 'in some respects the controversy has savored of the ridiculous.' So it has, and it was Mr. O'Malley and his Quixotian contributor Cecil Calvert who by their droll vagaries managed to inject into it, unconsciously perhaps and unwillingly, some of the ridiculousness that now strikes them so forcibly (issue of March 2).

"Mr. O'Malley adds that he does 'not believe many American Catholics (hardly a dozen of any consequence) entertain such absurd notions'—referring to the opinions condemned by the Pope. Does he believe seriously that the Holy Father wrote his carefully prepared and solemn Brief for the benefit of a dozen of obscure nonentities?"

In truth, O'Malley had better confine himself to Gaelic and other poetry and leave the editorial department of his paper to be run by the young ladies who write him sentimental verses. He has not intelligence enough of his own to express an opinion on any serious subject.

And the dear *Ave Maria*—the organ of Notre Dame University, so sweet and conservative and purblind stupid, in its adhesion to the sacred Blizzard of the Northwest, is quoted by the *St. Louis Review* as follows:

"The *Ave Maria* (March 11) declares it 'knows of no one in this country who holds ideas or advocates methods identical with those which are discountenanced; nor have we ever seen an American book in which they are upheld,' which simply proves that our pious and aristocratic contemporary has not by any means so keen a vision as Leo XIII., who in his Brief points out one book at least in which said ideas are upheld, saying literally that 'the book on the life of Isaac Thomas Hecker . . . has excited serious controversy, by introducing certain opinions on a Christian manner of life,' which he

proceeds to point out, in order that, as he says in the introduction, they may 'be avoided and corrected.'

"In spite of which the *Ave Maria* says :

" 'What is to be avoided is perfectly plain, but it is not so clear what stands in need of correction. On this point there are differences of opinion.' "

In a word, the Holy Father means well, but he seems to have been misled and to have shot off his mouth in a premature manner, so to speak, gone off half cocked as it were, and if the Holy Father had only consulted the omniscient editor of the *Ave Maria*, etc., why all things might have been different.

Meanwhile let me advise the editor of the *Ave Maria* and all other Catholic editors, who either from fear, slavery or ignorance, have been shuffling on these questions of Heckerism and Americanism for the last nine years, to throw up the Paulists and Ireland, Keane & Co., as ambitious and loud mouthed schismatics and adhere to God's truth and His Church, though the heavens fall.

Here is a bit of true sense from the *Catholic Record* :

"Do Catholic editors who say that the letter of the Holy Father to Cardinal Gibbons was unnecessary and inopportune, weigh well the import of their words? The Pope says expressly that he writes in virtue of his apostolic charge to preserve the integrity of the faith and to watch over the salvation of souls. His utterances then concern the whole Church. If he does not speak *ex cathedra*, it must be very near it. Is it becoming on the part of a Catholic editor to tell His Holiness when he shall address the whole Church? But then to err is human."

As for the various assertions of the American Catholic press that the Pope's letter was brought about by the influence of the Jesuits and the Dominicans by reason of their jealousy of the Catholic University of Washington, run by a lot of lick-spittle advocates of Catholic Americanism, it is simply an infernal lie, and the sooner the minions of the Catholic University at Washington, and the slaves of Ireland, Keane & Co., and such go-betweens as Corrigan, Brann & Co., understand that it is not a question of personal preference or opinion, but a question of loyalty to eternal Catholic truth, the better will it be for them all and for the whole Church in this bounteous and beautiful land.

Americanism for every loyal Catholic is first of all loyalty to his Church in all its dogma, morals and discipline, and secondly, obedience to the laws of the United States. Then if he has any spare time or energy let him shout for the American flag and go to the devil serving under it, as in the case of our war with Spain and the Philippines and may God grant us power and common sense on the way.

WILLIAM HENRY THORNE.

ON TO ROME.

THE following paragraph appeared in the late autumn of 1898 in the *Boston Congregationalist*, and is by this time deservedly forgotten. Yet, after all, it may be recalled to good purpose.

"Drs. Charles H. Parkhurst, in New York, and George A. Gordon in Boston last Sunday bore down heavily on 'back-sliders.' Dr. Parkhurst, we should judge, was more pessimistic than is his wont. The situation in the Anglican Church to-day he holds to be natural.

" 'It may have gone further,' he said, 'in the Anglican Church than it has gone in the Episcopal Church of America or the Presbyterian Church, but Rome is the destiny of every church, by which I mean that the natural impulses of a Churchman (using the word in a broad sense) are of the worldly, unspiritual, formal and spectacular sort that the Roman Church just matches. It is easier for any church to arrange a performance than it is for it to worship God and hold itself quietly under a baptism of the Holy Ghost. Human nature is a bad nature. Natural tendencies are corrupt tendencies, and the longer they are allowed to have their own way the worse work they make of us. Sixty centuries of human history are loaded to the muzzle with illustrations.' "

Now without any attempt to answer the above in kind—for the sake of Him, who, "when He was reviled reviled not again"—let us look for a few moments, in a wholly dispassionate way, at the curious admission it makes and the truth which, amid much error, it instinctively recognizes.

Plainly the writer is a Protestant of the Protestants. Therefore, his statement that "*Rome is the destiny of every church*," becomes the more remarkable. He is a thinker, in his own way, as this very screed goes to prove—a man of repute as well, prominent among those who would reform the evils of Greater New York. An earnest leader of these, in fact, hating half-way measures—one who like Hamlet, would burst into the cry, "Oh, reform it altogether!"

He seems, at the outset, to be weighing the difficulties which, in our day, surround and harass the Anglican establishment. He does not state in so many words, the particular point of dissension which worries him, but the context indicates it as some strong Romeward tendency. He thinks the preponderant force within her pale—the drift and trend of that force—is towards many of those deeper truths which she instinctively feels her need of. They glimmer out, despite her reformers, in the so-called "Romanizing germs" of her prayer book; while her clergy, in search of spiritualizing and effective influences to set forward their work among men, turn with hope and faith to these ancient and perpetually living springs. In thus turning, however, they find themselves also turning towards Rome and the ancient oriental churches to whom, throughout the ages, these things have been the breath of life.

But here, alas! the flock rebels; the sturdy British yeoman fails to sympathize with his spiritual guides,—and this is also true, by the way, of the average native New Englander,—he detests subtleties of any sort and hates Popery—a good man, too, in the main, honest, though stolidly John-Bullish. So, he appeals to his bishop, bringing much cogent good sense to back his plea, to repress the "advanced" ritual of his rector. The prelate in question, conservative and easily alarmed, strives to pour oil on the waters, in tiny doses, as from some homeœpathic cruse, hoping to calm contention—his perplexed and perplexing utterances, when thus placed between two whirlpools, being sure to exasperate on both sides.

A difficult situation, this, and full of worry, yet one in which the Anglican Church perpetually finds herself. But for the patience of those in authority and a deep-rooted loyalty in the

lay element, despite its complainings, the case would be indeed critical. It is the logical outcome of the attempt to hold a medium position. "It is no mean happiness," says Shakespeare, "to be seated in the mean." Such a position, hard as it is to hold, if successfully maintained, has elements of vantage. As the border States in our civil war stood between the North and South, a bulwark for both, and suffered correspondingly, so the Church of England stands between the Church of Rome and the excited followers of Martin Luther; nay, in the providence of God, may yet have some beautiful reconciling work to do in the cause of Christian unity, if she rise to the full glory of her mission.

Therefore Dr. Parkhurst's contention that her trend Romeward is "natural," means much. For religion is not meant to contravene nature but to regenerate and redeem it. The Divine spark within us gives answer to the Divine Love. Human nature, with all its sinfulness, its own or inherited, the which we can not too humbly confess or too bitterly deplore, can not be essentially "a bad nature," else our Saviour could neither have taken it upon Him nor ascended with it to the Throne of the Father. It is a nature capable of being ransomed and redeemed. Therefore not altogether "corrupt," a nature endowed with graces above its own, enabled thereby to conquer its vileness and rise into spiritual beauty. Dr. Parkhurst's statement needs some logical or theological modification. Human nature, unregenerate and apart from special Divine grace, *is* often a bad nature—not always, even then, or hopelessly—for Divine grace is never wholly withdrawn; the sinner may repent and the heathen live up to what light he has. In short, the Doctor's statement is too sweeping, not supported by fact or Scripture, and its Calvinism, indeed, *pessimism*, as the *Congregationalist* itself perceives.

In the case mentioned, however, it is not a question of heathen men or of the criminal classes, so called in professedly Christian lands, but of the Anglican Church, a body of baptized believers, whatever their errors or shortcomings. Now, if the natural religious trend of these striving for more grace, under the guidance of the Holy Ghost, be evidently Romeward, is it not clear that some divine attraction draws them?

"And I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto me," said our blessed Lord. It must be the presence and power of the uplifted Christ that even now draws the human soul unto itself, and if this be, indeed, the magnet and its drawing Romeward, who may gainsay its action?—who dare gainsay it? What earthly audacity can oppose the sweet power of the Risen Christ or His right to rule the tides of feeling, the pulsing heart-throbs of humanity?

The only question is the one of fact. Is He thus ruling them in one direction? If so, if His voice be clear, His call unmistakable, who can do else than say, "Speak, Lord, Thy servant heareth?"

At all events, "to hold itself *quietly* under a baptism of the Holy Ghost" seems precisely what this calm and perhaps too moderate English Church is trying to do. From the days of the Oxford movement until now there has never been a time when a large and powerful section of her clergy has not been thus holding itself. And what is the outcome? What was it with Pusey and Keble? what with Manning, Newman and Faber? What is it with men of the same spiritual type to-day?

Considering such souls and their native tendencies toward sweetness and light, can these tendencies be fairly described by the epithet "corrupt"? Does Dr. Parkhurst seriously mean this?—To such refined spirits, delicate with unusual sensitiveness—in danger even of morbid conscientiousness—evil and corruption are things unnatural. They are seen to be violations of the law that sways the universe. They jar upon the beautiful habits of thought and life which mould such high-minded men. They are alien to the intelligence which informs them; nay, even cause a shudder, like that the reader feels trembling through Hugo's great poem, "The Flight of the Djinns," when the gale shrieks and the house-beams shake, as the evil spirits, flying low, pass over it. Our Saviour Himself, when on earth, shrank from evil and prayed that His followers might be kept from it. In so far then, as these absorb His spirit and learn of Him, this prayer is answered and their tendencies are towards good. Their hopes are set upon becoming more like Him; they would be moulded into His image even though through discipline of suffering. And

this is surely "a baptism of the Holy Ghost," the very baptism He was baptized with.

Now, when such men find their "natural" trend Romeward, their "natural impulses" turning toward Catholic faith, is it not a profound argument for that faith and worship? It must meet some need, must supply something they crave. In the deeps of the universal human heart and its natural crying out for the divine lie those conditions of humility and want on which the Divine takes pity. "While we were yet sinners, Christ died for us." He stoops to meet the profound natural need of humanity. And thus stooping, how does He meet it to-day? By something "worldly and unspiritual?" Something merely "formal and spectacular?" Or, by an actual truth, so strangely beautiful that we hold our breath at thought of it? By an over-shadowing of Divine Presence, till the outward, visible form shines out aflame with inward, spiritual grace?

The light of our Blessed Lord floods the waiting soul in the sacramental hush. It is His own promise fulfilled, "I will not leave you comfortless, I will come to you ;" and in the new sense of His coming the irradiated soul understands at last what the vague drawing Romeward really was and what it meant. What else but the same voice that soul had been listening to and loving and yearning for through all the past? Yet now calling more tenderly than ever before, coming closer and growing more lovingly intense?

It is no mark of a thoughtful spirit to stop on the outside of anything. It seeks to look within. Form and spectacle contain inner meanings and are of value in proportion to the worth of these. We love our flag, not for its red, white and blue, but for the sake of the great living, throbbing nation it represents. Ritual has no force apart from the belief it enshrines. Without faith, to the mere gazer, form and spectacle are meaningless. But let him once ask with aroused thought, "What mean ye by this service?" and the answer will float into his consciousness, perhaps, by God's grace never to leave it again.

To one himself "worldly and unspiritual" every mode of ritual seems "formal and spectacular." He can not apprehend its rich and varied significance, can not from the symbol, construct men-

tally the thing symbolized. To him it is ever x , the unknown quantity. Here the trouble is not without but within, not with the worship, but with the worshiper.

To reach the question of fact as to the English Church is no easy matter, nor is it possible to measure with any precision her actual drift Romeward. It is like measuring the hidden power of a glacier. Statistics are notorious for misleading. The English Church papers boldly deny, in some instances, the existence of such a drift at all, even in the face of Mr. Kensit and the Bishop of Lincoln. The dissenting press, on the other hand, magnifies its extent, dragging it forth insistently amid statements and figures that surely must be taken *cum grano salis*. Testimony from disinterested and secular sources, apparently more dependable, seems to bear in favor of the Ritualists.

The *London Chronicle* sums up an analysis of the Archbishop of Canterbury's compromise deliverance on the question of ritualism in the Anglican Church with this confession, that "the primate must know, and his tone suggests that he well knows, that he possesses no absolute spiritual authority. His personal influence is great ; but after all he goes, and another archbishop sits in Augustine's chair, and the tone may change to Low Church or Broad Church—an improbable contingency, we sadly admit—or High Church. But we fancy that *as the High Churchman knows his mind more than his opponents, he is likely to score more distinctly from the politic temporizing of the primate*. As a matter of fact, it is only the Nonconformists who keep the Church of England Protestant. Withdraw the indirect, but very real, pressure of the great sects outside of the Anglican communion, and *the High Churchman would reign without a serious rival*."

That the High Churchman knows his own mind is surely past denial. "At the Bath and Wells conference," says the *London News*, "Mr. Stuckey Coles, the head of the Pusey House, said that he looked upon his (Pusey's) teaching about the Holy Communion as carrying with it, as regards adoration, 'the consequences of Transubstantiation.'" In a recent issue the same sheet asserts that High Church doctrine thrives "in the country parishes" and that ritualism is by no means confined to the city centres.

The *Church Times* (English) declares that the Archbishop of Canterbury in his recent charge, in attempting to please everybody has pleased nobody. "High Churchmen will feel little satisfaction at being charged with accepting the Lutheran definition of the mode of the Real Presence." The London correspondent of the *Churchman* (New York) shares the general dissatisfaction with the compromise decisions and utterances of the Anglican bishops. He says :

"The Bishop of Ripon, at the recent Church Congress, predicted that the religion of the future would be neither Protestant nor Catholic. It would be as reasonable to say that it will be professed by people who are neither men nor women, and will lead them along the narrow path between right and wrong .

. . . I confess that all my sympathies in this distress are with the ritualistic clergy. They are the "working classes" of the English priesthood, and the guerdon of their absolute self-sacrifice is that they are bullyragged by rowdies, calumniated by politicians, and damned with faint praise by their ecclesiastical superiors. The instincts of justice and generosity should surely prevail over scruples about censers and tabernacles."

Meanwhile the opposition to ritualism takes on an aspect well nigh farcical. Can anything be more absurd than this? It is a clipping from the *Churchman*:

"The Church in England. The great preparations which were designed to smash ritualism have miscarried. The bubble has burst. The time of 'putting down' is not yet. Last Friday the agitator who has been responsible for the recent disturbances presided over a public meeting in Exeter Hall—the Mecca of English Puritanism—convened to protest against popery in the Church of England. His speech provoked vehement manifestations of disagreement; angry feeling was aroused, and at one moment it seemed as if the proceedings might become riotous. But, just as the uproar was waxing intolerable, the good angel of humor came to the rescue. The chairman announced: 'The Lord of Hosts is with us. I have sent for six more policemen.' At this oddly-assorted proclamation, a huge roar of laughter burst from all quarters of the hall, and, from that moment on, all was peace."

One thing is certain, at all events, and proven by the whole history of the world. A policy of repression from without never yet eradicated belief. That a sincere man may be silenced, forbidden to teach or propagate his views, is evident ; but as a man thinketh in his heart, so is he. His silent belief, moulding his character and shining as a light in a dark place, is a mode of power. Our Saviour's silent years in Nazareth, his forty days' fast in the wilderness, were not the least effective or important portions of His sacred life. No ecclesiastical censure can touch the hidden deeps where the Holy Ghost alone may enter, through grace divine, to convince or to control.

Therefore, until the silent trend towards a sweeter, fuller, more actual sense of Divine Presence can be taken from the human heart, the spirit of ritualism will remain in evidence. That "natural impulse," in this case, seems to have behind it some supernatural impelling and some mystic strength, making it hard to kill or even balk of its aim.

The Low Churchman does not win over or convince his sacramentarian brother, though the latter softly persuades and often convinces him. The struggle is not in courts ecclesiastical, not in the Privy Council of Victoria's realm, but far away from these, in the secret chambers of the heart.

One of the world's deeper thinkers, M. F. de Brunetière, in his noted article on "The Growth of Catholicism in America," which appeared in the Parisian *Revue de Deux Mondes*, seems to recognize this spiritual law. Speaking of the phenomenal advance of Catholicism in the United States within the space of a century and a quarter, he gravely asks :

"Has liberty alone accomplished all this, as is claimed by some? But liberty, though the condition of all things, is neither the active agent nor the reason of anything ; the cause *must be looked for deeper down*. If there are special and local causes, causes truly 'American,' of this prodigious development, there are others more general and which possibly *pertain to the very essence of Catholicism*.

"Writing sixty years ago, Tocqueville remarked that the men of his day were naturally little inclined to believe, but, as soon as they had any religion whatever, they likewise discovered in

themselves *a secret instinct* which pushed them towards Catholicism."

This "secret instinct" of the cultured Frenchman, is it not identical with the "natural impulse," to which even Dr. Parkhurst bears reluctant witness?

The whole discussion hinges on inner spiritual processes. "The Kingdom of God cometh not with observation." We can not measure the silent yet mighty force of the Oxford Movement even at this late day, though it has been studied with thoroughness, and, through lapse of time, become matter of history. Its work is still going on, stirring the English Church—and the Episcopal Church here also—to their very depths. The pool once broken up, its glassy surface shattered, who can tell how far the ripples spread?

At best we can only judge of feeling by its results. Outward acts are valuable indications of it; yet counting these seems like measuring the tides that swell with the moon by the seaweed and shells they wash up the beach. A large number of converts may bring no very appreciable strength to the church, however great their own gain as individuals; while a single one, of the Newman type, carries a force beyond human calculation. God alone knows the far swell of His tidal waves.

In view of this, it seems almost incredible that stringent legislation is even now demanded against the English ritualists, appeal being made to the Crown. Penalties are freely threatened, deprivation of benefices and the like. Queen Victoria is taking keen interest, recent journals say, in the bitter controversy now approaching its crisis. She is much concerned about the dissensions in the church and has expressed a strong desire that an understanding be arrived at between the government and bishops before the proposed legislation places a check upon the ritualistic practices introduced. The influence of the Crown will doubtless be on the side of leniency and there is much popular complaint of the bishops for sympathizing with the offenders. The prelates, as intelligent men, know from the history of the past that persecution only intensifies the ills it seeks to cure. It is a mistaken policy, sure to end in disaster. The church has fallen on evil days, when the secular arm must be raised because

of her own feebleness—her own inability to compose differences and quell strife.

But Dr. Parkhurst does not confine his view to the English establishment, though he starts there. The Protestant Episcopal body on this side of the water and the Presbyterians, also, come under discussion. In the matters of ritual great changes have already been quietly accepted by the former, whose clergy are not beset, like their English brethren, with popular outcries against "Popery in the Church!" and are, likewise, unhampered by connection with the State. The elevation of the Blessed Sacrament is one of these changes, the chanting of the Magnificat at evening service, another. Many things of this kind, once forbidden, are now usual, adding new beauty to her modes of worship. That much silent change of belief is going on *pari passu* there is little room to doubt.

Among the Presbyterians, some of whom are seeking the Episcopal Church and entering her fold, similar "natural impulse" seems at work. If as our divine asserts, "Rome is the destiny of every church," we should expect to see tokens of this in the various bodies of Christians about us. Little things take on significance. For one thing, they seem more friendly than usual, one with another, surely the first step in the true way! They show a strong disposition to keep the Christmas and Easter festivals with the historic Church, adorn their new houses of worship with exquisite stained glass and surmount them with the cross, and even the Methodists, forsaking their primitive simplicity, permit their architects to tell the old story with a piety like that of the mediæval builders. Nay, the *Congregationalist* itself sets forth short services for use on All Saints' Day and Epiphany, feasts of the Church, thus tacitly recognized!

These things are of minor importance as touching belief and may only mean progressive gain in refinement; yet, as a more æsthetic sense and finer taste lead to more perfect architecture, more churchly services, as more general tolerance prevails, will there not ensue a better understanding of the Catholic position and the historic Church? They will tell you, to be sure, that all this means no change whatever in their faith. True enough! yet how does it all work? The lad brought up to see

a degree of beauty instead of the old Puritan bareness in his house of worship, is in process of training to feel the still greater and deeper beauty of the Catholic Cathedral. An All Saints' Day service, even as put forth by the *Congregationalist*, may lead him to the ways of the Saints in the Church that specially honors them. He sees the cross on his own church above its rose-window or on the window itself, and thereafter will not be startled or repelled at sight of it above a true altar. And so on.

Education greatly favors the "natural destiny of every church." It dissipates prejudice, shows that the religious problem, as between Catholicism and the Protestant bodies, has two sides and that the Roman position is not indefensible, points to the historic Church on its historic basis, explains the antiquity of its belief and its solidarity, awakens men to admiration of its beautiful Latin, rare music, and in case of the English Church, to the perfect Old English of its Liturgy. These things attract. Credos and Te Deums do not fall on dull ears! In short, the only safety of the Dissenter is that of "the deaf adder, which stoppeth her ears and refuseth to hear the voice of the charmer, charm he never so wisely."

Musical instruction, now so widely diffused, becomes a special factor in the case. The public school teaches note-reading, the boy choir trains likewise, and the lad thus taught familiarized with Gregorian chants and mighty church music will not be content, in later life, with Watts's Hymns and the quaint Psalmody of his Puritan forefathers. Art schools are doing a similar work, on their own lines; and the cultured American begins to yearn as never before for the wonderful blossoming of genius which has found shelter under consecrated walls throughout the ages.

There is also a silent wave of feeling and conviction that, as we get farther away from mediæval conditions, the historic Church is also getting farther away from their evil and temporary forces, while ever retaining those of eternal and unchanging righteousness. Coming out of those stormy periods, the Christian Church is entering, let us hope and trust, into that great, chastened calm, which marks the Divine.

The "natural" impulsion towards her touches the Protestant heart at times with unimagined power. In a collection widely

used by Congregationalists and others occurs this hymn, among those appointed for the Lord's Supper, and it seems to me like the soul's pathetic cry in the twilight where its repressed impulses are refused comfort:

" We would see Jesus—for the shadows lengthen
Across this little landscape of our life ;
We would see Jesus, our weak faith to strengthen
For the last weariness, the final strife.

" We would see Jesus—the great Rock Foundation,
Whereon our feet were set with sovereign grace;
Not life, nor death, with all their agitation,
Can thence remove us, if we see His face.

" We would see Jesus ! Other lights are paling
Which for long years we have rejoiced to see ;
The blessings of our pilgrimage are failing,
We would not mourn them, for we go to Thee.

" We would see Jesus—*this is all we're needing*,
Strength, joy and willingness come with the sight ;
We would see Jesus, dying, risen, pleading;
Then welcome, day, and farewell, mortal night !"

Set to the marvelous music of Mendelssohn, the inspired and inexpressibly tender strain known as "Consolation"—a "Song Without Words," which will sound to the verge of time—does it not voice that great instinctive yearning, which the Church of the Sacraments—and she alone—has faith and power to meet? Verily, the Church of the Redeemed is not of to-day or yesterday, but of the Eternal Counsel and Foreknowledge of God.

Wherefore, the natural destiny of all religious bodies swings toward her. This is their Divine orbit; she is their Centre, and the attraction, that of Him, whose is the one eternal and unchangeable Priesthood.

CAROLINE D. SWAN.

Gardiner, Maine.

DYSMAS.

*There was no faith like thine in Israel—**

Thou didst believe in Christ upon the cross,
When He, the victim seemed of earth and hell,
The sport of every insult, torment, loss.

Thou didst confide in Him who, there, appeared
Least helpful to thy contrite, humble trust.
Abandon'd, outraged—neither loved nor feared—
The thorn-crown'd King: unjustly judged—the Just.

Thou lovedst Him. Thou didst defend His cause,
Who, naked, hung, in all His bloody shame;
His spotless innocence won thy applause—
Sinner, yet true where saints untrue became !

“ If Thou be Christ, save Thou Thyself and us ! ”
Thy fellow growled. But thou : “ Thou hast no fear
Of God. For we most justly suffer thus;
But He hath done no wrong. ” —And then, sincere,

“ Remember me, ” thou pleaded'st, “ when, O Lord !
Thou comest to Thy Kingdom in the skies ! ”
Behold : “ To-day, ” He said (sublime reward !),
“ Thou shalt be with Me, son, in Paradise. ”

ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.

Philadelphia, Pa.

* St. Augustine thus wrote of the Penitent Thief.

WANAMAKER WHIPPED AGAIN.

So pious Wanamaker has been whipped again. About ten years ago Johnnie, the Philadelphia shopman, the millionaire merchant, the reputed purchaser of mendacious newspapers by means of enormous advertising, the greenhorn but ambitious and would-be moral politician, is said to have bought his way to the Postmaster-Generalship during Harrison's administration, and then, with the ingratitude and conceit born of plebeian ignorance, to have gone back on Senator Quay, the one man in

Pennsylvania who made it possible for him to attain his ends, and who, as a matter of fact, helped him to his first political honors, so-called.

In various previous issues of this magazine I have shown by facts and figures that, though Wanamaker may be one of the smartest of all our sweat-shop merchants, he was but a blundering booby in politics.

Having thus gone back on Quay and made a miserable failure as a Postmaster-General, it was the most natural thing in the world for this peddler of cheap petticoats and Zola's novels to become Quay's enemy in future. This is just what has happened, and this is the true and only key to the Wanamaker position in Pennsylvania politics during the last ten years. Wanamaker might have been President by this time if he had listened to his true friends and had he not been a sly, revengeful and conceited fool.

After many somersaults in the domestic and political world, this ignorant shopman undertook, about two years ago, to head the Pennsylvania soreheads and opponents of Quay, and aimed to be Governor of the Keystone State. To this end he performed the donkey-kicking act all over the state in a manner fairly creditable to an untaught peddler and Presbyterian Sunday school superintendent, with this net result, that he could not secure or procure three votes even for his nomination, and hence he returned to his own sweat-shop business of barter and trade among the respectable merchants of Philadelphia, by whom he is heartily despised.

Not being able to beat Quay by fair means or by the kicking act, the friends of Senator Quay have publicly charged that this pious shopman headed a clique of conspirators in Philadelphia whose chief aim it was to trump up false charges against Quay's dealings with the defunct People's Bank of Philadelphia, so by ruining the character of this political leader, to down him and jump into his senatorial shoes.

Wanamaker & Co. had nearly all the Philadelphia and New York newspapers with them, for there is hardly a great newspaper in the United States that could not be bought, body and soul, by such advertising as Wanamaker dispenses; hence this

last scheme—no matter how rascally, dastardly and contemptible—looked as if it might succeed.

There were, however, several weaknesses in the scheme. In the *first* place, Quay's transaction with the People's Bank, though very shrewd and rather daring, was not criminal as banking business goes. In the *second* place, though apparently down, at least, on his knees for breath, Quay was not knocked out by any means. In the *third* place, Senator Quay is not only a smart politician, but he has, I am told, always proven true to his friends, and his friends were and are, many of them, among the most gifted lawyers, the ablest politicians and the wealthiest business men and corporations of the Keystone State.

These items the clique known as Wanamaker & Co. had plainly not sufficiently considered.

Finally, as all the world knows, Quay was put on trial, and the *New York Times* of Saturday, April 22, published the following head lines and text :

"Quay declared innocent ; the jury finds him not guilty and he is appointed Senator ; two voted for conviction ; one juror yielded after the first ballot and the other was convinced in an all-night session.

"PHILADELPHIA, April 21.—The trial of ex-Senator Matthew Stanley Quay on the charge of conspiring to use state funds on deposit in the broken People's Bank of this city for his private gain ended to-day in a verdict of acquittal. Almost simultaneously Gov. Stone announced at Harrisburg that he had appointed Mr. Quay to the seat in the United States Senate recently vacated by him, which the Legislature failed to fill at its session ended yesterday.

"The verdict of the jury acquitting Mr. Quay was announced at 11 o'clock. There were comparatively few persons in the courtroom," etc., etc.

In the same issue and on the same page of the *New York Times* there appeared a lengthy interview with our pious shopman and would-be moral politician and statesman, the whipped and whipped over again and despised Wanamaker.

"Mr. Wanamaker disappointed ; says Senator Quay's acquittal is a new chapter of shame for Pennsylvania.

"PHILADELPHIA, April 21. —John Wanamaker to-night made the following statement relative to the acquittal of ex-Senator Quay and the latter's appointment by the Governor as United States Senator:

" 'The acquittal of Senator Quay will be a disappointment to every lover of justice and every friend of good government throughout the United States. It records with emphasis the difficulty of convicting potent political defendants charged with public crime, no matter how clear, convincing, and overwhelming the evidence may be,' " etc., etc.

As a matter of fact, Wanamaker knows this lesson by heart and from personal experience during the last ten years. His various whitewashings over the crookednesses of the Keystone Bank failure, and the Philadelphia Gas Plant steal, crookednesses compared with which Quay's dealings with the People's Bank were a straight and pious game, ought long ago to have been punished, but all this "records with emphasis," etc., to use the words that somebody has written for this plebeian and ignorant man. Never mind, John, you will get justice yet, but we are none of us in a hurry to punish such a pure and benevolent saint. It is not Christian to hasten the matter.

The thousands of readers of this magazine, and among them are thousands alike of the enemies and friends of both the principles in this controversy, know very well that during the last five years, the *GLOBE REVIEW* almost alone among the periodical and newspaper publications of the country, has steadily exposed the hollow and shallow hypocrisy and weakness of Wanamakerism in Pennsylvania, and while never pretending that Quay was a saint, has held that of the two men, Quay was infinitely the better, the truer, safer and, in politics, the smarter man of the two.

Hence, again, without defending Quay on grounds of absolute morality, the *GLOBE* has steadily advocated his claim on the ground of comparative morality and ability. Further, all my readers are aware that in spite of Senator Quay's indictment and the dead-lock in the Pennsylvania Legislature and in spite of the assurances of prominent newspaper men who were at Harrisburg all the winter, vowing to me that Senator Quay was done for,

I have asserted over and over again in private and in public, that Quay must go back to the United States Senate, and that Wanamaker and Wanamakerism must go down in the politics of Pennsylvania.

I do not know to what extent the *GLOBE* has contributed to the result announced last Saturday. I have thousands of earnest and very intelligent and influential readers in the State of Pennsylvania alone, but that the result is as I have predicted and worked for, must be clear to everybody; and as for Wanamaker's talk about Quay's acquittal being a "new chapter of shame," etc., etc., in God's name what would have been the stench and infamy of the "new chapter of shame" if Wanamaker & Co. had won this trial, and what would be the everlasting insult to decency and to all true manhood if a creature like Wanamaker should by any chance have become Senator of the United States? That is the other side of the issue, my dear John. The United States Senate is commonplace, commercial and contemptible enough at present, but with Hanna, Depew, and Wanamaker in the leadership, hell itself might blush with shame for the hellish commercialism on the throne of that chamber, where the ablest statesmen of the nation have held sway from the time we were first a nation until now.

Many years ago, when the female head of my house wanted to discharge a servant, and being unable to accomplish the feat, appealed to me, and when I told Mary that she would have to go, Mary remarked, "And, sure, Mr. Thorne, it's better the devil you know than the devil you don't know."

And this is all I am holding as between Quay and Wanamaker. Exeunt, Wanamaker, and let us pray God it may be for years, and that it may be forever.

In conclusion I beg to congratulate Mr. Quay and Governor Stone on the fact that they have not been whipped by this cheap John of sweatshop fame. Then, was not Senator Quay acquitted by a jury of twelve true and upright citizens of the United States, and will even a fool like Wanamaker impugn the motives of such as these?

WILLIAM HENRY THORNE.

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH IN CUBA.

ONE hundred and ten years before the Pilgrim Fathers landed at Plymouth, Velasquez and three hundred followers established the first Spanish settlement in Cuba, and, several years prior to the Reformation, the first Mass was celebrated in 1519, in Habana, under a ceiba tree. The Templete now marks that historic spot.

Three years later a bull was issued, erecting Baracoa into a bishopric, subject to the Catholic Church in Santo Domingo. Finally, in 1523, Pope Adrian VI. issued another bull, authorizing the erection of a cathedral in Santiago de Cuba, and Catholic worship was formally instituted in Cuba. Previous to that date itinerant friars preached to the early settlers.

The first bishop appointed to Cuba was Juan de Witte, a Franciscan friar, native of the Netherlands. However, he never took possession of his diocese, but remained in Europe, for he renounced the mitre to remain near the crown, as he was appointed confessor to the Queen of France.

Therefore a Dominican friar, Bernardo de Mesa, a native of Toledo, was chosen bishop in 1538. The first temple of worship erected at Habana in 1536 was an unpretentious building of adobe, with a thatched roof. It was destroyed by French pirates shortly afterwards.

When Cuba was beset by French *forbantes* and English filibusters, who ravaged the West Indies and the Spanish Main, the Bishop of Santiago de Cuba was captured by the French Corsair Geron, who did not release him until he was paid a heavy ransom of hides, jerked beef, and one hundred ducats to boot, for Bishop Altamirano was literally worth his weight in gold.

During Ruiz de Pereda's command of the Island of Cuba, the Monastery of San Agustin was built in 1608.

The churches in Habana are massive buildings of ancient date, without much architectural beauty, but capable of withstanding the ravages of time.

The cathedral is of Latin Gothic architecture, with moss cov-

ered belfry, and a bell which was brought over from London in 1698.

Since the remains of Columbus were removed to Spain, after our late war with that country, the cathedral in Habana has lost one of its chief attractions for sight-seers. However, we may add that the last resting place of Columbus's remains is still a mooted question between Cuba and Santo Domingo, for the latter claims that the real remains still rest in the cathedral in Santo Domingo, and that the ashes which were conveyed to Cuba, were those of Columbus's brother. The cathedral was built in 1779, on the site of the Jesuit church, which was erected in 1724. The expulsion of the Jesuits, decreed by Charles III., was carried out as gently as possible in 1769 by Governor Bucarely. Governor Ponce de Leon laid the cornerstones for the Convent of Santa Clara in 1644.

The Convent of Santo Domingo was founded in 1578 through a large donation from Count of Casa Bayona, and his portrait still exists in the vestry.

Other churches of ancient date are San Francisco, erected in 1591, Santo Christo in 1640, and the monastery of San Felipe in 1693.

General Ponce de Leon also laid the cornerstones of the hermitage of San Ignacio, Seminary of San Ambrosio, hospital of Belen, and Girls' School, San Francisco de Sales, during his administration.

The Church of Santo Angel was first built in 1679 by Bishop Compostela, of whom it was said, "God converted stones into alms, and Bishop Compostela changed them into stone," because he laid the cornerstones of several places of worship in Habana, with the proceeds of alms collected from his parishioners. Compostela Street was named after the bishop and contains five churches within a small radius.

The Church of Santo Angel was struck by lightning in 1828, and it also suffered during the disastrous hurricane of 1846, but it was renovated and rebuilt, and to-day is one of the brightest and prettiest churches in Habana, its chief beauty consisting in beautiful white marble saints and costly shrines, decorated with silver and gold. The Merced Church is of more recent date, for

it was erected in 1746. It is the most beautiful of all temples of worship, and is noted for a number of valuable paintings and handsome shrines.

No temples of Protestant worship were allowed until 1762, while Habana remained in possession of the English after it was seized by Pocock and Albemarle. At that time Lord Albemarle levied a contribution of one hundred thousand dollars from the Spanish Catholic Church, and banished the bishops for refusing to submit to the conditions imposed upon the Church by his conquerors.

Soon after Habana was exchanged for Florida, the Spanish flag once more waved over the island, and Protestant worship was forbidden.

The Catholic Church still retains many of its monastic features in Cuba. A friar with a long wand goes around the cathedral during services, and touches remiss worshipers on the shoulder to recall them to their duty, if they fail to kneel when the Eucharist is elevated, somewhat after the fashion of the New England tithing man of colonial days, who thumped small boys as well as big ones on the head with his wand of office if they disturbed the services.

No women are allowed to sing in the choir except by a special permit from the bishop.

As early as 1656, the Jesuits endeavored to establish a college, but they did not secure a royal grant until 1690, and in 1724 they erected a monastery and church.

The first and only free school until the commencement of this century, was sustained by the Belemitas Friars in Habana.

The Convent of the Ursuline Nuns was built in 1797, and their sisterhood was increased by a number of nuns who came from New Orleans in 1803, after the Province of Louisiana was purchased from France by the United States.

It is interesting to read about some singular and quaint customs of olden times.

In the eighteenth century a friar used to collect alms to say Masses for souls of criminals who suffered the penalty of the law. He would carry two bells, which he rang to attract people's attention on his round through the town. Sometimes

an old house-wife would borrow one of these bells, fill it with water, and make a teething infant drink out of it, for she fancied this would hasten the growth of its teeth, and make the child talk more readily.

Sometimes the picture of a saint was carried around, covered with glass, for Catholics to imprint a kiss on it, and drop a coin into the bearer's hand. And this custom is still practised in many towns and villages in Cuba.

A kindly feature of the Catholic faith was that whenever the tinkling bell of an acolyte announced the visit of the priest, who brought the last sacraments to a dying Christian, everybody would kneel and murmur a prayer for the soul about to be ushered into eternity. The priest was attended by a number of devout Catholics on foot, carrying tapers, torches or lanterns, and wherever they passed, people would kneel on the balconies, in the open doors, or at windows, the men with uncovered heads, while women held lighted tapers in their hands, as the procession passed by.

Of late years, these religious rites are not so carefully observed and the control of the clergy over the people has weakened.

Gradually processions which were celebrated with great frequency in Habana, owing to the multiplicity of saint-days, have one after the other been relegated to oblivion.

During General Weyler's administration he did not pay much heed to religious observances. He not only dispossessed the nuns of Santa Clara of their convent to use it for a hospital, but he also ordered the execution of the Cuban leader, Aleman, during Holy Week in 1896.

From an early date Jesuits and nuns experienced vicissitudes due to political changes in Spain, for in 1768 Jesuits were expelled from Cuba and Spanish dominions in obedience to an edict issued by Carlo III., and convents were abolished in 1841, while General Espartero held the reins of government in Spain. General attempts were made to break the power of the priesthood, and from 1835 to 1855 the clergy was ignored by the government.

The conflict between the Church and State continued in

Spain and finally culminated in 1869, at the time of the Provisional Government, after Queen Isabella the Second was driven out of Spain. Castelar and Echegaray, by their words of burning eloquence in the Cortes, succeeded in carrying through the edict for freedom of worship.

Canon Manterola advocated Catholic religion, as the only tenable faith for State and people.

Castelar took the opposite view and said :

"The State has no religion, nor can it have one, nor ought it to have one." He went on to explain how the State had suffered from the inquisition—"the dagger of the Church," he called it. Moriscoes and Jews had been banished from Spain, and the country was thus deprived of great sources of wealth. Spinoza, Manin, Disraeli, he added, are descendants of Spanish Jews.

"Great is the God of Sinai," said Castelar, with swelling voice and flashing eye, "the thunder heralds rain, the earth quakes, and mountains are rent asunder. But there is a God still greater than He, not the majestic God of Sinai, but the humble God of Calvary, nailed to the Cross, crowned with thorns, with the gall upon his lips, saying, 'Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do.' Great is the religion of might, but greater far the religion of love, great is the religion of inplacable justice, but greater still the religion of merciful pardon, and I, in the name of this religion, in the name of the Gospel, come here to ask you to write upon the face of your fundamental code, religious liberty, which is liberty, fraternity, and equality among all men."

Cardinal Cuesta, Archbishop of Santiago, voiced his views as follows :

"Religious freedom simply means skepticism.

"Our clergy have their hands full in the combat with rationalism. It is not necessary to fight against Protestantism, because it is already dissolving like a worm-eaten corpse. The learned men of England, Germany, and United States are either becoming converts to Catholicism or are swelling the ranks of rationalism."

Freedom of worship was inaugurated in Spain in 1869, and throughout all her possessions in 1871. However, after the restoration of the Bourbons, when Alphonso XII. ascended the

throne in 1875, Protestantism was kept in the background, and freedom of worship was somewhat of a dead letter, both in Spain and Cuba, although a few Episcopal clergymen and Baptist ministers held services in Habana within closed doors.

For some time past the power of the Catholic clergy over the people in Cuba has weakened, for one reason because the majority of the priests were natives of Spain, loyal to Spanish sovereignty, and endeavored to repress aspirations towards freedom, or equal rights, on the part of the Cubans, as they considered such aspirations treason against Spain.

Furthermore, glaring instances of immorality were evinced by some weak pastors, which did not strengthen their influence over the people, who consider that men of God should lead lives above reproach, and practise what they preach.

However, the fact that there were some black sheep in the fold, should not condemn the whole flock.

Two eloquent Cuban Catholic preachers were deported from Cuba in 1876 on account of their sympathies for the Cuban cause.

The edict regarding civil marriage caused a breach between the ecclesiastical and civil courts in Habana in 1893. Dr. Las Casas refused copies of baptismal papers, or access to parish registry to parties about to contract a civil marriage, because the Catholic Church does not sanction the civil without the religious rite, and he was banished from Cuba, but he appealed to a higher court, and the sentence was abrogated.

The constitution of "Free Cuba," promulgated by its president, Salvador Cisneros, in 1895, established freedom of worship civil marriage, divorce, and remarriage. Under the American protectorate such laws still hold good, in accordance to our own laws.

Since the Island of Cuba has been under our American protectorate, the clergy and civil or municipal authorities have clashed, the first time in regard to the funeral services over the victims of the *Maine* explosion, and more recently about the control of cemeteries, which the Church claims as its own, while the municipal authorities claim them as being public property.

MARY ELIZABETH SPRINGER.

RITUALISTS AND THE POOR.

A FRENCH newspaper, some time ago, was astonished at the number of Anglican Churches where "Masses for the dead" were celebrated on All Souls' Day, November 2, and its readers too must have been a little astonished at seeing anything about the Church of England in a Paris daily. For can any institution be more incomprehensible to "foreigners" than is that Church? As the *Soleil* said, in words familiar enough in countries where that Church exists, "all forms of Christianity are taught in it, from that represented by the vestments for masses for the repose of the souls of the faithful down to that which is expressed by the black-gowned Calvinistic preacher." Or to quote that earnest supporter of the Anglican Church, the *Spectator*, *à propos* of a plan for inducing the parties to draw together from their extremes: "There is something almost sickening in the anarchy that now prevails in the Church of England, in the toleration of doctrines that are mutually contradictory, and of an indifferentism which is destructive of all doctrine." An English clergyman writing to a London paper goes further in hard words: "What part of the Christian faith is a Church of England clergymen not permitted to deny? Of course all the world knows that the Real Presence, the Eucharistic Sacrifice, Prayer for the Dead, Purgatory, necessity of Episcopal Ordination, Absolution, etc., are open questions. . . . Even the Divinity of our Lord, the worth of the Old Testament, everlasting punishment, and the truth of miracles are all denied with impunity." One Dean, it is said, "denies the whole Christian faith." . . . Alas! "*the established Church is a bear garden.*" (The italics are his.) If—again to quote the *Spectator* recently—if the Church of England heeds what Mr. Birrell once said (*Nineteenth Century*, May, 1896), and attempts to define what is to be believed about the Real Presence in the Eucharist, "it is quite certain, that if this advice is followed, the English Church will be rent into fragments never more to be joined."

And yet those outsiders who shrug their shoulders at such an unreasonable institution, or those who repeat the old cries

against the snug and comfortable and useless Establishment, though they both may be stating truth, are certainly not stating the whole truth, and are ignoring one of the most active and increasingly influential factors in every English social question. And "there are no questions but social questions" has been said, with a truth which we are more and more likely just now to acknowledge: politics mean social questions, just as they mean religious questions.

We are seeing through what that good Liberal Matthew Arnold called "the narrow and shallow foolishness of vulgar modern Liberalism," that is, we are seeing beyond "politics, a poor patching," to quote Emerson contrasting them with education; because the real questions are men's nature, responsibility and destiny, as explained by the philosophy of consistent Christianity, or on the other hand by that of pure Socialism. Are we sinning, at all, or only sinned against?

At one of the recent meetings of the English Church Congress, Bishop Westcott said: "I desire to mark emphatically one aspect of the programme. It gives a most conspicuous place to social questions." And this bishop, though trained as the celebrated theological professor, adds: "The social questions must be religious questions. They touch the unseen in their service. They cannot be solved by the assurance of a material well being; but they can be solved by love which transfigures where it finds an entrance Nowhere is the change which is passing over contemporary thought more impressive than in the writings of the latest school of economists. They have learned, and they are teaching with persuasive power, that their silence is not hard, narrow, abstract, individualistic, but historical and moral, dealing with the changing phenomena of human progress, that it is not simply 'a study of wealth, but part of the study of life.' " For the speaker, the law of love in Christianity is alone that which will solve the social problems. But further, he is a representative of the present mind of the Anglican Church which in common with other people is having its mind set on the solution of these problems, and is more and more coming to a sense of what one of its clergy boldly calls "the shameful way in which the Church of England has betrayed the trust God confided in her of

ministering His grace and sacraments to all the people of England." In other words, the people, that mass of the people of whom, it appears, only five per cent. go to any place of worship, has been, indeed, perhaps more sinned against than sinning.

What can Christian Socialism do? Not that the name is used in the parish about to be taken here as an example; but the clergyman just quoted and his colleagues mean, without caring about theories, that their chief work as Christian ministers has been inextricably mixed up with social questions; and living among the poor class, they give form to Bishop Westcott's words. A bishop of an older school—Harold Browne—gave these clergymen the advice: "Instead of stirring up the people to discontent, you should teach them to put up cheerfully with their lot here, and to look forward to a bright and happy future hereafter." That is one way of settling the social question. But who are the people spoken of? And what are the conditions of their lives here? In answering these questions we do not wonder at an ecclesiastic who said that he found among workmen, "with sorrow and not without surprise, signs of a widespread and passionate discontent with the existing condition of English society."

The particular church which has suggested the above remarks, is interesting in several ways. It is the church of a mission founded in Portsmouth by Winchester College, the great and now aristocratic school of the 14th century bishop, William of Wykeham, and supported by the school. The "missioner"—now ex-missioner—the Rev. R. R. Dolling, was in constant intercourse with the supporting school community, visiting there frequently, while some of the older boys on the other hand used to go down to spend their Sundays in the Portsmouth mission house in the "slums."

"Certainly no man living has ever had a support, a tenderness, a forbearance like I have experienced from Winchester," one report said, after some at Winchester were shocked about lectures at the mission on Sunday afternoons, by pronounced Socialists. "You were vexed: but we felt that the time had come when it was necessary to tell these workmen that Jesus Christ had a message to them about their present life. They

think 'religion is good for the missus and the kids, and if you are going to die, it is safer to have a parson,' at least some of them think this ; others will tell you that Jesus is antagonistic to anything that interests them ; but all seem to live and act as if He had nothing to do with them now."

The district where the missionaries live is perhaps typical—1321 houses contained in thirty-six streets and about ten small courts ; few of the streets with more than two lamps, some with only one, the courts as a rule with none—a lack of light which is not an aid in checking crime. "There are nineteen slaughter houses in our very midst. Amongst our boys it is no uncommon thing to find one who eats raw meat, and drinks blood ; many of their toys are part of the refuse from the dead animals prepared for the market." Thus acclimatized to sights of death, the ferocity which is dignified by the name of British sturdiness, is early founded in the children. Later on, they can enjoy fifty-one public houses in their little area ; of these, almost all belong to the brewers. "I know many of them to be good and religious men, and therefore I wish I had the power to compel them to face the awful responsibility that lies upon them ; I would plead, if only I had the chance of making them hear it, that for their own sake, and for the sake of my poor people here, they would try and realize what the gaining of their money costs us. Surely they are bound to see whether the money that comes to them has been gained by pandering to the worst vices of men, and practically earned at the cost of many a young girl's womanly hope and everlasting salvation. Have they ever visited during the night time one of their own publicans ? Would they allow their wives or their daughters to go down and spend the evening in them ? . . . What the publicans must do, to make things pay, is to go beyond the legitimate use of a public house, and to induce people to remain in the house and drink. Some of these publicans have regular sing-song rooms attached, where regular concerts of a kind are held on certain days during the week ; and nearly all encourage itinerant musicians, and thus create, from time to time, sing-songs in the bar or elsewhere. There is generally some sailor or soldier good-natured enough to stand treat ; and so, free drink is often an added attraction. I

believe it is a fact that very many young girls, as well as grown up women, spend their evenings in these places. I leave you to guess the result ; but if you had the patience to take a walk any evening through our crowded thoroughfares, you could see the result in these very women, now lost to all shame

The house adjoining ours is one of the very worst in Portsmouth. It is seldom that we get to sleep before one or two o'clock, so bad is the noise, and so awful the words that we are forced to hear. Two or three times a week women and men in search of sin come to our door, mistaking it for its neighbor."

So things were, when one day to this house containing two very small sitting rooms and three small bedrooms, there were coming as visitors, "two Oxford men, two Winchester prefects, two boys from London to spend their holidays, and two who had ridden down on tricycles to stay from Saturday to Monday. If you can do a sum, you will guess how many of us will sleep on the floor."

Well, there was the typical English slum, with the usual mission difficulties ; and the rough and ready invitations and guests, bring me to the way the difficulties have been met, and met more successfully than usual—in such a way indeed, that this mission of St. Agatha's became well known, and may be understood to be one expression of the increasingly "socialistic" bent of a section of the "High Church." Not that here you find any ordinary school of thought ; "High Church" is a term in no favor ; it seems to suggest something of the still unmelted "High and Dry," and to imply Toryism and respectability, and too much decency and order ; here, on the contrary, together with "the mass," which is found to be a popular service, there are free and easy services, if one may say so, "on dissenting lines ;" the ordinary morning and evening services of the Church of England being found almost useless for the majority of the people. But whatever be the success attained, it has come through identification of the lives of ministers and people ; religion has been the end rather than the means of the work. And so during the evenings, in the gymnasium then crowded, I found one or more of the clergy there, making up reports or accounts it may be, sitting and talking or smoking with the young men or their friends

—an absolute *sans gêne*. There were loud voices, and wrangling, and card playing, and the continual gymnastic exercising for the majority—an excellent display of the same—everything as free, in fact, as in the ordinary places of amusement; only these latter add the strong drink, fighting and gambling, which with bad language were here absent. Once a week the members had to put up with a parson's "jaw," that I was told is the only religious obligation.

In the house, the same thing. "All kinds of people come to stay with us; our Winchester men, our old London boys, clergy, members of Parliament, soldiers and sailors on furlough, and officers, thieves just out of prison, sometimes even a stray lord. Then our parish people come in at all times, and our meals, to suit all, must be of the simplest. . . . We have had to restrict ourselves to meat once a day and to be content with what our people call 'slingers' (bread and butter simple) for other meals. I think it was hard upon us all at first, but I think we find that it increases the love between us and our people, this living the same way. You will say very unwise, very imprudent; if so, send ten shillings a week for the purpose, and we will have better food, but the great object is, all to eat the same. Nothing seems so churlish as to eat mutton chops and give your guest bread and butter; in that case the mutton chop would do one no good. . . . This open house is the real success of the place; it strikes everyone, and it does so much good to everyone. No one here can be put on one side; every one is on a perfect equality. All the world over at this moment there are my dear boys who look back to this place as their own home, whence all the love they have ever known has reached them."

Of course that is what strikes every one. What it leads to is frankly confessed; there is not much chance of fancying a great deal of deep religion where there is none. You will judge whether the religious spirit is not made more possible by such treatment of men's bodies. And at least something is done to make healthier and more useful life possible, life less dangerous to the community at large.

As I went in one day to dinner there were three or four clergymen, two or three young schoolmasters, a few young men

giving help while working for college or in offices, some poor people to whom the gain of one meal is a great advantage in the week's expenses, a postman on his holiday from London, other "old boys" and young soldiers and sailors. There is a certain number of these last who, whenever they return to port, make the mission their home for the Saturday to Monday leave, or for any other holiday. The contrast between the sailors especially, and the friends left behind in the slums speaks loudly for the power that is given by finding a man work and making him do it, but, doubtless, these disciplined young spirits are not those who will bring us needed social reforms. They and all the others drop in and out with perfect freedom, and the ordinary *gêne* between classes and masses in England, between clergy and people, really seems to have vanished. There is not roughness nor rudeness; there has been proved to be much affection and love, and, no doubt, much real respect. Of course there are not the small courtesies which add something more delightful to life, of which a certain kind were shown in the old patriarchal relations, the often beautiful dream of the now disturbed squires and rectors, but those things are a simple impossibility in this new state of unacknowledged but felt independence, with this sense of equality and of the right to have each personality recognized in a new way. In America, where such a state is more an accepted fact, the difficulty is not so great; there are fewer who are touchy and suspicious and who care about what would-be superiors think. But in Europe, and perhaps specially in England, the slightest assertion of a class now makes the de-Christianized masses insolent at heart, even if outward subservience is a necessity. This difficulty seems to have been conquered in the place here spoken of, doubtless elsewhere, but any example is interesting and typical of what may be done or of what must be done.

And instead of courtesies which we demand, though we know they are only half real, you have a perfect reality. It runs through everything, and makes one trust the report of any progress made. "You will say, how prosperous, what progress, what excellent results; but we who live on the spot, who read our people's hearts, are compelled to say, work as a rule is

superficial, progress as a rule on the surface . . . It is disappointing that after the social part is over, those present at a mothers' meeting will listen to all one says about drink, duties at home, their children, will nod their heads, beat time to every moral and religious sentiment, and then go off, some to their old ways, the public, the scolding, the bad language; yet it is true there is a real, a marked improvement." That was in one report. And the laying up of money is noticed, and better behavior at "outings," and less drunkenness. In the next it can be said: "We have broken down all barriers between us. I believe everyone in the parish looks upon us as their real friends. They are very glad when we call upon them; many of them are very glad to spend the evenings with us; there are no words called after us now, no stones thrown at us, but we seem to stop; we cannot pass this friendship. You have been talking to a man for half an hour on all sorts of subjects; he has told you, perhaps, all about himself, his wishes, his hopes, perhaps his difficulties. You naturally venture to supply God as the key to all these; at once there is a barrier between you. He has his work, his family, his pleasures, innocent and sinful, when he can afford them. What more does he require? He would answer, nothing. He is content. You and I know how false this is. We know that nothing but God can satisfy the soul; we know that hidden away in his soul there lie germs of perfection; we know that it is God's will that all that higher instinct now lost should be perfected."

The Christian minister who is more or less of a Socialist—according to the present vague use of the term to express dissatisfaction with actual inequalities—has the spiritual end in view, but he seems to know by experience more of the unmeaning thing that spiritual language is to men of Protestant "disinheritance" living in want, and in surroundings that shut off anything but the life of a savage individualism amidst greedy and often base competitors. Mr. Dolling, I believe, declares that even the lowest in Catholic Vienna never seem to come near our English degradation. "Parents here just think what a girl will earn at service for them; when that is life at its best, how hard it is to have religion or moral restraint and strength; for

the young natures inclined to gaiety or vice, it is almost impossible ; their best chance of becoming good is to take them out of their first environment. And then there are so many whose homes are positively vicious. It is wonderful to read of how much evil the energy of one woman can prevent, by getting, in three years, sixty-three children of this place into preventive homes, besides doing much other kindred work in restoring the fallen." "Do you know what environment does for your own children? Can you guess what an environment of lust and evil language does ; no light, no art, no pleasure save debased and sinful? What can we do? Why is it so? If you lived through this day by day, you would be tempted to disbelieve the love of God. I think of our own boys at Winchester ; all that wealth of love, all that surrounding of most patient care for fear one evil word, one bad example should touch them ; the prayers that encompass their every movement ; and I look at my children here. Is the Eternal One the Loving Father of all His children?"

Can the favored young sons of fortune, as we say, help the almost helpless to a chance?

A speech made by this head of the mission tells of the attempts made to establish even among the boys of the "better classes" some feeling of community of interest in a high sense between rich and poor. Dr. Arnold, of Rugby, had long before urged his boys and young men to know poor people in their family life and homes. He made prigs, said the older fashioned.

Mr. Dolling, in this English generation, says : "School missions brought in an element calculated to place the boy, first of all, face to face with the needs of the people who wanted the very money which he wasted. If the boy knew anything about the mission he knew that every penny he spent was wanted. And the mission brought him face to face with the problem of sin in its most undisguised and unattractive form, and showed him the power sin got over those large masses of people amongst whom missions were placed. Their mission was about an hour from Winchester, and had as few attractions as possible. On the previous Sunday he had four prefects staying with him in his house. Whilst with him they were companions of two soldiers,

sent down from Aldershot to make their first confession before going to Africa, and a butler out of place and two thieves sent the day before from jail. With these the boys took their meals, and heard what they had to say, and saw how the work of reform went on when treated in a Christian way. When the boys were going away, they said, 'What do you want for so-and-so?' None of these things could be done without money, and these boys would contribute perhaps what would send some people away who must go out of England or back to jail.

"He had a man dining on the previous Sunday who was educated at Harrow, and left it sixty-four years ago; he was now living on 3s. a week; he was one of those who played against the eleven at Eton. The boys, seeing a man like this one, brought up like themselves, learned how one might sink to the same level. There was real good in every boy, and if the right chord were touched his heart kindled into true generosity. When once you brought him to see how people lost themselves, and the good of self-denial on his own part, these things remained with him, and gave him an interest in life worth all the teachings they could put into his head."

Here are further experiences from life:

"All our statistics are successful as far as women are concerned, and fail as far as men. . . . The emotional part of a woman's life is far more easily reached." The report goes on to give other reasons for this failure—for instance; men go, and women stay: as in 1888, when out of nineteen men confirmed ten only stayed; out of twenty-five women, twenty-two stayed. And later reports speak of less failure with men in religious matters.

"There was difficulty about a dancing class at the beginning . . . the most attractive part seemed to be the swinging of your partner round and round as often as opportunity served. However, the teacher forbade this; and the result has been very successful. . . . I have long felt that until we could bring young men and women together in a rational way, we had made very little progress in witnessing to the Christian's right to enjoy all mutual society. Of course there is danger in it; but I suppose there is danger in attempting to solve every problem that faces

us: that seems to me the very reason for making the attempt. Our social for factory girls has answered splendidly; we never giggle now."

"Our weakest point seems to be our growing-up girls. They come out really well to Sunday school and classes; but we don't get anything like the same hold over them as we do over the same number of boys. . . . You see the gymnasium is so attractive to boys, many play cards and bagatelle; but girls' games are so uninteresting, and you cannot make legitimate excuses for wholesome noise. Just contrast a large fair (we have two of them almost touching the parish), swing boats, gas, a continuous hurdy-gurdy, soldiers, sailors, any amount of so-called fun; do you wonder they prefer the fair, being as they are? . . . Is it possible that from fifteen to nineteen are years in which no religious impression can be made? Or is it that the freedom into which they are passing, and the hardness and monotony of their lives, compel them to seek pleasure which we at any rate cannot provide for them? Someway, I am beginning to look upon those years as ones in which we can only hope to do something to instil in them the knowledge that directly they want something better, soberer, more real, they will know that we are willing and able to help them to it. Yet there is another very painful side; for during these years the terrible leakage to sin takes place in these ranks. Oh! my God, who is able to stop this?"

"Rough boys could not be retained in a gymnasium: they initiated every kind of disorder. How rough they may be is illustrated by the fact that two members were consigned to gaol a fortnight ago. . . . The conduct of the members in this special Rough Boys' Club is now very good. For the purpose of the club the room is divided into two parts: in the upper there is boxing; in the lower, games, cards, dominoes, bagatelle. A new and most valuable departure."

That last extract really again the regular ordinary boys' and young men's gymnasium and all the ready intercourse with better, wiser, and more refined friends. These latter do not blind themselves as to what is and what is not religious. But neither need one blind oneself to the fact that by their attraction you can call within the circle of the natural virtues of kindness, good will

and affection those whose old surroundings teach them roughness, insolence, and brutality. These clergymen aim at doing more: they have done more. But if the Church of the Churches could do even the work of fraternizers, would not much be done, not towards suppressing the longing and determination for reform in society, but towards making free souls, together with free men? "Christianity and Democracy, the two great forces in France," as a French priest said lately; and not in France alone. That priest thinks they need not be antagonistic in France: need they be so anywhere? Is Christianity not fulfilling part of its work in entering into the heart of Democracy and transfiguring it by love? Are these Christians, whose work we have been looking at, false to religion because they do not pretend to teach contentment with the social state, but at the same time do awaken the affections of those they think rightly discontented? It seems a practical way of acting out fraternity, and of giving a chance to many to realize that fraternity is more than a name, that liberty may mean at least one chance to take a place in the world, and that equality will really recognize me for just what I am worth.

One may see the results in letters from young emigrants in which there is seen, perhaps, more than in most others written by hands strengthened by charity, this almost naive confidence in the identification of their interests with those of their proved friends. "These lads write just as they talk to us, perfectly naturally, and all about themselves, their sins and sorrows, as about their work. . . . Here is one boy's experience"—emigrants thus turning their hand to anything, and going on working with the same readiness, give all social reformers who help in sending them to the younger countries some confidence that they themselves have had a hand in one piece of real charity. "Monday morning, i went to the agents offise and asked him if he knew of a job he asked what i was and i told him a butcher he said i can send you round to a butcher but i dont suppose you will like him because he is a Frenchman i says i will go and see him and chance it,' and so on without stopping, till declaring himself a groom as well as a butcher, 'i got the job and started work after he gave me some dinner he asked me what wages i

expected i told him 12 dollars a month board and lodging he says i will give you 10 i says all right.' Another finds Australia 'a rough and ready sort of country when your hat is on your roof is thatched you have to live hard work hard and what I can see of it die hard but i am not sorry i ever came out here." Earnings he goes on to describe as such and such, but he is hoping this letter will not go astray and leave him again without answers from home. If so, it is the last he will care to write. "I suppose nearly every week we get six or seven letters from all parts of the world, all written home ! A home ; surely that is the chief ideal of a place like this, to create a home."

And on the other hand the clergy—"we who when we talk together are so professional and so mannered, who have got into such a groove of procedure"—the clergy, too, have submitted to the influence of their surroundings, and have gained accordingly as they have been less isolated. After being denounced by many supporters for the socialistic lectures, what surprised these Anglican missionaries most was "the intense sympathy of the Dissenting clergy. In our great trouble when there seemed an end of the work of the missionaries, only one Church clergyman wrote to me, but in three Dissenting meeting houses public prayer was offered, and many of them sent me messages of sympathy by their deacons and others ; we are the last church that one could suppose they would sympathize with." The outwardly un-Protestant nature of the mission is indeed complete. Again : "Our Sunday lectures to men have had a good result. After preaching on 'shop assistants and their work,' a large number of people wrote to me on the subject (of a slight shortening of hours) ; but before the week was out, the minister of the big Baptist Chapel close here had taken the bull by the horns, called a public meeting, got the whole affair well in hand. How splendidly Dissenters do all this practical social work. I was delighted to work under him." In fact even these clergy cannot be quite outside the 'vulgar ignorance' with regard to dissenting social and religious life in England, which was some years ago made a reproach to the Church of England. "The presumption of these Baptists," as Lord Houghton is reported to have exclaimed, when informed that a fine building in Canada

where he was visiting was a Baptist College. "Perhaps Boots knows," was the answer of a respectable Church butler to an unoffending American who dared, in Oxford, to ask for the Congregational Chapel.

But as with classes so with religions, it seems possible to gain in wider sympathy (as is the case above) by mutual knowledge, without losing in determination, without wandering after the helpless eclectic. For as to this, can one quote too often Dr. Newman's words, not long since quoted at an Anglican Congress, with a like scorn for lack of enthusiasm, above all in this interesting social work? "Mistiness," he said, "is the mother of wisdom. A man who can set down half a dozen general propositions which escape from destroying one another only by being diluted with truisms, who never enunciates a truth without guarding himself from being supposed to exclude the contradictory—this is your safe man, and the hope of the Church. This is what the Church is said to want—sensible, sober, temperate persons, to guide it through the channel of no meaning, between the Scylla and Charybdis of aye and no." Even the English Church—or one of its fleets—seems now rushing down another stream, with General Booth in one neighboring ship, and the Catholic monks manning a third; and her officers are certainly less hostile to their companions than when in the old quiet days they rode at ease and ignored such adventurers.

It is time to make a change in England. And here is one more quotation from the reports we have been taking as an example of the new energy: "There is, perhaps, no class of people to whom England owes such an awful reparation as to soldiers and sailors. The moral atmosphere in which they live, the forbidding them to marry, the formality of their religion, are strange and awful phenomena in this nineteenth century of the Christian religion." Officialism when it has to deal with living creatures; is there not something awful, or irritating, or anyway, something to say the very least, more or less unsatisfactory, in its usurpations, according to their extent; from gaol religion, with loaded cannons pointed at the wretches before whom a Bishop in days gone by, was

performing service, down through workhouse schools, and regiments? Regiment religion, at its best, perhaps, may be seen in Mrs. Ewing's stories; at its worst, in many places, we are told. But at its best, can any one either serious or sympathetic read without chafing how the ideal for a dying man struck down in full health is to set everything right by asking for a few words of parade service? It seems like a mockery both of heart and mind. Better, would not those who, as priests or as friends, hear "confessions" both of masses and of classes say? Better many a French novel, which if it dwells too much on exceptional badness, creates also living men and women, a little more like those among whom we live. Official religion is the incarnation of an ignorance of individual lives; there are still too many in the Church of England, who would wish her to settle all her civil warring by adopting finally that nice outward form. It will do for the unreal, for the easy-going half amused skeptic, for negative personalities, for good quiet untroubled people even; but for hard heads and for soft hearts it will seem more of a sham even than it really is; they will leave it for the religion of St. Ignatius, and the Jesuits, of de la Salle and the Christian Brothers, or for that of John Wesley or of General Booth; or for the fun of the slums, or for activity of brains with no questioning about the future. The Church of England, our missionaries would say, could then have all things done decently and in order.

And now, perhaps, many reflections would only be wearisome. Things have been changing very rapidly these fifty years in Anglicanism, and the judgment of to-day on what is passing might be out of place to-morrow.

There was the Tractarian ideal of authority, with each bishop as his clergyman's Pope, to go back to the *Apologia*, the author thereof adding later that as to identify that Tractarian movement with self-authorized Ritualism, he, as a leader of the old "movement," had not, he said, "patience to read" about this eclecticism's claims.

And now there is High Churchism of a sort, becoming radical and socialistic. The worse side of socialism may tie it down tighter to what is, if not irreligion, yet a condition purely

natural, comfortable and philanthropic. That such would be a danger, readers may have reflected. To turn from reflections to facts, and so to close with these facts, recalling what was said at the beginning as to the continuous resettling of things within the English Church.

The work at this mission has come to a head. A new handsome church has been built, much interest and enthusiasm aroused. It may be said it is only a single spot. But it excited unusual attention. And then, how rapidly developments of this sort push themselves nowadays. So the facts are worth noting.

First, at the new church opening there is a preparatory parish mission given by a clergyman vowed to celibacy (who, some months later, submitted to the Catholic Church, and is now a priest, with his title of Father Maturin acknowledged by all), and confessions are commonly made. It was of one of the clergymen of this place, who made it a practice to recommend confessions, that Cardinal Manning said to a criminal whom this zealous man had reformed, that until he could go to confession to a priest he could do no better than unburden himself to this friend, for whom (and the Cardinal knew him) he had much respect.

Ritualistic services need not now be described. At the opening of this new church there were processions both within the building and in the streets and all else that is so new and yet so old.

W. F. P. STOCKLEY.

Frederickton, N. B., Canada.

LOVE'S LAST DREAMS.

THE PEACE THAT FLEW.

I think life's peace was broken by our pride
 In gifts that came from His all bounteous store,
 Who gives all gifts unto life's farthest shore,
 And from whose face we vainly try to hide
 The darker springs of that resistless tide
 Of wrongs within our souls forevermore ;
 As if the God that out of heaven doth pour
 All light and blessing could our shams abide.

And would we gain again the peace that flew
 Affrighted 'cross the desert sands of shame,
 And brook the Presence that in justice slew
 The hopes that down the light of morning came,
 Fling pride unto the bitter winds that blew
 For death, and clasp love's own immortal flame.

THE SOUL OF LOVE.

I say 'twas always love, not hate or scorn,
 That moved the master poets, prophets, old,
 To weave their mighty sayings, manifold,
 Until the dawning of that radiant morn
 Wherein the soul of love itself was born
 And by the plotting of earth's traitors sold,
 That He, in love, might all the ages mould,
 And the eternity of love adorn.

And why should hate or scorn or pride to-day
 Claim mastership of man or earth or time ?
 And why should falsehood dream of holding sway
 Within the temples of this love sublime ?
 And why should poverty repulsive seem
 While Christ was homeless in His work supreme ?

OF CLOUDLESS SUNSHINE.

From height to height, from love to love, the soul
 Ascends through midnight darkness and each ray
 Of cloudless sunshine on its upward way
 Throughout all lands and o'er all seas, from pole

To pole, until the measureless, the whole
 Immensity of love's own time of May
 Surrounds it with God's own immortal day ;
 And so will rise till ages cease to roll.

Nor is there any dream of night or bold
 Adventure of the bravest heart or hand,
 Or pleasure of the hoarded treasure, gold,
 That can compare with, purchase or command
 The joy, the quenchless joy of love untold ;
 We know it well, but do not understand.

CHAINS OF DESTINY.

We move along the varied paths of life,
 Groveling or strutting, either slaves or free,
 Wound round with subtle chains of destiny,
 Scarce knowing why we use the pen or knife,—
 While the surrounding earth and skies are rife
 With radiant, deathless song and symphony,
 Peaceful as moonlight on the crystal sea,
 All heedless of our wasting, mortal strife.

And why should time or space or earth or sea
 Heed for an hour the windy ways of man ?
 Or change their ever rhythmic minstrelsy
 Of stately music, their majestic plan
 Of kindly lovingness, or their pure glee,
 To break our bondage or our misery ?

A BRAMBLE CROWN.

Yea, crown with bay your poets, as of old,
 And wreath the victor from your human wars,
 To soothe his pride and heal his many scars ;
 And honor him, who, by his piled-up gold,
 Hath fed the hungry, kept from biting cold
 The poor unfortunate, whose presence mars
 And piques the pleasures of your palace cars—
 In all, your innate selfishness unfold.

But what of Him whose wisdom led to death,
 Whose love of truth won but a bramble crown,
 Whose love of love fell from each passing breath
 As starlight from the faithful stars falls down ?
 Oh, what of Him, dear friends, who died that we
 Might sail in safety love's immortal sea ?

CROWNS OF GOLD.

With what majesty thou hast reigned, O life !
 Upon the brows of poets, prophets, old ;
 Amid what splendor, crowned with crowns of gold,
 Where kings have won in bloody, mortal strife ;
 As if the murderous cannon or the knife
 Of greed and hatred could God's life unfold,
 Or did not stain thy glory, often told
 Along the stars when love was true and rife.

And how despised, 'mid poverty and shame,
 When life and love were wed in perfect peace,
 And 'cross the blue skies shed their perfect flame
 Of radiance—radiant till all time shall cease !
 And yet through poverty and death shall flow
 Thy stainless glory, onward, white as snow,

THE HEAVENLY CHOIR.

I think that love will all nations inspire
 And lead them, in love, till the very stars
 Are encircled with men—till prison bars
 In earth and in heaven, are radiant fire
 Of sunlight and heat and of pure desire—
 Till our bodies and souls, quite free of scars
 And of every impulse that blasts and mars—
 Will join the immortal, heavenly choir—

Yea, till the songs the sons of morning sang
 With rapture, while the eager, waiting sea
 Held back its storm-waves and love's daylight sprang
 To glory through the vast immensity
 Of being, and through starry arches rang—
 Shall ring again unto eternity.

AMONG THE RUINS.

I searched among the ruins of the world
 For some clear light to comfort, guide and cheer
 The race whose blindness, selfishness and fear
 Were round its heartstrings like a serpent curled ;
 To right and left were flags of war unfurled,
 And all the nations 'neath the sun-lit, clear
 Blue skies of God, as from a mountain's sheer
 And barren height, were back to darkness hurled.

When, lo ! a star across the heavens came
 And led me where a new man-child was born,
 Whose life of love should banish all our shame,
 Break up our feuds of hatred, death and scorn,
 And by the light of his immortal flame
 Of love, bring in love's everlasting morn.

WHEN THE WORLD AWAKES.

I think that, one day, when the world awakes
 To the great hour of love that dawned in Thee ;
 When all who yearn for love as yearns the sea
 For rest—the burnt earth for the dew that slakes
 Its fevered thirst—and out of blackness makes
 The Spring to bloom—that when, at last, we see
 The depth, the splendor—the eternity
 Of thy dear love—see how it ever breaks

The hardest hearts of sin and gives the rose
 Of youth and beauty to the soul was dead ;—
 Not all the might of time will then compose
 One thankless heart ; but that the stars o'erhead
 The flowers, the birds, angels and the sea
 Will thrill with songs of glory unto Thee.

THE HYMN DIVINE.

Dear love, I know that thou wast always true ;—
 That ever through the ceaseless tides of time,
 In all the battles that men call sublime,
 In all the star fire of the morning dew,
 In all the angels that from heaven flew
 To whisper peace unto these ears of mine—
 Thy name was music ; that the hymn divine
 Of God's creation in thy bosom grew.

I follow thee whate'er on earth betide ;
 I call thee mine through life and death and shame ;
 Within the yearnings of thy heart I hide
 The quenchless burnings of my inward flame,
 And walk the starry paths those hearts have trod
 Whose souls are now at rest—at rest with God.

WILLIAM HENRY THORNE.

OUR YOUNG MEN.

AMONG the serious problems perplexing the leaders of our Church to-day is that of stimulating the interest of the young men and overcoming the apathetic attitude maintained by a large class of them towards Catholic societies, and even towards the Church itself. That the future of our nation rests with our young men is axiomatic—that the destiny of our Church is in the same hands is scarcely less so. No matter how zealously our clergy may labor, unless they receive the active assistance of the young men, the results must be disappointing.

The universal complaint among our clergy is their inability to interest many of the young men in anything connected with the Church in the shape of literary societies or other associations. It is a most serious condition and deserves the careful consideration of every laborer in the fold. It will be conceded, I think, that this condition of indifference exists, and it behooves us to seek the cause, and if possible apply the remedy. Before proceeding to consider the matter, it might be as well to dispose of a fallacious argument used at times, to the effect that Catholic young men are as active in Church work as Protestants. Without entering into a discussion as to the correctness of the proposition, which in itself is open to grave doubts, no such comparison should be made. From infancy the Catholic has imbibed dogmas and teachings presented with such directness as should have made him an ardent soldier of the Church. His dissenting brother usually has been taught nothing but vague moral precepts. The Catholic young man, therefore, commences his career holding settled beliefs and doctrines taught by a universal Church authoritatively. His Protestant brother, in most cases, is left to rely on his own judgment in matters of faith. Is it a creditable assertion then that the young man who owns allegiance to the Church that has never faltered or swerved in her teachings, is as active as he whose Church's beliefs are verily founded on quicksand? Is it not rather an admission of deterioration?

Rev. Dr. Stafford, of Washington, but voiced the sentiments of the majority of the clergy when at the recent Catholic Young Men's National Convention, he deplored the lack of support given the Church by young men. Of course he did not mean *all*, but referred to the bulk of our young Catholics. He went on to say that he had given the matter profound consideration and he was forced to admit that he could not discover either the cause or the remedy.

It seems to me that a consideration of existing social, political and religious conditions are necessary to arrive at any understanding of the situation. If the leaders of the Church would turn their attention from the religious phase of the question to the material phase, it is possible to show many powerful reasons (appealing to a person not animated by ardent religious zeal) why the Catholic young man is lukewarm in his adherence.

Take up this subject in a purely material fashion, laying aside for the moment the religious element. There is a numerous class in our Church who may be designated as "average young men." By this is meant, not the comparatively small number of active workers around the churches and in our societies, but the class who dress and live nicely and travel largely in Protestant society. Possibly they go to Mass. They scoff at the idea of belonging to a conference or literary society and when pressed to it admit that they are Catholics. They are generally willing to talk right, but cannot be induced to act so. What is the most effectual method of attracting this element? It is evident that the spiritual side exercises but an indifferent sway. Many attempts have been made in the social line in imitation of Y. M. C. A.'s, etc., and all have proved failures. It seems to me these young men should be studied as human beings, aside from the fact that they are Catholics, subject to the same impulses, reasons and influences that sway the world. Approaching the subject from this direction there is revealed to us an explanation of many of the causes that puzzle us.

What is the status of a Catholic in this country to-day?

Numerically the Church is the most powerful religious body in this country—morally, the most influential—politically, the weakest. As a rule, a member of any sectarian body no matter

how small, is a more acceptable, available candidate for any position than a Catholic. We are discriminated against in business, in society and in every walk of public life. Petty bigots, elevated by an admiring constituency into statesmen, stand on the floors of our Legislative and Congressional bodies and denounce, villify and misrepresent the largest body holding any settled belief in this country.

Nor is this discrimination confined to bigots or politicians fearful of the denunciation of the A. P. A. and their kindred, but inconceivable as it may seem, apparently by Catholic institutions, Catholic societies and Catholic clergymen.

The world is easily led by Public Opinion—why not our Young Catholic? The world dislikes to be on the losing side; again our subject is human. The world shrinks before taunts or contempt—so does our young man. In other words, the Catholic young man who is not fired by religious spirit, sees that being a Catholic hurts his standing in society, injures his business prospects, debars him from membership in secret organizations that afford powerful aid to their members, politically and financially, and renders him unavailable politically. Furthermore, if he be a member of the Bar, he sees Catholic organizations employ Protestant attorneys; if he be a physician, he finds the choice positions in Catholic hospitals filled by Protestant doctors; if an artisan, work around the church itself is given to Protestants. Rightly or wrongly, he believes that he not only suffers outside of the Church because of his allegiance to it, but feels that he receives no support from the body itself. This consideration becomes a potent one, when we see on every hand evidences of the interest and activity displayed by the Protestant bodies on behalf of their young men, not merely collectively, but individually.

Nowhere is the lack of brotherliness so trenchantly set out as in the recent article by Prof. Austin O'Malley, of the University of Notre Dame. "Some Protestants say we American Catholics are one in politics and all other aims. We are one in faith, but otherwise we have no more unity than a boiler explosion."

In every hospital in the city of Philadelphia until a few years ago, young Catholic doctors were practically proscribed—even

the Catholic hospital staffs were almost entirely filled with non-Catholics, and in one instance, at least, entirely dominated by a non-Catholic. A leading member of the Church, defending this policy, asserted that the reason was because there were no Catholic physicians of equal prominence in the city. Yet each of the prominent doctors in question acquired his knowledge and reputation almost entirely by hospital work, and the Catholics themselves refused their young doctors the opportunity to acquire fame that they cheerfully afforded others. Catholic societies welcome with avidity Protestant lecturers of no special merit, withholding from their own young men of ability the opportunities that belong to them, in the face of the fact that non-Catholic societies never go outside of their ranks to afford an opening to a Catholic. But it may be urged that the Church does not want Catholics whose religious fervor is gauged by its financial or worldly returns. This is a specious proposition. State it that the Church does not *need* such men, and it will be conceded. Being divine, our Church needs no human being or beings, yet that fact does not nullify the argument that the larger the membership, the greater its power and influence for good. Besides, as the Catholic Church does want all men, even the most abandoned sinner, it seems a bit inconsistent to say we do not want a young man whose principal faults are a lack of backbone and an idea that being a Catholic ought to entitle him to a little preference from Catholics at least. Then again, lest the extremist still protest against this Catholic from self-interest, let him bear in mind that the Church recognizes the selfishness of even very good people, and concedes forgiveness and salvation to the sinner who professes simply attrition, inspired by fear of the consequences of his sins to *himself*, a purely selfish motive.

Having briefly indicated the reasons which appear to me to be largely responsible for the lack of interest on the part of young men, it becomes incumbent to point out the remedy. That remedy may be summed up in two words, aggressiveness and unity. The most progressive, advanced Church in the world maintains its position, not because of the ultra-conservative attitude (characterizing it mildly) of most of its supporters, but despite it. Aged, dignified and patriarchal Mgr. Stephan, head

of the Indian Bureau of the Catholic Church, in his few minutes' talk at the recent Catholic Young Men's National Convention, struck a responsive chord in the hearts of many when he declared that the "Church suffers from conservatives." Said he, "No one is afraid of a man who is himself afraid. . . . If the twelve apostles had been conservatives, the Christian religion would have died in Judea."

If our Catholic societies were to band themselves into a powerful national organization for pronounced objects, making the advancement of the Church, the assertion of our rights, the unification of Catholics themselves and the inculcation of the precept, "help one another," their cardinal principles, they would solve this problem in a decade. Yea, more, in two, this country would be Catholic. Let this national organization constitute a truth society, and each individual society the local branch. When a misrepresentation, intentional or accidental, appears in a newspaper, insist on being permitted to correct and explain the error. If the paper refuses justice, make its circulation and advertising managers feel our resentment. Should a public man be the offender, request him to correct his misstatement at the earliest proper opportunity; should he decline, demand that his party refuse to return him to office, and if necessary fight him at the polls. Insist that the discrimination against Catholics in politics must cease. Above all, make it a point among ourselves that where all conditions are equal, a Catholic shall be preferred; see that the institutions supported by Catholic contributions are taught and ministered to by members of our Church. In a word—insist on justice. The man who objects to these measures on the ground that they are impolitic, has no business to sneer at the nominal Catholic who does not take active part in Church work, for he, too, is swayed by policy, and it is an open question which is the more reprehensible.

To my mind, one of the chief causes of the great spread of the early Church was the magnificent assistance and help the Christians rendered one another, nursing, tending, supporting and encouraging each other, and even having all of their property at common disposal. And, while in its entirety the programme of primitive Church is hardly feasible, we could, with

much profit, revert to their plan of assisting and sustaining one another. The Catholic organization that inculcates these principles into its members will have by that step made itself the most powerful auxiliary the Catholic Church can have on earth. To be supremely successful it should be a young men's organization, for, as Mgr. Stephan said, "Young men can do many things we clergymen cannot do."

Furthermore, the spectacle of unity among ourselves will attract wavering outsiders. How many non-Catholics are there who hesitate to join us because of the evident lack of sympathy we show for one another? What tales of toil and suffering could many a convert tell who, ostracising himself from his former co-religionists, found neither sympathy nor opportunity in our Church. Worse still, what a spectacle it must be to the cynical to see brilliant, eager converts struggling to maintain themselves while our colleges and universities appoint non-Catholics without any preëminent qualifications to desirable positions. Does any one suppose that such appointments impress non-Catholics favorably? If so, they are woefully mistaken, for the average outsider sees that none of these appointees are leaders (which might palliate their appointment), and he thereupon sneers at the lack of ability among Catholics, since they cannot get one of their own to fill the position. He also cannot help being unfavorably impressed by the painfully evident fact that there is no cohesion among Catholics. If the point is made that we have grown under this so-called liberal policy, the reply is ready and maintainable: "Not on account of, but hampered by and despite it."

By making it a rule to prefer a member of our faith when the conditions are equal, we offer an inducement of substantial worldly value to the lukewarm and indifferent to identify themselves with us. We show the sectarians that have discriminated against us that because of our inertness we are about to retaliate, and our action is bound to break up the opposition to us.

Greater than all, we set up a principle round which our scattered disjointed cohorts may rally, so that our Church again Militant may demand respectful consideration where she now receives scant toleration. Then the many weak-kneed, indifferent young men who, seeing their Church slighted and contemned,

hesitate to avow their allegiance, beholding the metamorphosis, would array themselves in the ranks, because it would be a good business move, because they would be on the dominant side and because their spirit of Catholicity would arouse itself. Successful assertion of one's abilities means much in this world of ours. Did you ever attend a football game where a 'Varsity and a small college team played? The 'Varsity is welcomed with deafening applause, the collegians with a few courteous yells. Suddenly the collegians develop unexpected strength. Then note that where at the outset, in 10,000 spectators, 500 applauded, now 1,000 are "rooting" for them, and a minute later when they score a touchdown, they are the pride of 5,000 enthusiastic partisans. It is queer, but it is human nature, and it holds just as good applied in church circles as out of them.

It may be objected that the reasons and remedies set out above are from an entirely worldly standpoint. Without now entering into a discussion whether worldly means that in no way infringe on spiritual honor are not best fitted to win worldly people, these facts cannot be controverted. That the means above set forth must cause a spread of interest in our societies. They would bring again into touch with us, those who from weakness or self interest have sunk their Catholicity. They would rouse that spirit latent in every American, loyalty to his party in time of struggle, especially a struggle for equality. Beyond every other consideration they must make earnest sons of the Church of each and every one who responds to her call for Crusaders. Interest a man in music and he haunts the Church with a fine choir and Grand Opera productions; germinate in him the Single Tax theory and he dreams, reads and talks that subject in a manner that ought to challenge unqualified admiration; draw him into active work in the Church by any fair honorable means, appealing as you will to either his soul or selfishness, but start him, and you have made him a militant Catholic, for it is not possible for any one to take an active interest in Church work without becoming a better Catholic from precept, association and example. Necessarily the more active he becomes, the better Catholic he is. Therefore this work appeals irresistibly to all of us, because at one and the same

time we accomplish a two-fold object. By means of this movement we assist our lukewarm brother in acquiring a more ardent faith and we render irresistible the swelling tide of Catholicism rising by degrees over the world, so that if we, the young men of the Church, but do our duty, in a generation those of the world who are oppressed and restless and wearied in flesh or spirit shall turn for relief to the one real Democracy and the One True Faith, enshrined together in Catholic America.

EUGENE C. BONNIWELL.

Philadelphia.

REV. DR. BRIGGS & CO.

LIKE a well corked but very empty bottle, the Rev. Dr. Briggs, so-called, has been bobbing up and down again in the muddy waters of newspaper and Protestant theology, and a great muddle his friends and his enemies are making of his case for the contemptuous amusement of the groundlings. The famous witches' caldron in Shakespeare's "Tempest" is a plain, wholesome and digestible Irish stew in comparison.

From the time he was a student of theology until now, Mr. Briggs has always been a studious but somewhat shallow-pated gentleman; never going to the bottom of theology or of Church history, and of late years he has been carried away with the flimsy and heretical forces of what are called the new theology and the new biblical criticism, etc., etc.

If there is any man on God's earth who has made a careful study of our so-called new theology and our new biblical criticism and who for several years was more or less under their damnable and misleading influence, the editor of the *GLOBE REVIEW* is that man. See *Cosmotheism* in No. 8 of the *GLOBE REVIEW* published eight years ago and one year before I was received into the Catholic Church, if you have any doubt as to the truth of this statement.

In view of the declaration just made one would suppose that the editor of the *GLOBE REVIEW* would and should be the last

man on earth to condemn Mr. Briggs, and in one sense I am so; that is, I do not blame him or any Protestant for having and holding false views as to the inspiration of the Scriptures or on any point of Christian theology. The very best literature of our Protestant writers, theologians, novelists and others of the last fifty years are saturated with and dominated by the errors that have given Dr. Briggs so much trouble, and as he has never gotten into his head the primal Christian truth that Jesus was a divine being, that He founded a divine Church, which divine Church made, selected and established the Holy Scriptures, and has ever had the one sole divine authority, for rightly interpreting the Scriptures, and that the interpretation of this divine Church has been one and the same during all these Christian centuries—Protestantism being simply a mulish colt-like kicking over the traces—he naturally was conceived in error, born and brought up on error, takes to it as a duck takes to water, knows and sees on every hand that his brethren are web-footed wild geese like himself, that no one of them and no conference of any number of them has any more right than he has to determine what is truth and what is error, sees, moreover, that in ninety cases out of every hundred, his brethren topple on some point or other of orthodox theology, hence that they are all at sea and must trust to their own web-feet or their own wings, as the case may be. Hence no charitable person should condemn Dr. Briggs for his heresy.

In a word, Bishop Potter has no more light, right or authority to determine what is orthodox faith than Dr. Briggs has; both are Protestant rebels against the only divine authority on that subject to be found in this world. The same is precisely true of the general assembly of the Presbyterian Church and of every other Protestant body in existence. Hence, in view of the overloaded heresy of modern literature and the lack of all basis of authority in any Protestant Church, I do not blame Dr. Briggs for being a heretic. That is his right, and his natural and inevitable way of thought. The others are heretics also, but not as pronouncedly so as himself. But I blame Dr. Briggs and despise him utterly for the use he has made of his shallow-pated and half-taught idiocies.

Admitting that no body of Protestants has any right to determine what is orthodox or heterodox, we must all admit that Protestant bodies like other societies or organizations of men, have a perfect right to fix the conditions of membership, official or otherwise, in their own bodies. Dr. Briggs admitted and knew all this when he became a Presbyterian minister. Dr. Briggs knew perfectly the theological conditions on which he was ordained to and admitted into the ministry of the Presbyterian Church, and he was a hypocrite and a man unworthy of trust or honor in any Christian ministry when, on finding that he could not hold to or preach the doctrine of the Presbyterian Church, he still tried to hold to the honors, titles and emoluments of that Church, and I honor the Presbyterian Church for driving him from its ministry.

Again, Dr. Briggs knows as well as he knows his own name, that the doctrine of the inspiration of the Holy Scriptures is as much a doctrine of the Protestant-Episcopal as it is of the Presbyterian Church, and in my judgment he is simply a moral sneak thief in trying to get into the ministry of the Episcopal Church, when he does not hold to the doctrine or the conditions of its ministry.

It does not alter or palliate his case at all to say, as we all know, that lots of Episcopal ministers are as heretical, even from the standards of their own Church, as Dr. Briggs is—another insincere heretic in the midst of them would not very largely increase the moral power, the spiritual force of the body; and as for Dr. Briggs, he has no more right to try to enter the ministry of the Episcopal Church than Bob Ingersoll has. When Dr. Briggs found himself at variance with the creed of his Church, his business was to get out of that Church and not try to make it weaker by his own falsehood. And when he found that he could not accept the defined dogmas of the Episcopal Church, he had better have cut his hand off than to play the sneak and try to enter that ministry. Of course, it is all a squabble among rebels of many generations—but even rebels have a right to organize for self-protection, and to say who shall or shall not enter the sacred precincts of their little rebeldom, and even a Protestant minister is expected to be an honest man.

In a word, I do not blame Dr. Briggs for being a heretic, but for this, that, being a heretic, he still persists in trying to exercise the rights and privileges of the ministry of churches that had condemned the very errors that he holds to. I blame him for his lack of manhood and honesty and not for his shallow, flimsy, and foolish notions of theology.

It will be noticed that in writing of Potter, Briggs & Co., in this instance I have nowhere used the term "priests" as applicable to Potter & Co., any more than to Briggs & Co. From the days when Queen Elizabeth laughed at her married and renegade priests with religious authority only from her subservient Parliament, the Episcopal Church has now and again tried to resume and assume some of the titles and honors and privileges lost when Henry VIII. set himself up as the head of the Church of England and placed that body in absolute rebellion and schism toward the old and only divine authority of the Roman Catholic Church, and in these days to have and hear of a chap like Bishop Potter, so-called, who is better known as chaplain of the trust companies and the obsequious slave of the shoddy rich people of New York, to have this gentleman posing as a "*priest*" or pretending to have authority or power to make a "*priest*" out of a man like Briggs or any other man, is too funny and contemptible for laughter. But the religious editor of the *New York Herald*, in which a good deal of this priest babble has recently appeared, was always a mountebank in religious matters, and likes to pander to the silly conceits of the Episcopal Priesthood & Co. There is no priest in the Episcopal Church throughout the world, and people who have any right to express an opinion on this head know that I am speaking the truth.

The only plan for Dr. Briggs, if he still wants to preach, is to go to the Unitarians. Their God, their creed, their notions of the Scriptures change about every seven years, in accordance with Emerson's notion of the science of belief, and Briggs might do a lot of good among the pigmy factions that still linger in the Socinian fold. If they will not have him there he had better seek a job as first assistant religious editor to George Hepworth on the *New York Herald*. He might write Hepworth's sermons

for the *Herald* and improve on them. With Hepworth for Pope, Briggs might fling in all the higher criticisms and new theologies, cosmogonies and modern moralities that James Gordon Bennett could find it in his manly and virtuous heart and mind to approve, but for God's sake keep out of the orthodox ministry, Dr. Briggs, or get your own heart and soul converted to the truth—a thousand Bishop Potters can't make a priest of you, though they may make you a weaker hypocrite than you are to-day.

Broad Churchism, under the leadership of such men as Matthew Arnold, played out Dr. Briggs's little game of Christian skepticism on a much larger scale in England nearly fifty years ago. The movement there had splendid scholarship back of it and much literary ability and skill. Indeed the movement there had much and sincere piety at the heart of it, but the Christian church even of Protestantism has long since condemned Broad Churchism, while the inspiration given to many sincere men in the Church of England by the great steps taken by Newman, Manning, Ward and Faber, has developed a class of earnest men in the English Church and in like manner in the Protestant Episcopal Church in this country, that is, the affair that wanted to call itself the "American Church" a year or two ago. But Broad Churchism in England and Brooksism, that is a sort of emotional socinianism in this country such as Briggs represents, have never passed for true Christianity in the better judgment of Protestant orthodoxy, and as for making *priests* out of such gentlemen, the Lord deliver us from such idiocy.

If Dr. Briggs does not like the shifting Christlessness of Unitarianism, let him put himself under the instruction of some good priest and seek God's direction, and inside of a twelvemonth he will know the difference between Credo and non-Credo and may at last find rest for his restless and poorly balanced understanding.

WILLIAM HENRY THORNE.

IRISH DEVOTION TO MARY.

CATHOLIC devotion to Mary is grounded, first, on her great dignity as Mother of God and the close relation which she has thereby with Jesus Christ, her Son, for how is it possible to love and honor Christ with our whole heart, and not esteem and love His blessed Mother?

Secondly, it is grounded on that supereminent grace which was bestowed on her to prepare her for that dignity, on account of which she was saluted by the Angel Gabriel (St. Luke, i., 28) as "full of grace" (which the translators of James's Bible, "who," according to Challenor, "were no great friends of the Blessed Virgin," misconstrued by "highly favored"); and both by the angel and St. Elizabeth (St. Luke, i., 42) she is styled "blessed among women."

Thirdly, it is grounded on her extraordinary sanctity, for, if she was full of grace before she conceived in her womb the fountain of all grace, to what a degree of sanctity and grace must she not have arrived during her subsequent terrestrial career, especially since she bore during nine months in her womb the Author of all sanctity, and had Him during thirty years under her roof, there ever contemplating Him and His heavenly mysteries (St. Luke, ii., 19-51), and on her part never making the slightest show of resistance to the many graces with which He continually inundated her happy soul.

Fourthly, our devotion to Mary is grounded on that supereminent degree of heavenly glory with which God now honors her in proportion to her grace and sanctity here on earth and the great influence she has with her blessed Son and through Him with His Heavenly Father.

Devotion to Mary is strongly warranted in Scripture, as we can see by her own canticle (St. Luke, i., 48), wherein she said: "Behold, from henceforth all generations shall call me blessed." If she was to be called blessed by the faithful of all future generations, she was worthy of their veneration. But, if she was worthy of their veneration, she was worthy of their devotion.

Therefore she was worthy of their devotion. I could adduce many other passages from Holy Writ to clearly show on what a solid Scriptural foundation our devotion to Mary rests, but I deem it unnecessary to do so here, as I am writing for those within the household of faith.

Now with regard to character of the honor or worship to be extended to Mary, the Church considers no honor that can be given to any pure creature, too great for the Blessed Virgin ; but at the same time, being aware that there is an infinite distance between her and God, she is far from offering sacrifice to her, or paying her any worship that belongs to God alone. We may also state that whatever she bestows on the mother, she refers to the glory of the soul as the chief motive and end of all the devotions held in her honor. Thus far the doctrine of the devotion to Mary. Now before coming to our subject, we will take a cursory glance at the devotion, itself, as exemplified in various lands.

Asia claims the honor of having first set up oratories and chapels under the invocation of Mary. The oldest of those sanctuaries was that of Our Lady of Tortosa, on the coast of Phœnicia, which, according to Oriental tradition, was founded by St. Peter himself. We are informed by Hegesippus, the father of ecclesiastical history, and who is frequently quoted by Eusebius, that the first Syrian churches were but very simple structures, having roofs of cedar, the chief wood of the country, and trellised windows. The altar turned to the west, like that of Jerusalem, and a screen of open woodwork enclosed the choir, in memory of the celebrated veil of the temple. There were crosses in these churches, and ere long, likewise images of Mary, since tradition clearly enunciates that her form was depicted upon one of the pillars of the beautiful church of Lydda, which her adopted son had dedicated to her. We are informed likewise by Hegesippus that St. Luke presented to the Cathedral of Antioch a portrait of the Blessed Virgin painted by himself. This picture, to which it was confidently asserted that the Mother of God had attached many graces, became so famous that in after days the Empress Pulcheria transferred it to Constantinople, where she built a magnificent church for its reception.

According to Eusebius, Edessa had also in the first century its church of Our Lady, which contained a miraculous image of her. Egypt boasts of having had about the same time its church of Our Lady of Alexandria, and the Spanish Saragossa, then called Cæsar Augusta, prides herself on having possessed then also its celebrated sanctuary of Our Lady del Pilar.

But we are informed that no part of the world at that time welcomed devotion to Mary with more heartfelt enthusiasm than Asia Minor. Ephesus, where the memory of the Blessed Virgin was still fresh, soon built in honor of Mary a superb cathedral in which a famous council was held in the fifth century establishing her beautiful title of Mother of God.

This example was soon followed from one end to the other of that immense Roman Province. Phrygia Christianized forgot her Trojan deities whom Homer chanted, Cappadocia effaced from her memory the thought of feeding the sacred fires that the sun adoring Persians had enkindled beside the elegant temples of the deities of Greece ; and the caverns which formerly had lent their gloomy recesses to the bloody mysteries of Mithra, became, during the subsequent religious persecutions, which nowhere raged with greater fury than among the Greek colonies, places of refuge for the Christians and their proscribed God. At last the gods of Greece, those indigenous deities sprung from the bright foam of the Aegean sea, born beneath the whispering palm trees of the Cyclades, or cradled in the shade of the woods which crown the lofty mountains of Crete, were abandoned for the God who died on Calvary, and also for the Virgin of Nazareth. So utterly forgotten were those pagan deities, that Pliny the Younger, on his arrival in Bithynia, of which he had just been appointed governor, wrote to Trajan that Christianity had invaded not only the cities, but the country so that he had found the temples of the gods of the empire forsaken. (Plin. lib. x., epist. 97.)

Nor was Greece, that brilliant home of letters and art, remiss in honoring Mary. In the time of St. Paul, Corinth, where grace and freedom, like an expiring lamp, cast its last gleams before it was extinguished, was almost entirely converted to the cause of Christ.

Having thus spoken of devotion in the East, it behooves us to speak however briefly, of the devotion to Mary in the West. We all know with what difficulties the first Christians had to contend in Italy, how they were misrepresented, how they were accused of being the cause of every mishap that befell the empire, how they were tortured by fire, how their limbs were torn piecemeal by instruments that inflicted on them the most excruciating pain, and how they were mangled by wild beasts in the arena "to make a show for a Roman holiday," yet we are aware that through the intervention of divine grace, they preserved their faith in its integrity and entirety, and cherished an ardent devotion to Christ and His Blessed Mother. The rude frescoes representing Jesus and Mary, that can yet be seen in the catacombs of Naples and Rome, bear mute but forcible testimony to the divine love with which they were inflamed and to the devotion which they cherished. We are told that the Roman Christian matrons who frequented the assemblages of prayer in those grim and hidden caverns, afterwards, when they emerged into the light of day, wore ornaments of emerald, cornelian and sapphire, engraved in the image of Mary, so that when intermingling with the pagan crowds in the pursuit of their daily avocations, they could recognize each other. Furthermore, we are informed that at the hour of their death they were wont to bequeath them to their daughters as family heirlooms, and at the same time as symbols of their faith. Besides these religious ornaments which enabled the Christian women to discern each other, they exposed among flowers upon their domestic altars where the Lares and Penates had long held sway, little statues of silver and gold representing Christ, the Blessed Virgin or the Apostles. These statues, which if discovered, would have sent the whole family to the amphitheatre, were generally so diminutive in size as to be easily put out of sight at the first signal of danger, or even to be hidden about their persons.

What we have said regarding devotion to Mary, shows conclusively that it goes back to the remotest days of Christian antiquity, and that it was deepseated in the minds of the followers of Christ long before St. Patrick brought the saving truths of Christianity to Ireland, despite what certain carpers, who are not

of our faith, Usher included, may say to the contrary. St. Patrick, from his ingress into the island in 432, impressed upon his hearers the beauty of holy virginity, and held up Mary as the type and model of all female excellence, so that among his earliest converts were virgins who consecrated themselves to the service of God, and taking the Blessed Virgin as their model sought to reenact in their lives the virtues which were so characteristic of her, and which must be ever dear to her heart. The Apostle of Ireland seems almost to lack words to express his esteem of one of these maiden converts and early children of Mary in Ireland, with whose name we are unfamiliar, but who belonging to the highest rank, was adorned with all mental and bodily gifts, and renounced all the happiness that the world could bestow upon her, to follow with Mary in our Saviour's path of trial and obscurity. (St. Patrick's Confessions.)

Mary's name became a prayer on the lips of every Irishman and so it has remained to the present day. The very novelists who sneer at them, bear tribute, though unwillingly, to this enduring devotion to Mary, which characterizes the Irish, for they make them constantly utter the word "Wirrah," the Irish for Mary. The domestic salutation even embraced the name of Mary. To this day, when giving utterance to their thoughts through the medium of the Irish language, they greet each other with those sweet words, "God and Mary be with you!" And the reply contains it as well, "God and Mary and Patrick be with you!" (Moran's Essays on the Early Irish Church, page 239.) We are informed that the early Irish on becoming Catholic, adopted but few foreign names, which fact is completely at variance with the custom of the natives of other countries. The names of the Apostles, St. Martin of Tours and a few others were almost the only ones they assumed from outside sources. However, following out the genius of their own mellifluous language, they composed a series of names from *Giolla* or *Maol*, client or servant, many of which still exist as family names. *Gildea*, *Gilchrist*, *Gillise* signify servants of God, of Christ, of Jesus. So widespread was devotion to Mary that *Giolla*, *Muire* and *Maolmuine* immediately became favorite Irish family names. The first exists as *Gilmory*, *Gilmore*, *Gelmuir*. The latter has been strangely metamorphosed into various shapes.

Several churches in Ireland dedicated to the Blessed Virgin, claim to have been founded by her national apostle himself. The Yellow Tower of Trine, as the ancient ruin is now called, which is in reality but part of a tall steeple, marks the site of a famous abbey said to have been founded by St. Patrick and dedicated by him to our Blessed Lady. But the Irish soil is strewn with ruins, and the temporal structures raised in honor of Mary, have perished more easily than devotion to Mary, our Lady, which, together with the vital truths of faith, St. Patrick and his fellow missionaries implanted in the hearts of the first converts.

A nation given to music and piety naturally shaped their devotion by those tastes. Consequently, hymns to Mary are among the earliest monuments extant in the Irish language. It is asserted by competent authorities, that the early Latin hymns ending in rhyme, were of Irish origin. But the monuments of the primitive devotion in Ireland to the Blessed Virgin are not confined alone to those hymns, sung in the churches and household oratories of the land. Erin gave to the universal church one of the earliest Christian poets, who employed the muses of Virgil and Ovid in extolling the praises of the living God. The poems of Sheil, an Irish poet whose name by a wonderful stretch of imagination was metamorphosed into the Latin form Sedulius, were received with enthusiastic applause, and they have held the first rank in Christian poetic literature down to the present day. So devout was he to the Blessed Virgin, so often did the holy daughter of David, herself the grandest and noblest poetess of the New Testament, inspire the muse of Sheil, that his hymns in honor of Mary formed treasure whence the whole Church drew canticles to give grace and beauty to the offices of the Church. We may remark incidentally, that his "*Carmen Paschale*" beginning: "*Et velut e spinis mollis rosa surgit acuta,*" attests how early and how widespread in Ireland was the belief in the Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin.

The Litany as a form of prayer to the Blessed Virgin is very probably of Irish origin, and like the rhymed Latin hymn it was wafted from the Isle of Saints to the continent, whence it was heralded to the remotest confines of Christendom. The oldest litany of the Blessed Virgin, of which we have any cognizance,

is that discovered by O'Curry in 1862 in the *Leabhar Breac*, a venerable manuscript of the Royal Irish Academy. Its discovery created a world-wide sensation at the time, as it clearly proved the antiquity of the Irish devotion to Mary. It differs somewhat as to its contents, from, and is known to antedate the present form of prayer so generally used. It is well ascertained that in A.D. 725, the recitation of it formed part of the daily devotional exercises of St. Berchan's community at Clousost in the present King's County. A learned and venerable Jesuit father, who had long been a professor of the Sacred Sciences of Montauban in France, after having received a Latin translation of it, thus wrote:

MONTAUBAN, 3 Fevrier, 1879.

Les antiques Litanies de la Catholique Erine m'ont vivement intéressé. Voila encore une des mille reponses anse ineptes sottises de l'heresie. (Such as the theory of St. Patrick's being a Protestant here alluded to.)

Ce monument est d'un grand prise. Nous en avons fait faire la traduction francaise, elle sera utile à la piété des fidèles, et très opportune dans la controverse de cultu sanctorum.

DAMASE PUJOL, S.J.

We are glad to state that this beautiful and venerable litany is once more circulating among the faithful in Ireland. The late Pius IX., by a brief dated September 5, 1862, bestowed 100 days indulgence on all the faithful permanently or temporarily residing in Ireland, every day they would devoutly recite that prayer.

The early Irish Church observed all the great festivals of Mary, and recent researches show that the votaries of the Blessed Virgin in the Clan-na-Gael, celebrated some festivals in her honor, which were not common in the continent till a much later date, and in the introduction of which further investigation may trace the influence of the zealous children of Mary sent forth from the Isle of Saints.

On the third day of May in the earliest period, the Irish Church celebrated the feast of the Immaculate Conception, as we see by the Martyrology of Yallagh, which, every student of Irish history

knows, was composed before the year 800, that is, before the close of the reign of Charlemagne. In the metrical calendar of the learned and saintly Aenghus Ceile, it is styled "the Great Festival of the Blessed Virgin," and the Bollandists in their erudite "*Acta Sanctorum*," give a prominent place under that early day in the month of Mary, to the honor thus rendered her in the primitive Irish Church.

We may add that, according to Lanigan, the festival of the Visitation of the Blessed Virgin was celebrated on the 18th of December in Ireland at a period when there is not the slightest trace of its solemnization in any of the continental churches. Churches dedicated to the Blessed Virgin dot the soil of Ireland, many of them dating back to the very earliest period of Christianity, and which are ascribed by popular tradition to St. Patrick, or his immediate successor. They were not edifices dedicated to Our Lady of Hope, or of Consolation, as we see in other countries, but they were simply dedicated to the Blessed Virgin, affixing to that title the name of the place. Thus it is said they reached the Irish heart with a power peculiar to themselves. To the early Irish she was ever present in thought; in no other land was there ever a church reared which was dedicated to "the Son of the Virgin." Yet such an edifice was erected in Ireland near Bray, and it still retains the name Kilmacanogue, which has that signification in the Celtic language.

Another class of spots consecrated to Mary was the Wells. Of these the most conspicuous was the celebrated Well of Swords, which, according to the most reliable testimony, was dedicated to Mary by that great and typical Irish saint, Columbkille, in the early part of the sixth century. This well, consecrated by so many prayers there offered to Mary, and famous by the favors that she accorded to those of her votaries that visited its precincts, is now, sad to relate, completely neglected, overgrown with weeds, nay, even in a stagnant condition. It is well known that the female saints who flourished in Ireland were always compared to Mary as the highest type of excellence in womanhood. Moran, in his "*Essays on the early Irish Church*," page 230, informs us that St. Bridget was styled "the Mary of the Irish," and that as the old saying ran, "*Christianus*

alter Christus," a Christian should be another Christ, so, also, it was considered incumbent on an Irish maiden to be another Mary. According to Lanigan, vol. iii., p. 20, an early writer of the life of St. Bridget, says : "There are two holy virgins in heaven, who may undertake my protection, Mary and St. Bridget, on whose aid let each of us depend." This Irish saint is also represented by our writers long, long gone by, as joining her prayers with those which the Blessed Virgin is continually offering up for the souls detained in purgatory.

The hereditary devotion of the land is clearly evinced by St. Malachi, the intimate and friend of the great St. Bernard, the glory of his age, the ornament of the Church universal, and the author of the life of that noble hearted son of Ireland. He was interred far from his native shores in the chapel of the Blessed Virgin at Clairvaux "where," as St. Bernard tells us, "it had been his delight to spend long hours in prayer." According to Messingham one of the last public acts of St. Laurence O'Toole, who did so much to repel the invasion of the English, and thereby prevent them from reducing Ireland to a barbarous and un-Christian condition, was to erect a new church in Dublin "to the honor of God and the Blessed Virgin Mother."

We are told that the Canons Regular, who came to Ireland from the Continent in the wake of the English, loved Mary most tenderly, and that they entered heartily into the Irish devotion to her, nay that they gave new splendor to the shrines where the native inhabitants had so long been accustomed to venerate her. Trine, which, ever since the days of St. Patrick, had been a chosen sanctuary of Mary, became the objective point of one of the most famous pilgrimages of Europe. From the days of King Laoghaire, church after church erected on the ground given by that monarch, had received Mary's clients, as they came on pilgrimages through each successive age. But now it was restored to a grandeur which it had never previously attained, and the statue of our Lady, it is recorded, became the instrument of many miracles. Irish annals mention countless surprising cures of the blind, the deaf, the lame who had gone there to seek relief for their ills. The statue of the Blessed Virgin of Trine received recognition at the hands of law givers ; and the parliaments which

excluded from the rights of humanity all but five Irish families, scrupulously respected the famous effigy at Trine, and all the estates, rights and prerogatives accruing to it. In laws passed concerning affairs at Trine, a clause was invariably inserted, safeguarding the rights of the Blessed Virgin of Trine. In 1464, Edward IV. passed an act for setting up as a national offering, a wax taper to be burnt perpetually before this image of the Blessed Virgin amid the ex-votos of every kind, which at her shrine attested the gratitude of those who had received the comfort and relief sought in fervent prayer. On the feast of the Blessed Virgin, this act provided for four additional tapers to be burnt there during the Masses.

Still more important was the provision made for the protection of the pilgrims. Though civil strife still raged, and the men of the Pale were often engaged in deadly conflict with the Irish, and the tide of war swept along the Blackwater and the Boyne, yet the pilgrims to Mary's shrine were always free from molestation. This statue threw its protecting shield around them, making it a felony to harass or even to discommode, under any pretext, a pilgrim journeying to the shrine of the Blessed Virgin of Trine, or returning thence to his distant home. (Archall's *Monasticon* p. 577.)

Not far from this ancient sanctuary so hallowed from its history and associations, another grew up in the Abbey of Navan then in the hands of the Canons Regular, which became famous throughout the length and breadth of the land. In 1450, Pope Nicholas V. granted indulgences to all persons undertaking a pilgrimage to it, or contributing to its repairs or adornment. Four years later the Irish parliament protected by law, pilgrims to the shrine at Navan, as it had those to that of Trine, and went even farther, exempting from arrest or molestation in any way, while on a pilgrimage to or from it, those patriotic sons of Ireland, who had endeavored and were yet willing, to drive the English adventurers from their native shores.

So far we have spoken of devotion to Mary in Ireland, during those halcyon days when Catholicism bore sway everywhere. Now it is incumbent on us to exhibit some of the evil effects of Luther's "Reformation," which according to the erudite author

of "A Sure Way to Find the True Religion," he started in accordance with the suggestions and advice of an authority far from celestial. Henry VIII., "of uxorious and unhappy memory," not content with despoiling the shrine of St. Thomas a Becket, and the monasteries, the homes of piety, charity and, learning in England, resolved to adopt a similar policy towards Ireland. Then for the first time in her history, that land so true to the teachings and traditions of St. Patrick, and so tenacious of the faith of Christ, experienced in her inmost soul the keenest pangs brought on by English misrule, because her religion was tampered with, and jeopardized. In 1539, a force sent in accordance with his orders, by Ormored and apostate Browne, invaded the long revered sanctuary of Our Lady of Trine. The splendid and rich offerings of the princes of Celtic, Norman or English origin, were torn away from the ancient shrine. The altar was stripped of its sumptuous decorations, with a barbarity worthy of the Huns or Vandals, the chalices and other plate were sacrilegiously carried off, and finally the statue itself, amid the groans and cries and execrations of the people who thronged around the armed force sent to protect the banditti engaged in their nefarious and sacrilegious occupation, was torn from the spot where it had been so long revered. Then it was carried out into the public street, where to the horror and dismay of the spectators, it was reduced to ashes. We are told by Lacy that those impious wretches used as fuel for that flagitious purpose, whatever sacred object was within their reach, whether it was an ancient missal, or precious manuscript, works that the antiquarian and Christian at the present day would prize far beyond their weight in gold. We are prone to think that if they formed part of the hordes of Omar, he would have given them prominent positions, so as to utilize their services when he was consigning to the flames the works of the Alexandrian library, and thereby bringing upon himself the execration of all future ages.

The next to fall was that of Navan. The same ruthless miscreants profaned Mary's sanctuary in this place, destroyed by fire the sacred image, and proceeded to enrich themselves by plundering and appropriating the pious offerings of centuries.

The churches, we are told, were utterly denuded of their valuables, reduced to a ruinous condition, and then sold, although according to an author of note, "They realized for the royal treasury less than what would then have been paid for a good horse."

The work of devastation had begun. Every Madonna in Ireland was doomed to destruction by the minions of "Old Harry" as Cobbett calls him. Most of them fell into the hands of the spoiler, although undoubtedly some were rescued in time by pious hands and hidden away in the hope that a better day would soon dawn for the oppressed and afflicted church of St. Patrick. But, too often the pious guardians of the statues passed away, and the places of their concealment were forgotten as happened to the ark of the covenant after the Balylonian captivity. Among the few that escaped the iconoclastic fury of Henry's Huns at this melancholy period of history, was a famous statue of our Lady, long preserved in the Dominican church of Our Lady of Thanks at Youghal, the almost solitary Madonna of the days preceding the great pagan upheaval when the English began to lose the Christian faith once more as their forefathers had done in the days of Diocletian. This statue we are informed, was long preserved with a scrupulous and religious care by the Dominicans, amid the trials and troubles of the afflicted Church, as a memento of those halcyon days before the breath of heresy tainted the sacred air of Ireland.

For many years throughout the length and breadth of the Isle ever faithful to the Church, there was no shrine for Mary but the hearts of a devoted people whose love for her could never be effaced by the most exquisite tortures of fiendish persecutions. The scapular of the Blessed Virgin around each neck, was their badge of Catholicity; liveried servants of Mary, they could not be disowned by her Divine Son. During long and weary and sad years, the recitation of the rosary was the most cherished practice of the children of Ireland, and it was that which was especially effective in preserving them in the faith. This is one more proof of the correctness of the assertion of St. Bernard, that those that implore the aid of Mary, never do so in vain. The beads aptly symbolized their chains and tears. The

sorrowful mysteries, calling to their minds the Man of Sorrows and His Dolorous Mother, were subjects of meditation meet indeed for a people entering upon a course of martyrdom unexampled in history, and which even the dreams of the pagan Roman emperors never surpassed nor even equalled in the exquisiteness of torture invented for the votaries of Christ. It is true that the storms of persecution were lulled occasionally, but if they were, it was only that they might break out again with renewed vehemence, vigor and intensity.

In the year 1611, when Elizabeth of Jezebel-like memory, had closed her eyes in death and received her reward, such as it was, a statue of the Blessed Virgin in Coleraine, was the recipient of much veneration from the faithful. Finally, the respect and attention paid to it, and the heartfelt devotion manifested by the worshipers in its presence, roused the demon in the heart of the Protestant Bishop Babington. O'Sullivan Beare says: "Babington gave orders that the Madonna should be pulled down and burned. His sacrilegious minions had scarcely set themselves to perform this iniquitous task, when they fell dead. Successive efforts to set the statue on fire or to destroy it, were equally ineffectual. It remained divinely preserved, despite all their efforts to the contrary, whilst the bishop himself was overwhelmed with terror, and being seized with illness, expired. This occurred in the month of September, 1611." (O'Sullivan Beare, *Historia Catholica*, pp. 287-8). This proves, to say the very least, that we do not always tempt God impunely. However, it is but one of the many instances which I could adduce of the Divine vengeance having visited the perpetrators of English sacrilegious deeds in Ireland.

Having already attained the limits assigned for this article we feel reluctantly compelled to bring it to a close. We would fain expatiate on Irish devotion to Mary during the intervening years down to the present, but lack of space prevents us from so doing. However we cannot fail to make special mention of that grand devotee of the Blessed Virgin, Nauo Nagle, the modern Mary of Ireland.

She in conjunction with a few generous and pious ladies formed themselves in 1777, in to a little community, and thus

originated the Order of Presentation Nuns. These daughters of Mary were to be bound only by annual vows. Their vocation and duty were to seek out the poor girls of their vicinity, gather them together and instruct them, instilling into their minds the principles of religion, relieving their wants, and in providing them, when necessary, with suitable homes. Soon after their organization, their services were held in such high repute, that they were sought for from every part of Ireland, so that at present it can be said that the ramifications of their Institute extended to every place of note throughout the length and breadth of the land. I can speak somewhat from my own experience of those devoted children of Nauo Nagle. Well do I remember the saintly Mother Hearnnett, who was, many years ago, superioress of the Presentation Convent in my native castle island. Well do I remember how she and the members of her fervent community gave themselves up to works of beneficence, by relieving the wants of the poor, consoling the afflicted, instructing the ignorant and by imbuing the minds of their pupils with love for Mary and a love for God. The destroying hand of time and a long period of exile have never been able to efface from my memory the impression which those devoted servants of Christ then made on my youthful mind. However, I do not wish to be understood as meaning or insinuating that they ranked in piety or in works of beneficence to their neighbors, above the members of the other Presentation communities in Ireland or even in the United States.

REV. C. O'SULLIVAN.

Machias, Maine.

A LOT OF NEW BOOKS.

LEGAL FORMULARY OR A COLLECTION OF FORMS TO BE USED IN THE EXERCISE OF VOLUNTARY AND CONTENTIOUS JURISDICTION. By the Rev. Peter A. Baart, A.M., S.T.L. Fr. Pustet & Co. New York.

A CRUISE UNDER THE CRESCENT FROM SUEZ TO SAN MARCO.

- By Charles Warren Stoddard. Chicago and New York. Rand, McNally & Co.
- THE CURÉ OF ST. PHILIPPE. A story of French-Canadian Politics. By Francis W. Grey. London. Digby, Long & Co.
- THE WOODLEY LANE GHOST AND OTHER STORIES. By Madeleine Vinton Dahlgren. Philadelphia. Drexel Biddle.
- IN CLOISTERS DIM. By Charles Curtz Hahn. Omaha. Neb. Burkley Printing Co.
- TALES TOLD IN A COUNTRY STORE AND ACCOMPANYING VERSE. By Rev. Alvin Lincoln Snow. Chester, Iowa. The Snow Publishing Co.
- MOTHER AND OTHERS, POEMS. By Wilfrid J. Dorward. With Numerous Half-tones from the Author's Photographs. The Sentinel Co. Milwaukee.
- CATHOLIC PRACTICE AT CHURCH AND AT HOME. By Rev. Alexander L. A. Klauder. 1898. Angel Guardian Press. Boston, Mass.
- THE PROMISE OF MORNING. By Henry Coyle. Boston. Angel Guardian Press. 1899.
- SHADOWS ON THE WALL. A book of Negro Heads, in black and white, with descriptive verse. By Howard Weeden. Second edition. Huntsville, Alabama. Howard Weeden. 1899.

Of the foregoing list of books, Rev. Father Baart's *Legal Formulary* is perhaps of first importance to priests and to such students of Catholic ecclesiasticism as desire to be accurate in their knowledge of such matters. Like the *Roman Court*, by the same author, which I noticed in the December, 1898, GLOBE REVIEW, this book is admirable alike in the importance and variety of its information and the clearness with which said information is given to the public. The book is just what its title indicates: a brief but ample rendering mostly in English of the various formulas whereby prelates and priests should always be governed in their official relations and dealings one with another.

While reading Father Baart's admirable book I became more and more convinced of the infallible wisdom of the final rulings

of Rome, not only in matters of dogma and morals, which of course are not discussed in this book, but also in matters of ecclesiastical discipline, and it is clear as day to me that if the exactitudes of these rulings were followed in the spirit of brotherly charity the world would be spared all those wretched scandals that grow up especially between priests and their bishops by reason of the overbearing tyranny so often exercised by the latter alike regardless of law, of reason and of charity.

In giving the Roman law and definitions as to what constitutes a parish in the Roman Catholic sense, and then in giving the decisions of the first, second and third Plenary Councils of Baltimore bearing on the same theme, our author cannot help revealing the fact, that our American prelates have persistently tried to put off the time when all these matters in the United States shall come under the rulings of the Council of Trent, and the animus of their action is as plain as the action itself, viz.: to retain as long as possible, and as fully as possible, that arbitrary individual power, which came to them as incidental to the fact that this is still a missionary country in the eyes of the Roman Catholic law.

The same suppressed conflict and tendency are also noticeable in reading Father Baart's treatment of the question of movable and irremovable pastors or rectors. It were easy to name a half a dozen scandals arising between prelates and priests in the United States during the last ten years, wherein alike by the largeness and importance of the parishes, the length and faithfulness of the services of the priests in charge, and the love and regard of the people of said parishes for their priests, said priests should have been held as irremovable, except for such grave crimes as have never been charged against them, and even then they should have been removed only by the most careful and painstaking methods of trial.

As I read these legal formulas, I consider Baart more satisfactory than Smith on these matters. The Holy Roman Church, spite of the tyrants and scoundrels that have often disgraced her official dignities, is as pure and true of heart as she is wise and comprehensive of head. It is not to show her power that she enacts many and careful laws, but, like the laws of God and nature, her rulings are enacted in love and justice, in consideration for the souls and the human rights of her children.

Like the Sabbath, the Church is made and governed for man, not man for the Church ; hence we love her next to God, and we must ever discriminate between her erring children, no matter how exalted, and that divine order which challenges the respect of all the world. Like his *Roman Court*, this book must be read carefully to be understood. In the matter of benefices, of ecclesiastical titles and precedence, Father Baart is just as clear as in the matters already referred to, and I fancy that one of these days, when the Catholic Church in the United States is more perfectly organized than it is to-day, when matters are placed more carefully under the laws described in this book, and are left less to the arbitrary rulings and whims of individual prelates, the Church will realize a harmony and a power that she can hardly expect in the present comparatively chaotic order of things.

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I am such a passionate lover of beautiful writing that it is difficult for me to speak with due moderation of my unqualified admiration for the unrivaled literary work of Charles Warren Stoddard. His prose is more beautiful than most men's poetry, and he is always inimitable in his works of travel. His attempts at story writing, as far as known to me, are moderate failures. The man seems to need the text of nature in her infinite variety of incidental cloud and sunshine and human companionship, not as created by the imagination, but as seen and felt and experienced in his wandering life, to give perfect inspiration to his pen. His *South Sea Idyls* is a classic among all lovers of the truly beautiful in modern literature; what is more, there is no other book in our language that approaches it in its own chosen sphere.

After writing that book it might truly have been said of Stoddard, as some Boston critics kindly said of the first issue of the *GLOBE REVIEW* nearly ten years ago, that his chief task would be to keep equal with himself, and now, after many years, comes *A Cruise Under the Crescent*, by the same author, if anything, more beautiful, and certainly more informational and more brilliantly reflective than the book first named.

During the last forty years I have read at least a dozen excellent books, and have listened to no end of lectures descriptive

of travel in Egypt and the Holy Land; hence, when I first opened Stoddard's *Cruise Under the Crescent* my heart failed me, for I love the man, and did not want him to be wasting his powers on this threadbare theme, but it is true of genius, as has been said of sunlight, that the humblest things look radiant beneath its vivifying touch and power, and this last is the most beautiful of all the books on the subject treated therein.

Having been charmed with it myself, I gave a copy to a young lady friend, and here is her comment in a letter thanking me for the book: "Stoddard, God bless him! but he writes beautifully. I am reading his journeys through the Holy Land, and, believe me, I actually feel myself carried, body and soul, along the different highways and byways that he describes, and, O dear! the people with whom he has come in contact! I feel as if I knew them all." And this, I think, will be the verdict of any one who is fortunate enough to read the book.

For my own part I was quite as much impressed by the apt and frequent quotation from Scripture, and the association of scriptural and classical events with the many places described in this book, as I was with its beautiful descriptions, and all this not in the spirit of pious cant, nor in the dry-as-dust manner of the average classical scholar, but all as if it were as natural for the author to write well and wisely of these things, as it is for him to describe any scene with captivating beauty.

This indeed is the secret of Stoddard's power. He says the most brilliant and beautiful things as if it were as natural and easy for him to say them as it is to breathe.

Another thing should be said in praise of this excellent work, that, though the author is a Catholic, and notwithstanding the fact that the pages beginning with the 149th, descriptive of St. Stephen's Gate in the Holy City, and depicting the stations of the cross until we feel as if we were treading again in the very footprints of those sacred feet that made our world divine, are the most perfect in all the book and full of Catholic devotion, nevertheless the entire book is one that Protestants will read as gladly as Catholics. In a word, it is a book for all lovers of truth and beauty, regardless of nationality and regardless of creed. May God speed it on its mission of loveliness, and ever bless the gifted author for the work he has done so well.

As Mr. Francis W. Grey, the author of *The Curé of St. Philippe*, the third book on our list, has now and again written some very beautiful religious poems for the GLOBE REVIEW and as his article on Catholic Liberalism in Canada in the last GLOBE REVIEW was by all odds the most exhaustive treatment of the subject that has yet appeared in the English language, the editor of the GLOBE naturally felt well disposed toward Mr. Grey in his new departure as a novelist.

A great deal depends upon the title of a book and as the *Curé of St. Philippe* is rather a heavy title, and the curé himself hardly figures as the real hero of the story, the author can hardly be considered fortunate in his choice of a title. Again, while Mr. Grey's style as a poet is exalted and full of rich spiritual life, his style as a writer of prose, and especially noticeable in this story, is rather commonplace and tends to lag withal.

To compensate for these possible defects, Mr. Grey introduces the reader to a coterie of characteristic people representative of the different spheres of religion, politics, love and business, and in the disposition of his heroine proves the old, old story that love is a law unto itself and will not be dictated to by any of the ordinary considerations that influence men and women in the other spheres of life mentioned.

A person to whom I loaned the book in order to get his opinion of it, writes me that throughout Mr. Grey proves himself so true to the many-sided aspects of human nature treated, that one cannot avoid the impression that the author is writing from memory of actual persons rather than from imaginary characters, and adds that the *Curé of St. Philippe* is one of the truest and most interesting stories he has ever read. My own impression is, that although all this is true, Mr. Grey will hardly become a popular novelist, for all this the book may prove a great success and nothing would give me greater pleasure than to learn that this has proven the truth in the case.

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The republication of *The Woodley Lane Ghost* and other stories, by the late Mrs. Admiral Dahlgren, is, I suppose a part of that tribute of affection which the children of this gifted woman

resolved upon after her death. The stories have many passages of characteristic strength, and many fine touches of local coloring, but as one reads them even in the mellowed light of fond regard for the dead, it becomes evident that those lackings of literary power rather than faults of literary expression, which limited the writings of this excellent lady to a narrow circle during her life-time, will still hold and encircle these books published now in her memory and in honor of her. It is a beautiful tribute of affection, but we cannot by taking such thought add one cubit to the stature of others or to our own. Books that catch the eye of the world are somewhat different from this.

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The smallest, but, from a spiritual standpoint, the most beautiful of the group of books here under review, has the happy title, *In Cloisters Dim*, and comes from Omaha. In it the author traces the various experiences of a soul on its way from regions of doubt and sin till it reaches the faith of the Church, and describes, with rare touches of poetic feeling, the beautiful service of the Mass, as if from the abundance of his own profound enjoyment of this central service of the Church. Here and there throughout the book there are verses which prove beyond question that the author has also known the fine exquisiteness of human love. Here is a brief selection, called:

SIN.

“ At first like dainty, daisy chains,
Which children weave in happy hours,
It lays its fetters over us.
A chain, so light, so beautiful,
Its bands a child might break.

“ A few years and the chain becomes,
A little stronger—yet of gold;
'Twould grace a lady's neck, its links
A lady's hand could break.

" But years go by, the links have grown,
 The gold has changed to tempered steel.
 He lowly bends beneath the load,
 He fears to meet the gaze of men
 Because they see the chain he bears.
 Respect for self and manhood gone,
 Ideals, which once were his to turn
 Into the fairest of the reals,
 Forever gone—he slinks along.
 Too late with his own hand to rend
 The chains which bind him to his sin,
 Too late for friends to break the links
 And set him free, but one, the Christ,
 Now has the power to shatter them.
 Then loose our chains, O Lord,
 Though we be tied and bound."

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I do not know why the Reverend author of *Tales Told in a Country Store* should send his book to me for review, unless he has in some way discovered that while the editor of the *GLOBE* is apt to be severe with pretentious upstarts in literature, he is at the same time full of charity for all authors, no matter how distant from the great centres of culture, who have at least pure and noble aspirations even if their literary training has not made them perfect masters of the art of poetry.

In truth there are not a half a dozen writers in the United States to-day who are masters of the art of poetry, and if about ninety per cent of the scribblers of verses, especially such verses as appear in nearly all of our Catholic magazines and weekly papers, were waste basketed, body and soul, for once and all, it would be a silent blessing to mankind, but here are Mr. Snow's *Tales*, gotten up in red, white and blue, up-to-date, and full of a certain swing of rude and crude backwoods humor. I am not moved to quote any of Mr. Snow's poetry, though there is worse poetic stuff published every week, and people who have any hankering after Will Carlton humor with a touch of religious fervor thrown in may write to the Snow Publishing firm and get these *Tales* for themselves.

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I suppose that Mr. Dorward sent me his book, *Mother and Others*, because he knows of my regard for his gifted and aged

father, and his pious and devoted mother. The sons of B. I. Dorward, or Durward, as the father spells the name, are all gifted with poetic appreciativeness, but hardly with the gift of creative poetry. In the present book the author now and again makes near approaches to poetic power, but there is either a wrong feeling or a wrong word which spoils and breaks the approach toward true poetry. The author is really an artistic photographer, with aspirations toward poetry. His photographs in this book are perfectly beautiful specimens of that line of work and to that calling he should adhere.

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I have been much interested in and much instructed by the persual of Rev. Father Klauder's little book on Catholic practice at Church and at home. It offers new evidence, if such were needed, that the Catholic Church, in the great work of salvation intrusted to her has left no point imperfectly defined as to her methods of worship or of practical duty, and Father Klauder deserves great credit for the pains he has taken to make all these matters so plain that a child or a Protestant with his book at hand can readily understand them. The little book is already in its third edition, and having already received the commendation of so many representatives of the American Hierarchy, needs no word of mine in its praise. It gives me pleasure, however, to add my humble word of recognition, and to wish the author and his work every success and blessing.

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I am more than pleased to extend the right hand of greeting and welcome to the *Promise of Morning*, by Henry Coyle. Mr. Coyle is not a great poet. Indeed I cannot find it in mind and heart to say that he is a poet at all in any true sense of the term, but the various verses in this book prove that he is a sweet and pure and true and loyal soul, with the gift of putting many plain and homely thoughts into even rhyme. The book nowhere rises to any grandeur of thought, such as might justify its author's claim to the name of poet on that score, and nowhere grasps or utters the subtle and indefinable spirit that has always inspired the works

of true poetic genius. It lacks, in a word, grandeur, and that wingéd touch forever characteristic of true poetry. This, however, is speaking of the book in view of the highest standards of criticism, what some people, who manifest little knowledge of the art, still prate about as the "canons of criticism."

Viewed from the standpoint of the ordinary productions of poetry, Catholic and Protestant, in this land and in this generation, Mr. Coyle's volume is deserving alike of hearty welcome and much praise.

I have read nearly all the poems in the book, and had concluded to quote the sonnet called "The Poet is a Teacher" as perhaps the best thing in the volume, but I submitted the work to a friend who chose "A Changeless Friend" as more characteristic of the prevailing spirit of the author and his book; hence I quote it here, and, with the beautiful and time-old sentiment of this sonnet in our hearts, I bid the author and his book forever a god-speed and prosperity.

A CHANGELESS FRIEND.

I am thy friend through good report and ill,
 Through loss of fortune, trouble, grief and pain;
 Through days of sunshine and in storm and rain,
 Thy joy shall be my joy; my heart shall thrill
 With sadness for thy woe; my eyes shall fill
 With tears to soothe thy grief; oh, I would fain
 All thy perplexing cares unravel plain.
 Success or failure, I am thy friend still.

If thou through human weakness err, if shame
 Be of thy portion, fickle fortune frown,
 The world forsake thee, be not thou cast down,
 For, come what will, I still shall be the same.
 As changeless as the sea unto the end,
 Through all eternity I am thy friend.

* * * * *

People in love with art for art's sake or in love with the genius that produces real art, in this degenerate, mechanic and commercial era of the world, will welcome, love, and joy in the perfect work of Miss Weeden in her *Shadows on the Wall*.

Not only is the old negro, the capable, intelligent and com-

fortable old negro of the days of slavery passing out of history and out of the minds of men and women, his place being filled meanwhile by a good for nothing, stupid, conceited, over dressed and kid-gloved negro of our Northern cities in these days, but in fact the old negro has never been fairly and strongly represented, either in American art, so-called, or in American literature.

He has been lied about in literature of the Uncle Tom and Topsy sort, and he has been caricatured by troops of white and black negro minstrels, and still blacker so-called artists, but caricature is not portraiture. Any clever fool, with a knack for drawing faces in charcoal, or in pen and ink, can vary his caricature till he is weary, but portraiture demands alike a profound knowledge of the subjects handled, and the most conscientious and painstaking work in the execution.

This knowledge of the negro race and this painstaking and honorable loyalty to such labor as is necessary to reproduce the truth regarding the race, Miss Weeden has exhibited in this book as no man or woman has ever exhibited them before, and as the editor of the *GLOBE* worships truth and genius next to God, he urges every human being in hearing to buy this book. God has nursed this child in the lap of broken fortune until the simple truth regarding the negro as he was has turned her misfortune into genius that is more beautiful and of greater value than all the good fortune of the world. Success to *Shadows on the Wall*.

WILLIAM HENRY THORNE.

BIRTHPLACE OF ALEXANDER IV.

It is usually a work of supererogation to write in English with any detail about a feature in the life of a Pope. We are without authoritative general histories of the Papacy in the English language, and almost without authoritative particular biographies of the Popes, except for some borrowed materials which have lost greatly in the transfer. But, the history of the Papacy must be learned none the less, and every slightest contribution to it

may therefore have its propriety and its purpose. Some day, let us hope, an English-speaking scholar may fall under the fascination of Papal history as Gregorovius did, and as Ranke did.

The strong interest attaching to the modern part of the history of the Papacy, the vast extension of that history taken as a whole and other, probably similar causes, have produced this effect: that during modern times some even of the best of foreign Papal historians have confined their attention to the Popes of the centuries nearest to our own, as Ranke has done ; or have devoted themselves to a study of one period, as Pastor has done. Thus Ranke tells us with precision that Sixtus V. was born at Grottamare, but no historical work, even if English by translation only, can tell us where such a Pope as Alexander IV. was born.

Fortunately, a Catholic fellow-countryman of Papencordt, Ranke, Gregorovius and Pastor has devoted years to the preparation of a work which is now beginning to appear: *Geschichte Roms und der Päpste im Mittelalter*; Hartmann Grisar, S.J.

But, if a special interest, various in kind, attaches to the Pontiff of the centuries least distant from our own, a proportionate interest must also attach to the Pontiffs living nearest to, though earlier than, the fifteenth century, and above all, to those who played an important part in international politics of the eventful thirteenth century, which has been immortalized by Dante.

Such was Alexander IV., who, reigning from 1254 to 1261, intervened for peace between Denmark and Sweden ; dealt with Manfred for the removal of the Saracens whom Frederick II. had introduced into Italy; excommunicated Ezzelino; set impediments in the way of the election of Conradin; promoted a holy war against the Tartars; excommunicated and then pacified Brancaleone, of Bologna, the ally of Manfred; bestowed the title and insignia of kingship upon Tibaldo II. of Navarre; resisted, opposed and checked the advance of Ghibellinism and Imperialism on Italian soil.

To these political occurrences of his reign there might, of course, be added a long list of equally far reaching and *more important*

acts of spiritual jurisdiction, such as the approval of the Stigmata of St. Francis, the attempt at uniting the East and West, and the condemnation of the *De Periculis Novissimorum Temporum* of William of St. Amour. As to the place of his birth, there have been so far a vagueness, a considerable variety, and in consequence a general uncertainty of statement among modern and mediæval historians.

Some speak vaguely, as Baronius, who says: "genus . . . *Anagniae traxit*, he was of Anagni by family,"¹ Sandini, who calls him: "Alexander IV. Anagninus,"² and the contemporary historians, Niccolo de Curbis, who speaks of him as: "the Lord Bishop of Ostia, *Dominum R. Ostiensem Episcopum*"³ and Nicola de Jamsilla, who calls him: "*Dominum Rainaldum, aliis Raynundum Episcopum Ostiensem.*"⁴

Another class of historical writers, and the most numerous, using the term sometimes ambiguously and sometimes univocally assign Anagni as the place of his birth. Thus a writer of his own age, Matteo Spinelli, calls him: "*Papam Alexandrum Quartum de Anagnia,*"⁵ while the accurate Berti says: "*Patria illi Hernicorum caput Anagnia.*"⁶ Platina⁷ and Ughelli⁸ use similar forms of expression. The *Bullarium* of Cardinal Gaude and Tommassetti call him: "*Raynaldus Anagninus.*" M. Beaufort is still vaguer.⁹

A third class creates confusion. Thus Chacon says that Alex-

1. *Annales Subannò 1254.* Mansi, availing himself of later investigations, says: "*Raynaldus de Jenne quod oppidum est dioecesis Anagninae abbati Sublacense subjectum.*"

2. *Vitae; In vit Alex.*

3. *Vita livre IV. cap IV., tom III., Rer Ital script.* In a study on the authorities for this period of Papal history, published in the current issue of the *Archivio Romano di Storia Patria* (Fasc I-II., vol. XVI.) this author's name is proposed as Niccolo da Calvi. Some of the readings of the text quoted there have "R" for "Raynaldum" but none present any material for the solution of the present question.

4. *Historia de Rebus Gestis Friderici II.,* p. 542, tom VIII., *Rer Ital Script.*

5. *Epherimi des Neapolitanae; subanno, 255,* p. 1080, tom VII. *Rer Ital Script.*

6. *Brev., II.,* p. 87.

7. *In vit Alex.*

8. "*Anagninus, ex comitibus Signiae.*" No. 180, vol. I; *Italia Sacra.*

9. *Hist. des Papes,* vol. III., p. 291.

ander was "born at Sessa, a town of the Campagna Felice, his father being of Anagni." ¹ Nictorelli and Oldoini, the principal commentators of that great history of the Popes, have not added any corrections or observations.

Each of these classes of statement has created a school, while the fourth class has had the least influence in the formation of subsequent opinions. The obscurity of the question is chiefly due to the vagueness of contemporary historians. It is, doubtless, owing to this obscurity that we find nothing in such standard ecclesiastical historians as Dollinger,² Darras,³ Alzog,⁴ Henrion and Orsi.⁵

The fourth opinion of any importance is held by a few, the first of whom was a Bollandist and all of whom lived in different periods, but in regard of all of whom an acknowledgment of singular care and exactness must be made, though their common conclusion has yet to be followed. These authors are Papebroch⁶ and Mansi,⁷ Noveas⁸ and Gregorovius,⁹ Rohrbacher,¹⁰ Moroni¹¹ and Tripepi,¹² all of whom have preferred to assign the honor of his birth to the insignificant village of Jenne, and in the main unhesitatingly.

1. *Vitæ* II., in *vit Alex.*

2. *Church History*, Bernard's translation, II., p. 278.

3. *General History of the Church*, American trans., by Pabisch and Byrne, Vol. II., p. 429.

4. *Hist. Univ.*, Vol. V., an 1254.

5. *Stor. Eccl.*, Vol. XIV., p. 162.

6. *Conatus Chronico-Historicus ad Catal. Pont. in Actis SS.*, Vol. XIII. Papebroch says: "*Passim Anagninus dicitur pisse Alexander and ex Castro Gennæ in diocesi Anagnina.*" His grounds for the latter assertion are: (1) a Brief of Gregory IV., in which Alexander is called "Raynaldus de Gennes;" (2) a painting at Fossanova Abbey bearing the inscription: *Alexander IV. natus in castro de Jennes*, and (3) the Subiaco tradition, the original authority for which is given in this article. This tradition is represented at Subiaco, much in the same way as at Fossanova. The sanctuary of the Cathedral of Santa Scolastica has a modern inscription in honor of Alexander as a Benefactor to the Abbey and a native of the neighboring Jenne.

7. Already quoted from *Comment in Varonii Annales*, ann. 1254.

8. *Stor. de' Pont.*, in *vit.*

9. *Geschichte der Stadt Rom*, V., cap. VII.

10. *Hist. Univ.*, tome XVIII., p. 536.

11. *Dis.*, I., p. 234 and LXX., p. 219.

12. *Vite*, p. 149.

Two kinds of authority and argument support this opinion: the one kind long accessible if neglected, the second new. Both, I take it, if duly weighed, would settle the question forever by forthwith establishing a unanimity of statement on the point.

To the first class belongs the assertion of Saba Malaspina, a contemporary chronicler, who positively affirms that Alexander was born in "a certain stronghold called Jenne, in the Diocese of Anagni."¹

The statement of Malaspina, however, like the verdict of these modern writers, has not been fully accepted, and from the foregoing review of classic authorities on the subject or on Papal history in general, it is clear that the point is still unsettled.

Nor is it certain, *a priori*, that the authority of these writers has been well used in assigning Jenne as the birthplace of the Pontiff.

This is a picturesquely situated village on a mountain top in the Simbruine range.² It stands midway between Subiaco and Trevi, now called Trevi in Lazio. Jenne was a dependency of the Abbey of Subiaco, and it may well be that the archives of the latter contain the only other documents of definitive authority on the point.

A charter of the year 1245, preserved in the archives,³ shows that the Abbot, Henry, confirmed to Philip of Jenne and his heirs in perpetuity, the fief of the Castle of Jenne. This Philip was the father of Rainaldo, who succeeded him in the fief five years later.⁴ The description of Philip as the newly-invested lord of Jenne is pertinent to the question at issue only a degree less than is his already acquired possession of the place.

These and similar recorded domestic associations of the Conti

1. *Rerum Sicularum*, in *Rer Ital. Script*, VIII., p. 794.

2. The geographical situation is outlined in the first pages of Gregorovius, *Wanderjahre, Zweiter Band*, 1889. Mgr. Jannucelli treats at length of Jenne in his *Mem. Stor.*

3. A catalogue of the Archives was published in the report of the suppression in 1873. This was printed in the *Archivio Storico Artistico Archeologico e Letterario della Città e Provincia di Roma*, p. 322, *et seq.*

4. *Chronicon Sublacense*, cap. XXI., where the act of concession is summarized. The words are: *Ratificavit Philippo de Gennis suisque heredibus, feudum Castri Gennae perpetuo, etc.*

with Jenne might explain the visit which the Pope made to the stronghold in the sixth year of his pontificate, yet without serving as a conclusive argument that it was the place of his birth, but the contemporary evidence from the archives produced in the *Chronicon Sublacense* states that: "In order to revisit his native place, he went to the fortress of the village of Jenne," and while there, "issued a regulation concerning the Monastery of Subiaco."¹ That document was given "on the second of the kalends of October.

The Pope also accorded the privilege of special indulgences to the village for certain festivals of the liturgical year, and these privileges were of so extraordinary a character when given in favor of so unimportant a place as to afford real argument in favor of the statements of Saba Malaspina and the compiler of the *Chronicon*. These privileges were plenary indulgences accorded forever to all who should visit his family chapel of Our Lady,² after confession and communion on certain principal festivities, and minor indulgences varying in importance on other festivals.

Finally, in his annotations on the texts here quoted from the *Chronicon*, Don Cherubim Mirz, who was thoroughly conversant with the Archives of the Abbey, wrote as follows about the references to Jenne as the place of the Pope's birth: "It appears from diplomas of the Sovereign Pontiffs, Alexander III., Gregory IX. and Alexander IV. himself, that their elders, namely his great-grandfather,³ Philip, commonly called of Marano, and Rainaldo, the son of Philip of Jenne, son of the above, succes-

1. *Paucis inde diebus* (after his reformation of the Abbey) *ad natale revidendum solum, ad arcem Castri Gennarum se contulit.*

2. The Chapel still survives as a Center of special devotion. It bears the title of *la Madonna dei Monaci*, because it came to be a dependency of the Abbey.

3. "*Proavum.*" The account here quoted is the correct one. There is a discrepancy between Chapter XXI. of the *Chronicon* and the annotation of Mirz. In the first we have: "*defuncto Philippo, filio eius, D. Rainaldus,*" i. e. Alexander IV., and in the annotation: "*proavum suum* (of Alexander) *Philippum,*" while towards the end of Chapter XXI. we have: "*Philippo avunculo suo.*" The genealogy is to be "reconstructed" thus: 1. Philip of Marano; 2. His grandson Philip of Jenne; 3. Rainaldo, later Pope Alexander IV.

sively held the fief of the stronghold of Jenne, which had been given with other places by the Abbots of Subiaco, and that on this account they were accustomed to inhabit the stronghold of Jenne, and that consequently in it the Pontiff himself, as even the popular tradition has it, was born."

Had this annotation, with the *Chronicon*, not been denied to Muratori, or had it been textually copied for the benefit of Papebroch, we should have had by this time a consensus of statements that Alexander IV. was born at Jenne.

A slight digression may be permitted here. Mirz states that Alexander became a monk of Subiaco Abbey under the Abbot Beraldo, and he cites in support of his statement, which was also that of Dom Lang, of Spanheim Abbey, and of Wion, the signature of one Rainaldo, "Anagninus," which is given at the foot of a Subiaco instrument in date of 1193.

WILLIAM J. D. CROKE.

Rome, Italy.

THE BENZIGER BOYCOTT.

ON or about April 17 I found in *The Review*, St. Louis, of April 13, the following record of certain high-handed Catholic heroisms recently perpetrated by those immaculate saints of our faith, the Paulists, plus the Benziger Brothers of New York :

"Benziger Brothers and Maignen's Book. Our readers will remember what we wrote a few months ago on the refusal of the firm of Benziger Brothers to handle Rev. Dr. Maignen's book, 'Father Hecker, Is he a Saint?' since praised by the Pope himself. *A titre de document* we print below the text of the letter they wrote to Very Rev. Father Deshon, Superior of the Paulists, after they had practically taken the agency for the work in America and ordered a number of copies of it.

" 'Very Rev. Dear Sir:—We are much obliged for the kind letter of Rev. Father Elliott of the 15th inst., and in reply beg to inform you that the Rev. Father Maignen some time ago wrote us to take the American agency of the English edition of

his book, "Father Hecker, Is He a Saint?" We wrote him that we would not take the agency of the book. Since then we have received some copies of the English edition, on which our imprint appears.

"We shall write to Father Maignen protesting against putting our imprint on this book without our authorization, and we shall not keep the book for sale in store.

"We have cabled Father Maignen to take our imprint off the book.

"We trust this will be satisfactory, and regret our name has been used without our consent, as we would never have had our name connected with this matter. We thought it best, upon seeing our imprint was put on the book, to inform you at once of the facts. Very respectfully and truly yours,

" 'Benziger Brothers.'

"The *New York Sun* (March 5), from which we have taken this letter, does not give its date. But as we had occasion to remark before, it was written shortly after Mgr. Keane had reached New York last summer on his vacation trip."

From all this it is clear that the Benzigers at first consented to handle Maignen's book, and that later, either under the pressure of insolence or of significant wheedling they refused to handle the book and blustered out of their double dealing on the technical formality that they had not authorized the placing of their name on the title page. Of course Keane or the Paulists made this money making crew of saintly publishers believe that the Pope was against the book, that Ireland was with the Paulists, that Ireland, in fact, was just next to the Almighty if not His Tutor, that all America was with Elliott's life of Hecker, etc., etc., and having the giant publishers well scared, Father Maignen's book was boycotted, and the very thing that we were all most anxious to read was kept from us by the sneaking and underhanded method of a company of would-be saints, of the devil, and by the complacency and pliable idiocy of the richest Catholic publishing firm in the United States.

I consider the conduct here displayed alike by the Paulist Fathers, so-called, and the Benziger publishing house as beneath my contempt.

If the Benziger Brothers had only foreseen that the Holy Father would, within a year, condemn Heckerism and commend the Maignen book, they would have run like whipped slaves to have become the agents for Maignen's book, but it is only now and then that even the best of Balaam's asses have the gift of foresight or prophecy ; so let us quit this matter for a kindred theme. Can a leopard change his spots? a cur and a coward in one thing, the same in all things.

Here is something in the same line that strikes nearer home. For some years, the Benziger Brothers, New York, have been keeping the GLOBE REVIEW in their store on sale, and in compliment to their house for so doing, and as a free advertisement of their house and for the convenience of purchasers, I placed on the first cover of the GLOBE REVIEW the name of the Benziger Brothers among other firms in whose store the GLOBE might be found. For a good while the Benziger Brothers, New York, sold from seven to ten copies of each issue of the GLOBE REVIEW. Fr. Pustet & Co., a few doors to the west of Benziger's, also sold about the same number of each issue.

For some reason or other they each sold the entire ten copies of the December number of 1898 sent to them, and I think asked for more. Hence, when the March number was issued I sent to each of these houses fifteen copies, on sale. Inside of four weeks from the time of issue, each house had sold all their copies ; *but*—Maignen and the Paulist business over again—meanwhile I had received from the Benziger firm a letter requesting me to drop their name from the first cover of my magazine.

Later I wrote them that of course I should comply with their request, saying that, notwithstanding this fact, I supposed they still wished to keep the GLOBE on sale, if only for the convenience of their patrons who had been in the habit of purchasing it there.

In reply to this letter I received, April 19, the following epistle :

The GLOBE REVIEW,
Decker Building,
Union Square, New York.

Dear Sir : In reply to your letter of April 17 we regret to say that we cannot keep your magazine on sale in future, and we

enclose herewith check for \$5.60 in settlement of account up to date.

Very respectfully and truly yours,

BENZIGER BROTHERS.

I did not see or hear the jealous sneak hounds of the Paulists, or His Grace of New York, or his sleuth hound detectives, barking and yelping and snarling into the ears of the Benziger Brothers and scaring them into taking this step, but I here publicly announce that unless the whole matter is rescinded and the old status quo returned to within six months, I will secure and publish the names of the contemptible saints who brought about this decision, and at the same time will publish such facts concerning their own career as will show plainly how easy and profitable it is to become saints according to the methods of Archbishop Corrigan and his pets, the Paulist Fathers.

Meanwhile, as long as the Benziger Brothers continue to boycott the GLOBE REVIEW, I beg and entreat my friends and the friends of the GLOBE REVIEW, men and women, priests, laymen and religious, not to deal with the Benziger Brothers, either in person or by letter. One good turn deserves another.

The GLOBE REVIEW was charged to the Benziger Brothers as to all dealers, at 35 cents a copy. Their remittance for the sales of the March GLOBE, a little more than four weeks after issue, will show to the curious the extent of their sales, and at the same time prove to the suspicious and envious idiots who try to kill the GLOBE, because they cannot compete with it, that my statements are true, and here let me say once more, that I always have evidence of the same sort back of all the statements I make in this REVIEW.

The profits on sales of the GLOBE REVIEW might not net the Benziger Brothers more than twelve or fifteen dollars per year. They are in business for money, and no doubt my enemies, the uptown marble-housed saints, have made it more profitable for them to boycott than to sell the GLOBE; but they count without their host if they think the GLOBE REVIEW has not more influence with the ten thousand priests of the United States, than a thousand such scheming and incompetent concerns as the Paulist Fathers.

Meanwhile if any of its enemies think that they can hurt me or my REVIEW by any such skulking methods as those here described, they are the most mistaken idiots out of our asylums. There are other places besides Beniziger's where the *GLOBE* will be kept on sale, and there are other places where my friends can purchase what they need, and if all the sycophant slaves of sycophant saints and double dealing prelates on earth should refuse to sell it or subscribe for it, I am ready to wager that I can divert and entice all would be purchasers to come or write to this office, which is on the eighth floor of the beautiful Decker building, on Union Square, New York, and which is easily reached by two swift, safe and commodious elevators, running every minute in the day ; which moreover is light and airy and comfortable, and in which visitors and purchasers are always received with politeness and treated with justice.

Meanwhile I ask my friends everywhere to boycott the Benzigers of New York until they lift their boycott of the *GLOBE REVIEW*, and if my enemies press their methods of this sort further they will only develop unexpected resources in me and prove once more that love of fair play has not wholly died out of the human race.

This magazine is read by thousands of men and women in all parts of the world, who are clearer and cleaner minded and purer hearted and in every way nobler and more cultured than any of the sneaking and underhanded cowards who have taken this despicable way of trying to injure it, and if my life is spared I will teach them a lesson of simple justice that they will not forget to their dying day, that is, unless the boycott is lifted, as I have said.

WILLIAM HENRY THORNE.

AFTER DEATH.

The sorrow of unshed tears,
 The grief of unsung songs,
 The coward silences and fears,
 Vast weights of hopeless wrongs—
 Shall never, nevermore appal my soul,
 Free now while the still planets roll.

Behold the ever-blessed kingdom
 Of kindred spirits face to face—
 Evanishing all old martyrdom,
 A resurrection of new grace,
 As in what time the fresh-mown grasses sigh
 Their odorous souls upon the air in which they die.

After death the solemn sweetness,
 Flown the unimprisoned breath,
 After death the rich completeness,
 Yea, life but stalks past death !
 This, the secret of mysteries manifold—
 The pure white throne encrowned with gold.

EDWARD E. COTHRAN.

San Jose, Cal.

GLOBE NOTES.

No one could or can be more conscious than myself of the serious gravity of my article in the March GLOBE, "About Those Catholic Tyrannies," and it seems to me proper to say a few words in explanation.

In the first place, I not only thought and still think that some such article was eminently just and timely, but I was goaded to it by the sycophant friends of certain prelates, who, with their slavish tools, not only think that they run the universe and are above criticism as to their manner of running it, but who have treated the editor of the GLOBE and his advances of kindness and his representatives, at times as a sort of unrecognized Catholic venture, scarcely worthy of their notice, utterly unworthy of

their generous encouragement, and possibly undeserving of their august, ecclesiastical, biting and contemptible charity. Now, I think I have settled that question once for all, and can hereafter afford to let all pretentious ecclesiastics alone, that is as far as possible. As to the effects of said article upon the immediate business of the GLOBE REVIEW, these are the facts up to this writing, four weeks after the March issue : *First*, one prelate and a pet tool of his very promptly sent requests to have their subscriptions discontinued. I do not blame them for this, though I think they acted very foolishly ; *second*, up to this writing the trade sales of the GLOBE have nearly doubled those of previous issues, and without any solicitation on my part over thirty new subscribers have sent in their names and their cash ; *third*, my letters from old subscribers have been heartier and more generous than ever, and several delinquents have thought it worth while to pay their bills. This is not a crowing over the two dear little ecclesiastics who ceased to be subscribers, but an encouragement toward manhood and constancy on the part of those timid fence-riding and wobbling friends, who are afraid that if I speak the needed truth of the hour in this magazine, I shall drive all my friends from me. Dear children, don't worry. One greater than I had such an experience nineteen hundred years ago. I have seen such friends depart and return again many times during the last forty years. I am sorry when they go, glad when they return, but I am in no way dependent on such people, and am more grieved on their account than my own, that they do not know how to be decent, upright and faithful men. I am well aware that my independence must be shocking to timid lay Catholics, as well as provoking to proud and uncultured ecclesiastics, but I am a teacher of their teachers, not a journalistic hack at all, and when the boobies understand this, they will walk a little more carefully as far as this editor is concerned.

* * * * *

This seems the proper time and place to state once more that the editor of the GLOBE REVIEW is alone responsible, and that he is fully responsible for any criticisms or strictures made upon any and all persons or actions in this magazine.

About two years ago His Grace, the Archbishop of New York, complained that he was being held responsible for certain reflections of mine upon the teachings and methods of Ireland, Keane & Co., and in accordance with his wishes I publicly announced that neither His Grace of New York, nor any other prelate or priest was in any way, measure or degree to be held to account for any utterances of mine.

Now certain priestly friends of the *GLOBE* write me that they are being blamed for my criticisms of the Knights of Columbus in the March issue and they warn me that I am being shadowed by the shyster crowd who run that low-grade organization. All this is as characteristic of the "Knights"—God save the mark!—as the previous charges were characteristic of the so-called liberal American Catholics run by Ireland, Keane & Co., and in both cases these back door and small potato charges of squealing Catholic babies are as false as they are un-Catholic, un-Christian and contemptible.

Will these wretched and ignorant groundlings never understand that the editor of the *GLOBE REVIEW* does his own thinking, has done so these last forty years, selects his own subjects for discussion, from the various news of the day, and comments upon these with utter freedom and without the fear of any man or organization before his eyes? His only aim being to speak the truth in all justice, tempered with charity, believing that this course is not only the only honorable one to pursue, but that it is the only way of saving ecclesiastical, political and other highly starched functionaries of clap-trap, from self-contempt and eventual perdition.

A few days previous to this writing a Philadelphia friend informed me that one of the "Knights" had told him that the reason I had criticised their organization was that I had applied for membership and had been black-balled. Of course I denounced him as a wretched and low-bred liar, and tried to get his name but failed. The facts are that I have all my life been opposed to secret societies of every form and pretension and never in my life applied for membership in any one of their mumbling and fumbling and blindfolding idiocies. But it is impossible for such slanderers to give a man credit for writing any-

thing from motives other than those that ought to send him to hell.

As for my being shadowed by the Knights of Columbus, or by any hireling, low and despicable creatures that they may employ by the use of other people's money to shadow me, I have to say *first*, that the miscreant slaves known as detectives, may shadow me to their hearts' content, three hundred and sixty-five days and nights every year for the next ten years and might have done so three hundred and sixty-five days and nights of all the years of my life, and I defy the wretches to prove any evil against me. *Second*, I have found by long observation that the men who employ detectives to shadow and destroy other men and women, be they prelates or Knights, are themselves among the vilest of mankind, and that, if the tables were turned on themselves, they would most of them be 'sent to prison or to hell. Let them try their little game on me and see how it works.

They may try to ruin my character as other miscreants of perdition have tried, years ago, and they will fail as the other dastards failed.

And if it is my life that they are after, though I have no especial reasons for living any longer, my work being fairly over, still I shall sell it dear in any such circumstances.

I did not spend three years on the prairies shooting prairie chickens and wild geese for nothing, and I would as soon shoot a tame goose as a wild one if I found him prowling about my wheatstack.

The wretches had better spend their surplus funds on eight dollar a plate dinners in honor of the shyster leaders who have already brought their organization to various shame. I have no doubt that there are many excellent gentlemen among the K. of C., but they will be plucked neck and crop before long.

* * * * *

On Holy Thursday of this year, a friend who knew of my inability to get about, especially among crowds, called at my office and announced that a carriage was waiting down stairs and that he proposed to take me to two or three Catholic churches to visit the veiled sacrament, and see the crowds.

We first visited St. Francis Xavier's on Sixteenth Street, in charge of the Jesuits, where great crowds of people were throng-

ing in and out. It is not my purpose to criticise or reflect in any way upon the different tastes displayed in the decorations about the altars on this occasion. To me, the altar and the Blessed Sacrament contained therein render sacred all the external adornments of the altar, but I am after something that no altar can sanctify and which the true spirit of Christendom must condemn.

From St. Francis Xavier's we drove up Fifth Avenue to the beautiful, though cold and lifeless Cathedral. There the crowds were smaller in numbers; and it seemed to me less intelligent than at Sixteenth Street, but what attracted quite as much attention as the altar within and what aroused my indignation and led to the writing of these comments was a man standing on the steps and close to the door of this holy place peddling, selling photographs of three priests, that is a photograph of a group of three priests, who, as I afterwards learned, were and are "the clergy of St. Patrick's Cathedral."

I do not wish to arouse the ire of these handsome and gifted gentlemen by making any comments on their physiognomies, or by telling them what their tell-tale pictures reveal to one who has made these matters a special study. That would be going into personal matters, and we studiously avoid everything of that kind, but I do mean to tell them very plainly that it was and is a disgrace to themselves and to Almighty God, to be where they were that day and to have their pictures peddled for money in the very doorway of God's temple.

In a word, it was a low grade piece of vanity in the first place to have their pictures taken for any such public display. Not any one of the three is a man of any public reputation that might have justified such publicity, and if they had all three of them been as gifted as St. Paul himself, the taking advantage of the crowds going to and coming from the house of God on such a day and the using of the steps of said house as an auction place and playing upon the well known sympathies of Catholics for their clergy in this manner was all a culpable and damnable violation of their own privileges as "the clergy of St. Patrick's Cathedral," and if they have no more refined sense of what is right and decent to do and not to do in their exalted position, then I advise His Grace the Archbishop of New York, for this

as well as for other reasons not to be mentioned here, to clear out at once the present "clergy of St. Patrick's Cathedral" and put better men in their places. A hint to the wise ought to be enough. If I had had about me a cowhide and had not been sure that the police guarding the sacred place that day, were in touch with those who were defiling it, I would have scourged the priest protected fakers from the steps of God's house, using the old words: "It is written, my house shall be called the house of prayer, but ye have made it a den of thieves."

While on this subject it may be well to remind Catholics, priests and others everywhere, that the business of calling and shouting out various Catholic newspapers for sale in the very vestibules of Catholic churches on Sunday, and many scores of things practised at Catholic fairs for the purpose of raising money, are all a disgrace to our holy religion and an insult to the sacred and divine soul by whose infinite wisdom, suffering and death, we have any Catholic or Christian Church in the world at all, and for any priest to soil the holy place that gives him home and bread, is at once a disgrace and an insult to God and to all mankind.

From St. Patrick's Cathedral and its photographed clergy, peddled for sale, we drove to St. Leo's Church on Twenty-eighth Street. Here the crowd was less noticeable, as the congregation, though above the average in intelligence, is not so large as at either one of the other churches named. Inside the basement church, however, there was an air of true devotion—it was not a merry-go-round at all—and the floral decorations about the altar were all arranged in exquisite taste, as if the very lilies and roses were bending their reverent heads in view of the memorable day on which our Saviour sweat, as it were, great drops of blood in His divine sorrow beyond tongue or pen. At St. Leo's there were no photographs of its clergy for sale, though, in my judgment, the pastor in charge of St. Leo's has more intellectual and moral power in a day than the photographed and peddled gentlemen of the Cathedral could, all of them together, muster in a year.

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I have published Mr. Stockley's article in this issue, *first*, be-

cause it gives an unusually vivid picture of a certain class of degraded English people and of the efforts to reform them now being made by English ritualists, who, not having the real power of teaching religion, have at least tried to make themselves of no account in this world, hoping by so doing to ease a little the heavy burdens of sin, discontent and misery that are weighing down large classes of their fellow-men.

Second, because of the frank avowal made by this Anglican that the Church of England has proven false—I will not say to the work God gave her to do, for I hold that God had nothing to do with the case, but the devil rather—but false to all the work that any true church of God ever has done or ever will do in this world, viz., to look after the poor as well as the rich, and to keep God's house—that is, His Church—open to and friendly to the poor.

Third, to say that I have little or no respect for this much-talked-of social reform of our time, either through ritualism or through and by other sources even less religious than the ritualists, and I have no doubt as ritualism fails alike in dogmas and in social reform, and as all other and more secular efforts fail of attaining true social regeneration, the eyes and the heart of the world, weary of its sickly cant of reform, will turn to the true and only Church of God for guidance in all these things. Hence the importance that our own priests and prelates everywhere should not be mere ecclesiastics, but Christ-like and God-like men.

I think that little is gained by the process of educated ministers of Christ trying to force themselves down to the level of the ignorant and degraded forces described in this article. There always have been poor and degraded people in the world, and there always will be, and a professed minister of Christ or a priest is false to his calling, if he neglects them in his parish or fails to sympathize with them. He is bound to see to it that room be made for them in the Church to which he ministers, and the Episcopal Church and the Protestant churches have proven recreant to this duty, but the way back to duty is not for the ministers of Protestantism to sink their so-called dignity and treat the degraded as equals, and become agents, so to speak, of

the Help and Want columns of the daily press, but, first of all, to repent of their own errors and wanderings, and, having become servants of the one only and true Church of Christ, to work, as our Lord and His apostles worked, not to set degraded men and women right in their temporal affairs, but, first of all, their spiritual affairs, and to let the poor and degraded of all nations know that this is God's appointed way of helping them.

And if they will not hear you let them take the consequences. There is a justice of heaven that applies to the poor as well as the rich and all are alike before God.

Among Catholics there is unfortunately a tendency toward pandering to and patronizing the rich. Archbishops, bishops and priests often toady to rich women and men to the utter neglect of plain and evident higher duties in their dioceses and parishes. This is the other extreme, a broad, Christ-like spirit will always find its true work, and will minister wisely alike to rich and poor.

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The *New York Tribune* of Monday, April 17, published the following :

"Power of conscience. The Rev. Dr. Hillis lectures on 'The Scarlet Letter.' Hawthorne's romance the subject of an earnest appeal for a revival of law, justice and the moral imperative. The Rev. Dr. Newell Dwight Hillis in his lecture at Plymouth Church last night on 'Hawthorne's "The Scarlet Letter"—A Study of the Retributive Workings of Conscience ; An Outlook Upon the Nature, Necessity and Nobility of Repentance,' said that American works of literature would need a modest corner if ever an exhibit of genius was held. He said in part :

"Conceding pre-eminency in morals and reason to the Hebrew and Greek peoples, giving the first place in law and philosophy to the Latin and the German races, let us also confess that England holds a unique position in the realm of literature. In the history of literature the names most illustrious are names of English origin. If the critics mention three poets of the first order—Homer, Dante and Shakespeare—the greatest of these is the Bard of Avon. If scholars make a second group

for Æschylus, Virgil, Milton and Goethe, the English poet seems to head the list. If German thinkers are pre-eminent in the realm of modern philosophy, it was Francis Bacon who developed the principles of the inductive system.

“In the material world nations from time to time exhibit their tools, arts and industries. Should an era ever come when the great races hold an exposition of genius and display the achievements of their poets, essayists and scientists, the English exhibit will ask for a large and generous section, while America’s contribution will need a modest corner. In this future court of honor Emerson the essayist, Lowell the scholar, Longfellow the poet, Motley the historian and Hawthorne the novelist, will doubtless obtain recognition and high praise.

“Confessedly, from the viewpoint of fiction, the author of ‘The Scarlet Letter’ is the first of American authors, and takes high rank among the ten great novelists. Renowned as a literary artist, he is also unique as a teacher of morals. His one theme, never forgotten and always insisted upon, is conscience and the retributive workings of justice. In ‘The House of the Seven Gables’ Hawthorne exhibits one generation as sowing sins that are seeds, whose harvests of plenty are garnered by generations that follow after. In ‘The Marble Faun’ he portrays Donatello as ‘less man than child, less child than animal,’ who seems a youth buoyant and mirthful, as unconscious as a big-eyed fawn in the forest, whose conscience, through sin and crime, at last arouses the youth into self-recognition and full manhood.

“In his ‘Septimus Felton’ Hawthorne suggested that sins may have consequences that reach forward into maturity. When a scientist has slain his friend, influenced in part by remorse he returns to the spot to find upon the grave a plant with blossoms crimson and gorgeous beyond words, having leaves with potent juices, from which he distilled an elixir of immortal life only to find himself immortal in woe, agony and remorse. For, like all minds of the first order of genius, Hawthorne concerns himself with the great problems of the soul. If Æschylus exhibits the sinning of Agamemnon as pursued by furies, and Virgil made his hero to be pursued by fate, Hawthorne makes conscience to pursue Dimmesdale.

"Our generation has journeyed far from the Puritan era, with its grim justice and its relentless penalties, but Hawthorne dwelt beneath the dark shadow of the iron age. His intellect and imagination were alike fascinated by the Puritan idea of justice. Grim men and stern those Puritans named Cotton Mather and Jonathan Edwards, having no part nor lot in human infirmities, and insensible alike to pleasure and pain. Generations of these worthies, with their iron rigor, entered into and 'slowly filtered' through Hawthorne, and the precious drops fell into that vessel named 'The Scarlet Letter.' By way of contrast this study of conscience differs from the sentimental novels of to-day as an oak tree differs from the hyacinth, as a battle-ship differs from a circus wrestler.

"Our age, with its flabby conscience and its morals, does well to ponder Hawthorne's pages to the end that its youth may have more 'iron in the blood, more brawn and sinew in the intellect, more justice in our ethics and politics, more judgment in our theology.' The revival of art and letters seems to have fully come. Society now needs to add a revival of law, justice and the moral imperative."

It is true there is no clear distinction made here between the conscience of "The Scarlet Letter," inspired by supernatural grace, and the consciences of the Greek authors and their heroes referred to, but it is all so superior to the moral moonlight of the late Henry Ward Beecher and the florid religion of Dr. Hillis's predecessor, Dr. Abbott, and so in the line of all that the GLOBE REVIEW has been proclaiming these last ten years, that I am much inclined to extend the right hand of fellowship to Dr. Hillis, and if I am not much mistaken, Plymouth Church under his ministry will renew its youth like the eagle and become the home and training place for a higher order of souls than those who have been trained there during the last fifty years. On to the full light of day, Dr. Hillis, and may God bless you.

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I have published Miss Springer's article not only for its value of historic data, but as showing to this adulterous and infidel American age, what good work was done in Cuba from the

earliest days by representatives of those bodies of men recently held up to contempt even in Catholic newspapers as the misleaders of the Pope and the enemies of that excrescence of religious civilization known as Americanism.

Miss Springer is a native of Cuba, of American parents, speaks and writes Spanish as well as she writes English, and though a Protestant writes with unusual fairness toward the Church. As to the Catholic persecutions mentioned in this paper, it is not necessary to remind readers of the *GLOBE REVIEW*, that Protestants have always been more bitter in their persecutions of Catholics than Catholics in their persecutions of Protestants, and without one millionth part of the excuse. For Catholics *know* that their commission to teach and protect the truth is from God, while Protestants know that they have no such commission, and Catholics know that what Protestants teach is fifty per cent. falsehood and dangerous to the best interests of mankind.

If one questions this, let him examine our American laws in regard to the one matter of marriage and divorce as copied by the Cuban rebels in the name of freedom. The Spanish, from the first, in Cuba, like the French from the first in Canada, and in such portions of the United States as they held for a time, tried to cultivate Catholic faith and a life of justice alike among the natives and settlers. If they failed to some extent, and if there were Judases and black sheep among the clergy, those facts in no way militate against the purity and glory of the laws of Catholic faith on which they acted, but simply against human nature and its pervading depravity or moral weakness, and the ineradicable facts still remain, that of all the great benefactors of the human race during these last four hundred years, as during all the Christian era, the men who have been reared in our Catholic monasteries and who have gone out from these monasteries to teach and to suffer and die for their fellow men in all the newly discovered islands and continents of the world are among the noblest saints of God, compared with whom the Cuban rebels, aching to be Americans, and the American generals and soldiers, who in Cuba and the Philippines have recently gone out in the name of liberty to assassinate truth and justice in these islands and to destroy the work that good Catholics have been

doing there for hundreds of years, are, morally speaking, as the lowest spawn of hell ; and again and again, I predict that the moral condition of those freed and conquered provinces of Spain will lower to the level of Protestant Boston and New York, till at last perdition gets back her own.

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This seems an opportune place to mention my utter condemnation of the would-be wise, but ignorant, arrogant and false position of Father Tom Sherman, S.J., regarding this whole question. The Jesuits know very well that I am their friend, though I have never received a single favor at their hands, but I draw a line on Sherman and *Chidwick*, the former chaplain of the ill-fated *Maine*.

Chidwick simply did his ordinary duty, as any one of the thousands of Jesuit priests would have done in his position, and that he should afterwards have been paraded before the American public to talk patriotism and swing the American flag instead of minding his own business as a faithful priest, shows alike the falseness of his own views of duty and the crying need of some such rebuke as I am here administering.

As to Father Sherman, I have, up to this time, refrained from commenting on his trip to Cuba and his speeches touching the low state of religion in the Island, first, because my admiration for his father amounts to genuine hero worship ; second, because, while disapproving of the zigzag career of the Hon. John Sherman, his uncle, I have held these last twenty years that John Sherman was the ablest and clearest headed man among the American politicians of our day ; third, because I have always had a tender spot in my heart for all the Shermans and all the Jesuits in general, and for Father Tom in particular.

But smart as Father Tom may be, and I am not aware that he is half as gitted as his father, he could not get any true notion of the general state of religion in Cuba during the flying visit he made to the Island while it was in a state of war, and after it had been for three years and more in a state of rebellion and backwoods hurly-burly and promiscuous murder.

The facts as given by Miss Springer in the article that has

prompted this commentary, show, though not intentionally, that the spirit of liberty, so-called, that is, the spirit of infidelism, Masonry, rebellion and atheism, is now and long has been the corrupting virus in the life blood of Cuba, as it is to-day in our own country.

If Sixteenth and Seventeenth Streets, between Fifth and Sixth Avenues, New York, had been the center of rebellion, suicide, parricide and every ugliest form of social uprising and armed and murderous vice and atheism, actual shooting unto death going on in the very doorway of the beautiful St. Francis Xavier's church, day and night, going on amid all sorts of bloody treachery, does Father Tom imagine that the state of religion would be as prosperous there at this day as it is now? No, no, dear Father Tom, and if you knew what pain it gave me to write this and fire it right into your brave eyes, you would reconsider your light-weight lecture on Cuba, and if the Jesuits, your superiors, saw as I see that you are piercing the very heart of Christ by this lecture of yours, they would kindly induce you to tie it up and burn it, and persuade you, too, to mind your own business henceforth.

The Apostles planted the Church of Christ in many places and among many peoples of this world, where now hardly the dust and ashes of the faith remain. God alone in his Providence over the world, fully understands these trippings of the faith from one people and from one land to another, but to blame the martyrs of the faith who lived and died to give those peoples light, or to reflect on the faith itself, or not to see and say openly that the sins and atheisms and wrongs of these peoples were the cause of their losing their faith, and not to blame man's infidelity, rather than the religion that gave them life, for their decay, is at once a blasphemy against God and His Church.

What will religion be in the United States five hundred years from now, if Protestantism, atheism, infidelity, debauchery, divorce, vows for a day or a night, as you please, and the damnable thing called Americanism by its admirers to-day, should hold sway in this land?

What is the state of religion in New York to-day, where its ecclesiastical, political and social leaders are among the most corrupt cliques that ever cursed the world? Speak for yourself

and your own city, Father Tom, and do not be too hard on Spanish Cuba.

* * * * *

It seems that there was recently held in the city of Chicago a convention of those dry-as-dust gentlemen known as Catholic educators, and, judging from the reports of the newspapers, there was not a man in the convention of sufficient courage or freedom to offer one word in recognition of the only new thought published on this subject during the last one hundred years.

I refer, of course, to an article in the March GLOBE REVIEW, entitled, "Educate Lay Professors for Catholic Colleges." I have ample testimony to the value and timeliness of that article, and I now tell the gentlemen of the convention and others like them, that though they hold ten thousand conventions and treat that article with silent contempt, or though they pile their unworthy verbiage upon it mountains high to hide it from the face of man, it will rise again, to haunt and inspire their conventions for the next one hundred years, or until they have given it due recognition and have wrought it into the Catholic education of the future. And when I am dead and gone, as I soon shall be, the young and live men of future Catholic conventions will point with pride to the fact that in the last years of the nineteenth century there was at least one Catholic educator in the United States who was neither a fossil, a slave, or a fool.

And when at length the gentlemen of the Chicago convention and the prelates of whom they are afraid, shall wake up amid the northeast corners of the cooling shadows of purgatory, or in a hotter place not to be named here, I beg of them not to turn white with fright, if the light should flash upon their at present stultified vision, revealing the fact that "Saul also is among the prophets."

Swelled head? Certainly, when compared with the crude and hardened nutmeg cranial capacities that at present presume to sit in judgment on the same. Meanwhile, *au revoir*, and *bon voyage* to these itinerant educators, and should they perchance cross the Styx without drowning in the muddled waters of their

own verbosity, may St. Peter and the good Lord help them on their further journey. They need help badly.

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It may be well to state in these GLOBE NOTES that Mr. Bonniwell's paper on "Our Young Men" came to me with the explanation that the paper had been written for and at the express request of the editor of another Catholic publication, but that said editor after reading the article, had returned it, because, after consultation with various associate or advisory editors, they had concluded that said article was too radical for publication in a Catholic periodical—"man-afraid-of-his-horse" over again—and in this state of the case the article was sent to me.

I read it carefully, thought it, on the whole, quite conservative and sensible, as I told the writer, adding that I would be pleased to publish it in the June GLOBE. I do not agree with all the points taken by the author, and for that reason am making these comments.

In the first place, I do not think that it is to be by materializing our estimate of the position of our Catholic young men, but rather by more thoroughly spiritualizing and harmonizing our estimate that said young men are to be held more loyal to their faith. There is too much tyranny and selfish luxury on the part of many priests, too much high-headed and high-handed authority, and not enough actual human sympathy with the young men, and not enough manifestation of that loving and tender spirit which characterized the life and words of our Saviour in all His walks among men. The young men and many older men see and feel this keenly and remark that if Father A., B. or C. showed a little more interest in their affairs, they, the young men, might be inspired to manifest a corresponding interest in the affairs of the Church, which they consider as peculiarly the affairs of the priest.

Perhaps at heart this means the same thing as Mr. Bonniwell means, only, having had a good deal of experience in the moral and religious training of young men, I put the matter in the language of a preacher and Mr. Bonniwell in the language of a practical lawyer.

I hasten to say moreover that in many larger and smaller par-

ishes known to me this brotherly fraternizing with average young men on the part of their pastors has worked and is working wonders in the very direction that Mr. Bonniwell seems to be aiming at.

Again, it seems to me that Mr. Bonniwell overstates the discriminations that are or may be made against Catholic young men, say, of equal ability with their Protestant rivals, and I think that he overstates the supposed worldly advantages of the mutual helpfulness of Protestant and infidel secret societies. My own experience teaches me that a Catholic young man in business or in any of the professions has as good a chance as his abilities deserve; moreover, he must never forget that the true disciple of Christ must everywhere at all times expect various contumely and at every hand, a cross to bear just about as heavy as he can carry.

On the other hand that there is some needed justice in Mr. Bonniwell's statements I am quite ready to believe, and in my own line of work I confess that I am often disgusted with the spread-eagle and fulsome praise accorded to Protestant pastors and writers who now and then say or write a few words of apparent recognition of the Church, while the same Catholic imbeciles will scarcely give any recognition to infinitely greater sayings uttered by men who have fought their way through infidelity and Protestantism into the Catholic fold, and are eternally wedded to its destiny.

In a word, I think that the spirit of Mr. Bonniwell's indictment is just, though I cannot accept all its details.

Again, while I agree with his general prescription of "aggressiveness and unity," as the remedy for this various Catholic disease of toadyism, selfishness, jealousy of Catholic talent, and general boorishness, I cannot accept the detail of his application.

The Catholic Church has been aggressive from the day of Christ's death until now, but its work is so varied and infinite that no young man can expect to measure, or estimate, or control it. It is now as it always has been, a unit as to faith and discipline, but when it comes to managing the temporal interests of the young men of this nation, made up as it is, of representatives of all the scoundrelism and virtues of the world, a very

great deal is better left to the natural channels of human and individual ability. But for Catholics to discriminate against Catholics as such, is a contemptible, an un-Christian and a burning shame, and that they often do so, is as true as it is shameful.

I think, however, that a purer mindedness and a higher standard of Catholic life generally is the only solution, and that this must begin and spread from the priesthood outward through all our people.

Could such a general "*Truth Society*" as Mr. Bonniwell suggests be established and held in working bounds, it would be a glorious thing, but the millionfold petty jealousies of contemptible men in and out of the priesthood, would strangle it in its infancy, and were it established and brought to working manhood in our generation, or any generation within sight of this observer, the rascalities, extravagances, dishonesties and shyster crudenesses of its officers and advisers would paralyze and damn it within five years.

I am informed that the order of Knights of Columbus aims to fill Mr. Bonniwell's bill, but God pity the Church and the average Catholic young man that looks for aid, material or spiritual, from such a back kitchen affair.

While on this subject, I may as well say that any fool, like Rev. Dr. Stafford, of Washington, can see a horse fly, especially on a sorrel horse, but to catch him and destroy the species is another matter.

There was a *Catholic "Truth Society"* formed at St. Paul, Minn., some years ago, but the last I heard of it, was an expiring sigh. Falsehood dominates and damns the world in our day, and I see no way out for our young men or old men but to face the music of hell like men, taking each his share of good or ill fortune, trusting in God and in the few brave souls to be found in every community, or to join the ranks of hell and go there as lots of prelates, priests and secret and open society people are doing and having a fine time on the way.

Goethe once made a song which Carlyle translated. I have not seen it for years, but as I remember, it runs something like this, and is applicable here :

"The Mason's ways are
A type of existence,
And his persistence
Is as the days are
Of men in this world.

"The future hides in it
Gladness and sorrow ;
We press till thorow,
Nought that abides in it,
Daunting us—onward.

"And solemn before us,
Veiled, the dark Portal,
Goal of all mortal :—
Stars silent rest o'er us,
Graves under us silent.

"While earnest thou gazest
Comes boding of terror,
Comes phantasm and error,
Perplexes the bravest
With doubt and misgiving.

"But heard are the voices,—
Heard are the Sages,
The Worlds and the Ages :
' Choose well, your choice is
Brief and yet endless ;

" ' Here eyes do regard you,
In Eternity's stillness ;
Here is all fulness,
Ye brave, to reward you,
Work, and despair not.' "

The friends of Mr. John Wanamaker, of Philadelphia, know very well that when he started in business he had but little money and many rivals, but when these facts were called to his attention by a friend, he bravely replied : " I can outwork them, Tom," and he has done well in that line.

On the letter heads of another well-known Philadelphia business concern may be found these words : " It is keeping everlastingly at it that succeeds."

All my experience teaches me, and all my work is intended to teach others what an old Scotch lady said to me when I was about seventeen years of age, "patience, perseverance and the grace of God, William, will accomplish a good deal," and while there's independence enough among the young people of our day, God knows—independence enough to burn—there is no overplus of self-reliant and God-reliant trust in clean and hard work and the guidance of the Holy Spirit, but a fawning tendency to lean on the arm of some brother or friend who, as a rule, has enough burdens and misery of his own.

On the other hand there is a crazy tendency in our day to rush into one or two, or three, clubs or secret or aid societies, as if these would take the place of hard work and sterling character, or in any sense tend to the development of the same. In a word, I shrink from endorsing Mr. Bonniwell's notion of another big Catholic Society. I do not think it is needed. I do not believe it practical. I do not want Catholic young men helped to success that way. I think it would split to pieces of hell-fire inside of five years, and that the thing to encourage on all sides is a general Catholic fellowship and helpfulness of spirit and in action. I confess that even in my prayers I cannot help feeling more earnest in my pleadings for blessings on my Catholic friends than for my Protestant friends, though as a rule my Protestant friends have been kinder and truer to me than some of my Catholic friends.

And, surely, if there is any truth in our divine religion, any sincerity in our faith, any nobleness in our souls, we cannot help lending a faithful hand to those who are of the household of the faith; and if this be done generally by all priests and by men and women in positions to be helpful, in every community, there will be no need of the ponderous and dangerous organization outlined by Mr. Bonniwell.

For more than forty years it has been my fixed belief that the true Church, properly directed, is the only society that any man or woman needs to be a member of in this world. With this faith I have worked and despaired not, and perhaps have accomplished some small measure of success, in my way.

When all the archbishops, bishops and Catholic newspapers of the United States were guiltily silent or passively and actively helping our government toward its bloody and brutal war with Spain, the *GLOBE REVIEW* steadily denounced the outrage and appealed for justice against the insane patriotism, so-called, that clamored for war, and above all against the Catholic blindness that aided and upheld it.

In response to all this not one Catholic journal in the United States gave more than half assent or approval.

On Sunday, April 30, there was a mass-meeting of anti-imperialists held in Chicago, at which Bishop Spalding made a brilliant and noble speech, denunciatory of imperialism, especially as related to our war in the Philippines, and the entire Catholic press of the country is loud in its reports and praises of said address.

Bishop Spalding is a noble and a gifted man, but, in God's name, why did he not speak in time? Why, it was at Manila that our first great naval battle was fought and won. We have not only driven the Spanish and rightful rulers of the Philippines out of the islands and paid them \$20,000,000 for the islands, but we have already sacrificed more American lives and more native lives in those islands than in our whole Cuban and Porto Rico campaign, and are the anti-imperialists such stone-blind fools as to suppose that the American government or the American people will withdraw our forces or do anything but prolong the war until the last vestige of nativism is put down and until we are masters of the situation, and the permanent rulers there?

It is too late, my dear Bishop Spalding. We committed the irretraceable blunder of a great nation, when we went into this war with Spain; a blunder that has made our national heart and our moral sense harder and deadlier than they were before. Already the anti-imperialist literature emanating from Boston has been stopped, in the mails, on its way to Manila, and all the howling dervishes of perdition cannot now check the natural consequences of the national crime we committed when we went into the war.

We simply must go on to hell. Bryan cannot stop our course. Neither political party dares to stop our march in the Philip-

pires. It is, as poor McKinley, prompted by his hack-literary Secretary of State Hay, said at the outset, the finger of destiny, and no power on earth can save us and no power in heaven cares to save us from filling up the full measure of our iniquity, and no power on earth or in heaven can save us from the full and bloody consequences of the same.

More than a year ago I pointed out in this magazine how the Catholic Church, if united in its Christian purposes, might have prevented the bloody warfare, but one archbishop yelled patriotism, while others were silent, and to-day the Catholic Church is as impotent as McKinley himself to stop the tides toward imperialism and all its train of infamous results.

God bless you, my dear Bishop Spalding, but you are too late. Like the rest of your cloth, you do not know when a leader is in the midst of you, and out of sheer jealousy, are unwilling to follow him.

I again repeat, the American government has been brutal, tyrannical and imperialistic from its incipency, and has morally and mentally degenerated as a punishment for its crimes, until, while we can fight and build railroads, and accomplish every sort of material destiny as well as the best in the world, our moral sense hath flown to brutish beasts and men have ceased to reason. And, again, I tell you that it is imperialism *and death* for us, stop it who can; and now the only work for the Catholic bishops and archbishops of the United States is to take to prayers. They will need all their fortitude inside of the next twenty years.

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Mr. J. Schafer, Catholic publisher, 9 Barclay Street, New York, has brought out a very creditable quarto, in paper covers, of reproductions of the famous Mural paintings in the Imperial Cathedral, at Speyer, on the Rhine. There is an intelligent introduction in English and in German. There are in all thirty-eight of these reproductions, and with a few exceptions, the pictures are clean and beautiful specimens of religious art—alike masterful in conception and in execution, and people who are fond of this sort of work will be pleased to possess themselves of this work.

WILLIAM HENRY THORNE.

THE GLOBE.

NO. XXXV.

SEPTEMBER, 1899.

FACT AND FICTION IN RECENT PROSE.

FACING THE TWENTIETH CENTURY. By James M. King, New York. American Union League Society, 1899.

FATHER HECKER. IS HE A SAINT? By Charles Maignen, S.T.D., Rome, Paris, London. Burns & Oates, 28 Orchard Street, Portman Square.

FUNDAMENTAL IDEAS OF THE ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH. BY Frank Hugh Foster. Philadelphia Presbyterian Board of Publication.

PAUL BEAUMONT. By E. W. Gilliam, M.D. Baltimore. Press of the *Sun* Printing Office.

DOROTHY QUINCY. By Mary E. Springer. F. Tennyson Neeley, Publisher. New York.

The first book mentioned in this list is a bulky octavo of 640 pages. It seems to have been done to order by Mr. King for the Union League Society. It has all the appearance of a book written for an organization rather than for the public. It is crowded with illustrations of our American Presidents and public men and some public women from Washington to Mrs. May Wright Sewall; and could the matter it contains have been gotten into literary shape, arranged, condensed and put before the public in a sensible and attractive form, there is enough of it to

make a forcible appeal to the Nineteenth or the Twentieth Century.

The following are the three leading propositions of the book—and under the second proposition, as under the first, there are points that have led me to undertake this review :

“The power of our country, generated by Anglo-Saxon civilization and made effective through the American institutions of State, Church, and School.

“The peril of our country, manifest in the claims of Politico-Ecclesiastical Romanism to universal dominion, and in its relations to political parties, politicians, platforms, legislation, schools, charities, labor, and war.

“The republic faces the Twentieth Century with the power to avert the peril when both power and peril are recognized.”

With these broad and confident assertions Mr. King brings our considerable portion of the planet up to face the issues that await it with the dawn of a new century.

In the first paragraph of his preface he declares that :

“The republic, with the momentum secured in making more than a century of glorious history, is about to move into the twentieth century and work out its manifest destiny in extending civil and religious liberty to the millions which come under its benign rule.”

With the same joyful confidence and the same indiscriminate blundering Mr. King proceeds to discuss the sources of American civilization, American institutions, the State, the Church, the school; swallows the Declaration of Independence as God's truth, and commits himself as follows upon a much misunderstood item of the day :

“The free press of America is largely instrumental in forming that public opinion which expresses itself in the votes of the majority and determines the political control of the government,” the real facts being as follows: First—The press of America is by no means free, but the hired tool of plutocrats. Second—It has little or no effect upon public opinion or the votes of the majority, which are determined by other and more silent and potent forces.

One good feature of Mr. King's book is its elaborate system

of statistics. These come into play in part III., wherein the author treats of the comparative Anglo-Saxon and Latin civilizations during the last two hundred years, out of which what we call American civilization has come.

What I want to assure him and my readers of is, that, from many personal studies, that is, studies of single families through three or four generations, I have invariably found that no matter what the source, Anglo-Saxon, or Latin, or any variety or variation of these, and no matter what advantages or freedom of the public press, of public school, of accumulated wealth and its supposed advantages, the third and fourth generation of the American descendants of foreign ancestry is a lower type of being morally—and that is our final standard—than were his foreign ancestors. In a word, there is something in American civilization that degrades the type.

This will doubtless startle many of the princely merchants and the palatial nabobs of our day, whose grandfathers were hod carriers or saloon keepers, and who are glad to be forgetful of them, but the American veneering will be hardly the stuff wherewith to face the twentieth century after all, and to extend the areas of liberty, etc., etc.

With this comment upon Mr. King's marshaling of his American institutions and their American products in the shape of men, we may look at his statistics, for, as Mr. King says, page 137, "In these history-making times, it becomes all citizens to do some serious thinking and recall the sources of our civilization. . . . The present generations of American citizens ought to be grateful that God postponed their arrival on this globe until the nineteenth century of the Christian-era, when man is no longer the slave but the master of nature," etc., etc., in a word—is an American—knows it all—can stop the lightning, hold back the sea so that no more shipwrecks occur, stay disease, and vote himself the thanks of a newspaper-hoodwinked majority of his fellow citizens.

The following statistics will startle some of our Celtic friends who, of late, seem to be rising in their newspaper wrath even at mention of the Anglo-Saxon name. Mr. King says, "Now mak-

ing a final summation, I find that the 55,000,000 white Americans of 1890, are socially divided as follows :

Anglo-Saxon of colonial ancestry,	27,000,000
Anglo-Saxon of American, but post-colonial ancestry,	1,000,000
Anglo-Saxon of foreign parentage,	2,000,000
Anglo-Saxon of foreign birth,	2,000,000
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Total Anglo-Saxon,	32,000,000
Continental Teutonic of colonial ancestry,	3,500,000
Continental Teutonic of American, but post-colonial ancestry,	500,000
Continental Teutonic of foreign parentage,	5,000,000
Continental Teutonic of foreign birth,	4,000,000
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Total Continental Teutonic,	13,000,000
Celtic of colonial ancestry,	1,500,000
Celtic of American, but post-colonial ancestry,	500,000
Celtic of foreign parentage,	3,000,000
Celtic of foreign birth,	2,000,000
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Total Celtic,	7,000,000
Miscellaneous of colonial ancestry,	500,000
Miscellaneous of American, but post-colonial ancestry,	500,000
Miscellaneous of foreign parentage,	1,000,000
Miscellaneous of foreign birth,	1,000,000
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Total miscellaneous,	3,000,000

And here is what Mr. King calls a Roman Catholic tribute to our Anglo-Saxon civilization. "The Anglo-Saxon race in the United States were given the conservative instincts which arose from their thorough knowledge of the laws and institutions which had been in the old country the outcome and expression of their whole social life—a life continued in the new, and there expressed by the same institutions, the same laws, the same forms of government, in so far as the altered circumstances of a new existence permitted their doing so.

"God gave the Anglo-Saxon race at home, in what, in the fullest comprehensiveness of the word, we may call the British Constitution, this full embodiment of the character, the tendencies, the needs of the race; He gave them with that enlightened love and a deep attachment to these forms of their social life.

"In America these forms, with the very important exception of the feudal proprietary system imported into England by the Normans, were planted and cherished by the early British colonists. It was an invasion of the most sacred constitutional rights of the people of the colonies by the British Parliament which led to the War of Independence in 1775. The war, mis-called a revolution, was entirely conservative. Americans fought to defend their rights, to preserve from usurpation or infraction the dearest privileges of British freemen and citizens. The war over, and even from their solemn Declaration of Independence, their governmental forms, their laws, the entire framework of their social life, remained what they had been.

"How strange, but how striking, that while the French statesmen of 1789 were thus blowing up the social edifice reared by their fathers, and inoculating all the Latin nations with the virus of their own political and religious madness, the assembled representatives of the American Union should have been laying simultaneously the foundations of a system which preserved all that was best in the political life of their forefathers."—*O'Reilly's "Life of Leo XIII.," pp. 444-46.*

And these startling statistics capped and climaxed by a Roman Catholic, in his *Life of Leo XIII.* !!

But here "the contest for the control of the world between the Anglo-Saxon and Latin races for the past two centuries is startlingly set forth in the following statistical facts :

	1700.	1800.	1898.
Populations under Anglo-Saxon control,	9,000,000	96,000,000	475,000,000
Populations under Latin control,	41,000,000	65,000,000	255,000,000
Domain in square miles under Anglo-Saxon control,	650,000	8,750,000	15,050,000
Domain in square miles under Latin control,	8,050,000	11,450,000	14,950,000

"During the nineteenth century the use of the English language throughout the world, in comparison with other European languages, has increased over fifteen per cent., while there has been a decrease ranging from one to seven per cent. in the use of the other European languages, excepting the German, which has remained stationary."

From all of which it would seem that the Anglo-Saxon is on top almost everywhere except in the highly inflamed imagination of a few Catholic newspaper editors, who had better square their souls with eternal destiny.

Having thus through 174 pages brought us face to face with facts regarding our ancestry, Mr. King devotes the following 340 pages, or considerably more than half the book, to what he calls "Politico-Ecclesiastical Romanism" as the vast and overwhelming danger to the republic.

In these 340 pages the author discusses the more public phases of Catholic versus Protestant agitation that have taken place in the United States during the past twenty years, and loses no opportunity to utilize the independent attitude of a priest against his bishop in order the more clearly to emphasize the position he is aiming at, viz: that "Politico-Ecclesiastical Romanism" is a menace to republican institutions, to individual liberty, etc., a danger to the country.

For my own part, while my sympathies are decidedly with the independent priests here cited—that is, in their ecclesiastical attitude, I have no sympathy with their positions as reformers, and I fail to see how their cases can help Mr. King in his general anti-Catholic position.

In the other matters treated under this head, Catholics have simply used their rights as citizens in a minority, and Catholic prelates have simply used their influence, as they had a perfect right to use it, in securing desired ends.

To divide this country into Protestant and Catholic, and assume that all the offices, all the school funds, all the honors and emoluments belong to Protestants, is the height of absurdity and audacity, and to assume that because Catholics use all the legitimate means in their power to secure favorable legislation for matters nearest to their heart, they are an ecclesiastical menace to the republic, is a cowardly falsehood.

Into these 340 pages Mr. King drags the school question, the West Point chapel question, Tammany, the Lexow reform movement, and now and then warns his endangered countrymen against Archbishop Ireland, assuring them—which I am glad to learn—that, though seeming liberal and American, His Grace of

St. Paul, spite of all this, is a true Catholic and in all vital matters one with Rome, though by no means the representative American prelate that he is of late pictured as being.

In short, to devote more than half a book, with such a title and with such pretensions, to emphasizing and exaggerating the dangers of Catholic action, notably the actions and rulings of the Archbishop of New York, gives a sort of grotesque appearance to the whole production.

In the political arena of this country Catholics have been steadily wronged, have never secured their just rights, and Protestants must get used to the agitation until their own eyes are opened and their own minds and consciences made ready to see and admit the truth and to do the justice that Catholics demand at their hands.

In a word, this country is Protestant and Catholic—Anglo-Saxon and Latin, and the only legislation that can even squint at justice is that which recognizes the rights of the individual citizen and of all individual citizens alike.

To call yourself a Republican and then claim that all who are not Republicans are enemies of the country, sounds patriotic, but it is damnable bigotry all the same, and does not extend the areas of liberty to the extent of a hen coop. To call yourself a Protestant, and then declare that all who are not Protestants are enemies to the republic sounds big and very loyal, but all the same it is the quintessence of bigotry, falsehood and every species of wrong, and there is a good deal of this in Mr. King's book.

Where was the use of the Declaration of Independence as long as four millions of the colored race were held in bondage? Where is the use of it now if liberty belongs only to the Protestant, not to the Catholic citizens? Let us cease to be children and fools. Let us be consistent with our so-called principles or admit the truth that they are so much waste parchment which nobody ever has believed or can believe.

Mr. King devotes the concluding pages of his volume to the consideration of various organized bodies of men and women for the protection of "American Institutions;" "The National League," etc., "Daughters of the American Revolution," etc.,

and there are groups of portraits of these handsome and patriotic men and women, any one of whom is supposed to be ready to live or die or lie at any moment for his great and glorious and degenerate country. Thus well organized and determined are we marching on through the infamy of our butchery of Spanish, that is Latin, that is Catholic rule on this continent, and just at present through a sort of mixed Latin and savage rule in the Philippines, establishing the American institutions of falsehood, injustice, infidelity, atheism, brutality, and every form of cold blooded brutishness.

Thus shall we continue marching on till we tread on the toes of a power greater than ourselves, and then, well, we will wait and see what then. By that time patriotism will have become sensible and we shall not have such confounded absurdities as this book of Mr. King's.

* * * * *

In a prefatory note to Fr. Maignen's book, the second on our list, Archbishop Satolli says among other commendatory things, "Your Reverence may rest assured of having done a work exceedingly useful and commendable," and Louis, Bishop of Annecy, says: "I believe, Monsieur l'Abbé, that you have performed a very useful work in proving to demonstration that Father Hecker was not a saint. Not being a saint he could not be a reformer. I repeat that he teaches us much more by his want of knowledge and by his errors than by his real lights and virtues."

And I am here devoting some attention to this book, *first*, because it was tabooed, snubbed and boycotted by our enlightened American Catholic idiocy, *second*, because, after a very careful reading of it I believe it to be a book that ought to be read by every American Catholic with sense enough to read anything.

In his preface to the English edition of his work the Abbé Maignen has this bit of lucid description of Mgr. Ireland and his friends: "The gush and the artless assurance in which the leaders of the Americanist party revel," etc. Then speaking directly of the task he has undertaken:

"Our task was, indeed, an easy one. Errors literally swarm

under the pen of Father Hecker and his biographer—errors so various, so numerous, and so peculiar that the greater part of this book is taken up with their enumeration.”

Among which are these :

“ Father Hecker himself never attributed the inspirations by which he was guided during the first part of his life to another spirit than the one by which he believed himself to be inspired during the second.”

Still in our study of him, “ We have come to know a man of good will, a man in many respects original in character and even winning in disposition, but who was also a victim of delusions and badly instructed in his religion and in his duties.”

Concerning the much talked of adaptation of the Catholic Church to the soul of the nineteenth century, for which rot Hecker, Ireland & Co. have become notorious in our day, Fr. Maignen aptly says :

“ What does this mean? Have the relations between God and man changed with the changed relations between man and man in the new world? Does the modern soul differ so essentially from the human soul—from the Christian soul of all times—that God should in some way modify the mysterious economy of His inner relations with it?”

The “ delusions ” of Hecker’s youth, all of which he took for special illuminations of the Holy Spirit, led him into sympathy with unitarian humanitarianism and to Brook Farm. At last he says :

“ New York, July 27, ’44.—I have commenced acting. *My union with the Catholic Church* is my first real, true act. And it is no doubt the forerunner of many more—of an active life. Heretofore I did not see or feel in me the grounds upon which I could act with permanence and security. I now do ; and on this basis my future life will be built. What my actions may be I care not. It was this deep eternal sympathy within I did wish to feel, and I am now conscious that the lack of it was the reason for my inactivity.”

This is true in philosophy, but mark the subtle egotism of it, and note “ my union with the Catholic Church,” not my child-like reception into the Church, etc., and note throughout that

this man is forever dwelling upon himself, his supposed peculiar feelings and states of mind, as if every evolution of the human soul toward truth had not been through the same or similar experiences.

On being received into the Church his idea seemed to be not the old idea that the Church was God Almighty's perfect and divine organization for gathering the faithful into the eternal kingdom of redemption, but a sort of larger Brook Farm community for the perfectability of the race, and that he, Hecker, was the one chosen Catholic Brook Farmist for saving and perfecting all America.

However, he became a Redemptorist, and under the blessed influence of the discipline of that Order there were many signs of new creation in Hecker's life, but these all fled when he became disobedient to the Order and went back to his earlier vagaries and founded that utterly absurd community called the Paulists.

Father Maignen's book is very lucid on the point that Hecker's insubordinate disobedience in the Redemptorist Order was absolute, and his expulsion from them was peremptory, though this is not the way the episode is treated in Elliot's *Life of Hecker*, and all the mouthing talk that followed about Hecker's founding the new Order is the gloss of a conscious rebel trying to hide his own consciousness.

All Hecker's talk about the divine ever finding new ways of expressing Himself, etc., etc., to excuse or rather exalt his own methods as divine, is nothing more than cheap New England Liberalism. It is not Kantian mysticism, as Father Maignen seems to imagine, nor a new manifestation of pious force in the world, but a new expression of a worn out Yankeeism. Hecker was not a thinker, but a mere echo of thinkers, whose thoughts and works from Emerson to Beecher we know and have utterly rejected.

As Hecker "had smuggled himself into the Church," these are his own words—he wanted to 'abolish the Custom House of the Church' and make things easier for others. When he was being received into the Church, "Father Hecker refused to submit any 'difficulties' he might have had to Mgr. Fitzpatrick.

“‘He tried,’ he says, ‘to get me started on questions of modern theology such as he suspected I might be (as he would doubtless think knowing my antecedents) unsound on ; for example rights of property, etc. *I refused to speak my sentiments on them.* I said I had no difficulties about anything to submit to him. I knew the Catholic faith *and wished to be received into the Church at once.* I had come seeking the means to save my soul and I wanted nothing from him but to be prepared for baptism.’ (Page 161.)”

Alas ! he never knew it : never knew the first principles of its absolute acceptance of Christ and of absolute obedience to Him, in person as revealed in the Scriptures or as manifested in His Church ; and yet this is the man that Archbishop Ireland and a coterie of French hoodlums would build upon as the head and front of a new and exalted priesthood for the Church in these shiftless days.

The Abbe Maignen reviews at length the congress of religions at the World’s Fair, in Chicago ; shows the relation to all that of Ireland, Keane and Co., as the natural outgrowth of Heckerism, and while there was much that is commendable in the good impulses of Father Hecker, his desire to aid unbelievers, by pointing out the good in their unbelief, etc., and while there is much that is commendable in the Paulists and their earnest efforts to convert Protestants, by showing them how much good there is in their Protestantism, and in trying to ape Protestantism, in making total abstinence the synonym for the religion of Christ, etc., etc., there is in all of these men—as far as I know them, an utter lack of all true knowledge of Christ, a blind and stubborn attempt to make the Holy Spirit responsible for their own stupid vagaries, and an absolute lack of harmony with all true principles of the Church.

Hecker smuggled his way into the Church and smuggled his way through it, and if the bark of Peter is a pirate ship, for the safe conduct of smugglers, as many hypocrites in its midst would seem to imply—why Hecker may be excused. But there are those among us who believe the old fashioned dogmas—He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved and he that believeth not shall be damned : further that the true Christian life is to

love the Lord thy God with all thy heart and thy neighbor as thyself.

* * * * *

In his preface to "Fundamental Ideas of the Roman Catholic Church," Professor Frank Foster says: "The following work is the outgrowth of many years of study and teaching;" and further on, "In all this work it has been the constant purpose to set forth the Catholic doctrine fully and fairly from the authoritative sources." In part first the author says: "Most Protestants accept without difficulty the results arrived at in the first six General Councils of the Church, though they do not ascribe to councils that authoritative place which these receive in the Roman system, nor believe that, as authoritative bodies, they had any great influence upon the development of Christian doctrine," etc., etc. "And the Protestant may also gladly acknowledge, however he may deem the great saving truths of Christianity to be obscured by the additions of Catholicism, that the Roman Church has always held up the Lord Jesus Christ as the only saviour of men, and has directed the faith of the inquirer to Him."

From these brief quotations the intelligent Catholic reader will see at a glance what he is to expect from any setting forth of Catholic doctrine at the hands of Professor Foster. He will also see what is the matter with Mr. Foster, and will conclude that he had better go to the nearest priest for instruction and guidance regarding the salvation of his own soul instead of writing a book to show up the errors of Catholicism.

When I saw that a Congregational or Presbyterian professor of theology had written a book under this title I was anxious to see the book, and I confess that for a Presbyterian to treat the Church with as much knowledge and comparative fairness as Mr. Foster has done is a surprise to me. At the same time it is impossible to read one page of this book, anywhere from the beginning to the end of it, without pitying a soul so learned and yet so absolutely blinded by lack of Catholic faith.

Mr. Foster's entire position for good and evil may be found in the few words I have quoted, viz: "That the great saving truths of Christianity have been obscured by the additions of Catholi-

cism," and yet "that the Roman Church has always held up the Lord Jesus Christ as the only saviour of men, and has directed the faith of the inquirer to Him."

How could the great truths of Christianity be obscured by a Church that had steadily, for nineteen hundred years, held the heart of the world close to Christ by "additions"? So the whole question is as to the additions; but, in order to settle that question one must examine and settle the question of Councils and the Church. If Christ came to found a church, if He founded a church, and if that church gave us any examples of declaring itself with authority in the Scriptures, or before the Scriptures were written, then Mr. Foster should admit the Church and the Councils of the Church, and their binding authority, and later still, to our own day, whatever the Church has ordained, to the latest decree on "Americanism," whether it suits his Presbyterian or Congregational idiosyncrasies or no. If he does not admit Christ or His Church, then is he an utterly unfit person to state, define or criticise any dogma the Church has ever promulgated, from the beginning until now.

Mr. Foster is a Congregationalist, an orthodox Protestant. He believes, or professes to believe in and to teach the divinity, the deity of Christ, that He was very God incarnate, and for the sole purpose of redeeming the world. He believes, or professes to believe, the Scriptures. He believes that Christ gathered about Him during his lifetime a band of men called the apostles; that these, especially on the day of Pentecost, were endowed with the Holy Spirit, and that these apostles thus endowed were the authoritative teaching church; that what they determined on in Councils, at Jerusalem or elsewhere, as to belief or practice, was binding on all Christian believers, and as a matter of fact, we have found in the Acts of the Apostles that such was the case.

In truth the Church existed for fifty or sixty years before the Scriptures, which give an account of its founding and early history, were written and generally promulgated. We wish to keep Mr. Foster's mind to this one truth, that there was a church before any books of the New Testament were written; a church with teaching and governing authority; a church which derived

its absolute power of the keys of discipleship from God, the Saviour, independent of the Scriptures, and long before they were written.

We are not now discussing any "Catholic additions" to what Mr. Foster considers the primal faith of Christianity, but simply insisting upon the truth that the Church which derived its power from God our Saviour, to teach and to rule, therefore with *authority*, did exist before the Scriptures, and, therefore, if there is to be any appeal it cannot and must not be to a book or a set of books, no matter how beautiful or unutterably grand in their picturing of the spiritual life of Christianity, but to the Church which determines what should and what should not be admitted into said Scriptures and held to be inspired.

That the Church thus instituted by Christ and inspired and directed by the Holy Spirit, not the Scriptures, is the first, the primal, the last, the final, and in fact the only appeal in all matters of faith and practice among Christians.

It is not a question whether Mr. Foster or any other child of unbelief, born nineteen hundred years after the events of which we are speaking, thinks or professes to think that Christ left the great principles of His truth and life, for which He died, to be decided upon at hap-hazard after His death, and down through all the ages, by a lot of Protestant and self-willed boobies.

Christ Himself would have been the most consummate booby of them all, had He acted in any such way. But He did not so act, and it is not permissible on the part of any true disciple of His to leave that point open as one to be decided on by human reason or argument.

Christ Himself decided that in His own words to His disciple, and on the day of the outpouring of His Spirit upon His chosen ones, so that we have from that hour a teaching and a governing Church in this world with divine authority, so that its councils, as the first at Jerusalem, when Peter decided the question and James promulgated Peter's decision, are "authoritative" for all the faithful, or for all believers. If Mr. Foster, or any other professor of theology, does not admit this, it is not worth while to argue with him, for on this rock the modern world has split not only in twain, but into a thousand fragments.

Fix it in your mind, sir, that there was a teaching and a governing Church of Christ, with authority to decide on truth and morals and discipline, before there was any New Testament Scripture—God's Church—whose authority was absolute, and from the decisions of which there was no appeal.

I am well aware that this is distasteful to modern individualism and so-called liberty. I have nothing to do with that. I believe in God, in Christ Jesus, His Son, and my record is the record of the leading facts of the founding of His Church in this world. I accept the rulings of that Church as divine—the same as if God—in some supernatural way—had revealed them to me from heaven, whether it suits my individualism to do so or no.

Now, if we can bring Mr. Foster, or any other intelligent Protestant, to see and admit the existence of a teaching and ruling Church before the Scriptures were written—a Church, therefore, with divine authority in itself, whose decisions were binding on every Christian soul, all of which is God's truth, not mere Catholic assertion, we may have a common ground on which to start down the centuries to the present time.

Anywhere from 34 to 85 A. D., there was such a Church, with its incipient, pentecostal and apostolic headquarters first at Jerusalem, then, according to Roman tradition, at Rome, where with various fortune and temporary removal it has remained to this hour.

In this Church, by many evidences from the Scripture, St. Peter was, from the first, the chief. I do not quote the passages so familiar to all readers because it is not worth while. Spite of his blundering denials of our Lord, Peter was first and chief among the apostles. In the earliest apostolic council of which we have any record, he was appealed to for a decision, gave it, and he was accepted as the foreman of the jury; the president of the council; the chief episcopos; really the first papa, or Pope of the Church.

This, also, is God's truth, without any regard to later "additions," and many other questions that now vex the world.

Whether or not during Peter's life he was at Rome with St. Paul, or without him, and whether he was Bishop of Rome and hence, whether Rome was by reason of said bishopric of Peter,

constituted for once and for all times the chief bishopric and its incumbent the chief bishop or Pope of the Christian Catholic Church are questions about which Mr. Foster discusses at some length, and with considerable ability.

I have read much on this head, I find no new light in Mr. Foster. His conclusions are adverse to the Church's claim. My conclusions, based alike on varied evidence and supremely on the traditions of the Church and on its holdings to-day, are in sympathy with the claims of the Church and affirmative thereof.

Here again I wish to call Mr. Foster's attention to the fact of the existence of the Church from the day of Pentecost till now. To the fact that spite of a thousand early and later persecutions, there never has been an hour or a moment in all these nineteen hundred years, wherein the Church did not exist, or wherein its final decisions were not accepted as final by all the faithful.

The age in which, after laboring like the heaven-born heroes they were, the apostles went to heaven on the wings of martyrdom, and their immediate successors were appointed, was an age of persecution, of sad confusion, of saintly struggle, of much contradiction among converts, of little calm and lucid history, and it should not surprise us that thousands of people in our day doubt and deny the traditions of the Church concerning the successor of Peter on the Papal throne of Rome, or that they doubt or deny the supremacy of the Roman Bishop.

Hence, again the eternal Church with its traditions accepted through all the ages by her faithful children is surely of vaster weight than the new quibbles of doubters who have never known the treasures of her faith and have never trusted her traditions.

In a word, my dear Mr. Foster, the Church, which being the creation of our Saviour, hence divine, and inspired by the Holy Ghost, hence infallible, and which has never ceased to exist or to be infallible, by her traditions and by her continuous history holds that Peter founded the Church in Rome, was bishop of said Church, and hence by virtue of his chief apostleship was chief bishop or Pope and has had his successors from that day to this, holding a similar position, and the true Catholic believes all this on the authority of the Church, his spiritual mother, just as any

child believes what its own natural mother teaches it, seeking what other proofs it may.

I may not be wholly satisfied with the Scripture or other proofs of the faith of our forefathers as they are presented by Cardinal Gibbons. But that in no way affects my faith in the doctrines and positions held by the Church time out of mind.

It may not be wholly clear to the Protestant just how the power of teaching and ruling exercised by the apostles passed on to their successors, the future bishops and priests of the Christian Church, but the Church itself has never had any doubts or difficulty in this matter. The power of teaching and ruling in the Church was clearly enough conveyed in apostolic times by the laying on of hands of the bishop or episcopos, and that has continued to be the custom through all the Christian ages, so that the divine Church instituted by our Lord, blessed and made infallible by the Holy Spirit, has never ceased to exist or to be infallible to this day; and all minor detail as to wherein this infallibility inheres, and all questions of additions to Christian truth, or definitions of dogma, etc., etc., will seem to be minor questions when once it is taken into the human mind, that the Church of to-day, which is the successor of the Apostolic Church—and none but a madman will question that the Church of Rome is that Church and the true Church of Christ to-day—I say when once it is taken into the human mind that the Church of to-day has precisely the same divine authority to teach and to rule that the Church of the first apostolic generation had, and that hence its declaration of dogma or morals, or discipline, especially of dogma, are as authoritative as any word or doctrine ever uttered or written by any one of the apostles, much quibbling will cease, and I here assure Mr. Foster that either this or nothing is true of the Christian, the Catholic or the Roman Catholic Church of our day. It is God's voice to the faithful to-day as clearly as when flames of fire flashed it into the apostolic soul.

The faith of a Catholic, while not the result of a process of reasoning, is found on examination to be based on the most perfect reason, with the roots of its life in the being of God.

Now with this doctrine and fact of the Church fully and

clearly in mind as a teaching and ruling body, divinely appointed, divinely instituted, infallible and authoritative, one will have little difficulty in settling what Mr. Foster calls those Catholic additions that have obscured the essential Christian truth. In fact, no matter how you may individually question the wisdom of the Church's final utterances regarding dogmas that seem at first unbelievable or unpronounceable, you know at heart that you must be wrong and the Church right, since it is divine, while you are influenced by your own unaided and perhaps prejudiced reason.

Were it worth while I could follow Mr. Foster throughout his book, in which he treats of all the leading dogmas of the Church, being especially adverse to the dogma of the Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin and the dogma of Papal infallibility, and show him that on pure grounds of reason and evolution, out of the primal truths of the Scriptures, these and all the dogmas of the Church have been evolved—that one after another, as the infidel spirit of the age seemed to be tending against the truth, these various dogmas have been promulgated, that they have always been believed and practiced in the Church, but only formulated as Church dogma when in the fulness of time it seemed necessary to make a final declaration on these various themes. I could show him that the Church has never contradicted herself in these declarations, but has steadily given voice to what always has been and always will be believed by the faithful.

I could show him, moreover, that Popes have in certain cases annulled the conclusions of councils, and that these rulings have been accepted by the whole Church, constantly proving that the final voice is with the Pope, the successor of Peter, the Vicar-Regent of Christ, and not with the bishops or presbyters in council without his guidance.

In a word, that the Church exists to-day precisely as it existed when our Lord was the infallible and divine guide of it during His lifetime, precisely as it existed in apostolic times when Peter was at the head of it under the guidance of the Holy Spirit.

Of course the Eastern schism and the rebellion under Luther and Henry VIII., resulting in widespread Protestantism—with

many and blessed virtues to its credit—seem to contradict all this and to have set up new Christian churches, and these are inclined to higggle over the authority of the one holy and true Church of Christ, but the Almighty is in no hurry, and in His own time He will swing the world into line.

At all events the Church cannot deny herself, as she would be obliged to do were she to yield one iota of her established dogma at the dictation of Prof. Foster or a thousand millions of Protestants like him.

They are astray, but there are other millions who have never known the truth, and her work is with all alike to teach them the truth of Jesus who said: "Thou art Peter, and upon this Petros will I build my church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it."

Sometimes I have thought with Mr. Foster, that too much was made of images, of beads, etc., and that too much attention was given to the saints—that is to the saints who have been recognized as such by the Church, for no man supposes that only those whom the Church has canonized are the saints of God, but I find by experience, that the more reverent one is, and the more constant in his devotions to the saints, the more spiritual and regular and profound is he in his worship of and trust in Almighty God. Hence, in this matter as in others, I have found by experience, the only sure teacher, that the Church was right in its declaration and that I was wrong in my inexperienced questioning in opposition thereto.

I think that Mr. Foster would find the same true were God to bless him with true faith.

It is not true that the latest or that any of the dogmas of the Church interfere with the purest and sweetest and closest spiritual worship of and love of the Saviour, but the converse is true, that the more faithful any Catholic soul may be in his devotions to the saints and to the Blessed Virgin, the more absolute and constant are his devotion to and his worship and love of God.

We have this treasure in earthen vessels—all are human, in a word. The Popes, the bishops, the priests and the faithful, all are human. In settling any question of dogma there has ever

been and there ever will be much wrangling ; much bitterness at times—just as in a coming storm there is much blackness and friction and thunder and lightning in the cloudy skies, but when at length the clashing ceases there is a clearing of the atmosphere and God's bow of promise is seen in the heavens, as of old.

I have made many scores of studies into the conflicts of councils and of rival Popes, but I have always found that the final ruling of the true Pope, was, according to my reason, divine.

Any man can cavil at the sunrise, its strange mixture of colors, etc., but only God can make a sunrise.

Any man can cavil over the making of the Church in this world—its contradictory statements, in the Scriptures and out of them, but only God could make the Church, and only God has preserved it, or can preserve it in our time.

It is cursed with so many crude and rude and damnable hypocrites, in the priesthood and out of it, but was not that also foretold ?

I had intended to review at length Mr. Foster's treatment of the Jesuits, but it is not worth while. To picture the Jesuit as moving heaven and earth from selfish motives and for selfish ends is a libel on one of the noblest and most self-sacrificing set of men that ever blessed the world.

I am glad that a Congregational professor of theology even in Oakland, California, has had the patience to study with such care the record of the Church and am sorry that through it all the good God has not vouchsafed him that faith which is the greatest of all heavenly blessings. May he find it yet.

* * * * *

Paul Beaumont, it seems to me, is a decided advance upon the author's previous story, *Thomas Ruffin*, and makes a very near approach to being a great novel in the sense that *Quo Vadis* and Mrs. Humphry Ward's books are great, that is, not alone for the beauty of the story that runs through the book, but especially for the theologic and scholarly dialogue that renders it attractive to thinking people.

After reading Paul Beaumont carefully, it is difficult to say

whether the book was written to picture his beautiful love for Marie Marchand or to display his intimate and thorough acquaintance with the positive philosophy of M. Comte. But the author shows himself an adept in either line, yet the book will hardly take rank with the great novels of the period. *David Harum*, which is a thoroughly trashy story, as full of slang as it is of shallowness, has already, doubtless, found a much larger audience.

In truth people are tired of Comteism, if they ever really cared for it, and to make a systematic discussion of that crazy, crack-brained and utterly unbelievable system of thought, a sort of leading theme in a novel, while it displays the author's mastery of the subject, will not, I fear, tend to sell his book.

The love story is thoroughly well told, and there are many intense and striking situations in the book. There are vivid pictures of scenes in the French Revolution, an entertaining familiarity with many of the inner workings of its secret societies, with all of which Paul's and Marie's destiny is woven, and in my judgment the book might have proven a great success had the long chapter on the homœopathic and allopathic practice of medicine been omitted. For while that is a live question, it needs to be handled by one less sympathetic with either side than Dr. Gilliam seems to be.

In a word, the book is an excellent piece of work, marred, it seems to me, that is for the popular market, by too great a weight of learning.

It is difficult to strike the happy medium, to get enough of Christianity in to be read by a Christian, and enough of doubt and refined denial to be read by a doubter, and in sympathy with the unwashed stupidities of the times.

* * * * *

Miss Springer, the author of *Dorothy Quincy*, has written a number of excellent papers for the *GLOBE*, and therefore we would naturally be inclined to kindness towards this, her first venture as a novelist, but the book is full of vivacity and a clever turning of events, and needs no especial tenderness.

Dorothy Quincy is a novel of the American Revolution. *Dorothy* herself is one of the choicest specimens of old time

New England maidenhood, of excellent family, well educated, shy but winsome, and full of heart withal; she finds herself at the outbreak of the Revolution quietly in love with an officer in the British army, for they were all British in those days, when the stirring events of the Revolution called Boston and all the colonies to arms, and John Hancock became a prominent figure in Boston and elsewhere.

The best part of the story is found in this situation, rather in a scene or two between Hancock and Major Crane and Dorothy, through which various things become manifest, among them these, that Crane was a gentleman genuinely in love, with Dorothy, of course, and that John Hancock was an insufferable, boorish and selfish prig, but as Dorothy and Hancock were both rebels, otherwise called patriots, Hancock got the girl, got also lots of honors, and died in due time. Who hath not seen the splendid copperplate signature of John Hancock to that immortal piece of humbuggery called the Declaration of Independence?

Incidentally and unwittingly, for the author is very patriotic, it thus turns out that the New England leader of the Revolution was one of those proud and peppery fellows, who cared far more for the gratification of his own ambition than for anything else in all this world, and again, incidentally and unwittingly, but simply by keeping her story close to history, Miss Springer shows Samuel Adams, the hired demagogue of the Revolution, to have been an ungrateful cad.

But our day is very patriotic. There are Daughters of the Revolution and Sons of the Revolution; one day patriotism means down with the British and another day Anglo-American alliance; the next day it means expansion and various high roads to infamy, but of all this John and Dorothy are now happily oblivious, and if people want to while away an idle hour, they may do worse than read Dorothy Quincy and refresh their memories of ye olden times.

WILLIAM HENRY THORNE.

SALIENT CHARACTERISTICS OF GENIUS.

As it cannot be expected that we would do anything even like half justice to our subject within the narrow limits of a single essay, we must needs confine ourselves to expatiating on some of the most salient characteristics of genius. Genius, according to the most competent authorities, is defined as distinguished mental superiority.

In the old romance of King Arthur, when a cowherd comes to the king to beg that he would make his son a knight, "It is a great thing thou askest," said Arthur, who inquired whether this entreaty proceeded from him or from his son. The old man's answer is remarkable: "Of my son, not of me; for I have thirteen sons, and all of them will perform the labor I put them to, but this child will not labor for me, but always he will be shooting and casting darts, and glad to see battles, and behold knights." The king commanded the cowherd to conduct to him all his sons. They were all shapen like the poor man, but Tor resembled none of them in external appearance, or even in countenance, for he was much more than any of them. And so Arthur knighted him. This simple anecdote comprises the history of genius. The cowherd's twelve sons resembled himself, but he among them who alone was adapted for knighthood, who was a perpetual source of trouble to his parents, was continually averse to the labors of the field, at the same time he was diligent enough in performing knightly functions, and he was incessantly dreaming of chivalry, even when amid the beasts of the plain. A man of genius is thus dropped among the people, and has first to encounter the difficulties of ordinary men deprived of that feeble ductility which adapts itself to the common destination. Lilly, the famous astrologer, proposed to his father that he would try his fortune in the English metropolis, where he expected his learning and talents would be duly appreciated and requited. The father, quite incapable of discovering the latent genius of his son in his studious disposition, very willingly consented to get rid of him.

The son forthwith proceeded to London, and after encountering many difficulties there, acquired fame and emolument. Genius is prone to irritability, enthusiasm and self-laudation.

The occupations, the amusements, and the ardor of the man of genius are in disaccordance with the artificial habits of life. In the vortexes of business, or in the world of pleasure, crowds of human beings are only treading in each other's footsteps. The pleasures and the sorrows of this active multitude are not his, while at the same time his own are not obvious to them. Therefore, the man of genius in society is often in a state of suffering. Sometimes amid his most agreeable associates he is known to be insolent, and occasionally querulous. He is stung by jealousy, or he writhes in aversion; his eyes kindle and his teeth chatter; his spirit is shaken by a fever which sometimes generates disease, and, as Mallebranche says, "It even causes a slight perturbation of his faculties." No man was more afflicted than Burns with that miserable pride, the infirmity of men of imagination, which exacts from its votaries a continual reverence and acknowledgment, and appreciation of its powers. Our poet, with all his gratitude and veneration for "the noble Glencairn," was "wounded to the soul," as Ovid says, because his Lordship afforded so much attention to himself, the only blockhead at the table, and almost ignored his casual visitor.

When Rousseau once retired to a village he had to endure its conversation. For this purpose he was compelled to invent an expedient to rid himself of his uneasy sensations. "Alone," says Rousseau, "I have never known ennui, even when completely unoccupied, my imagination filling the void was sufficient to busy me. It is only the trivial conversation carried on in a room where every one is face to face that I could never endure." Consequently, whenever it was necessary for him to visit another, he adopted the expedient of making lace-strings, carrying his working cushion with him, so as to keep the peace with the country gossips.

It is said about Racine that the pain inflicted on him by a severe criticism of one of his works outweighed all the applause he had received during his previous career. He appeared to have felt what he was often reproached with, that his Greeks,

Jews, and Turks were all inmates of Versailles. He had two critics, who like the whilom Dennis with Pope and Addison, regularly dogged his pieces as they appeared.

The life of Tasso abounds with pictures of a complete exhaustion of this kind. His contradictory critics had perplexed him with the most intricate literary discussions, and probably occasioned his mental alienation. We find in one of his letters that he repents the composition of his great poem, for although his own taste approved of that marvelousness which still forms the nobler part of its creation, yet he confesses that his critics have decided that the history of his hero, Godfrey, required another kind of conduct.

The oversensitive Smollett has left this to posterity: "Had some of those who are pleased to call themselves my friends, been at any pains to deserve the character, and told me ingenuously what I had to expect in the capacity of an author, I should in all probability have spared myself the incredible labor and chagrin I have since undergone."

Hume's philosophical indifference could frequently suppress that irritability, which exercised so much sway over Pope and Smollett. But were the feelings of Hume more obtuse, or did his temper, gentle as it was constitutionally, bear with saintly patience the mortifications his literary life so long endured? An eye witness thus described the irritated author manifesting in conversation his suppressed resentment. "His forcible mode of expression, the brilliant quick movements of his eyes, and the gestures of his body, these betrayed in him the pangs of contempt or aversion." Erasmus once resolved to abandon forever his favorite literary pursuits. "If this," he exclaimed alluding to his adversaries, "if this be the fruit of all my youthful labors." The acquaintances of the poet Collins probably complained of his wayward humors and irritability; but how could they sympathize with the secret mortification of the poet for having failed in his pastorals, imagining that they were composed on wrong principles, with a secret agony of soul, burning with his own hand his unsold but immortal odes.

Genius is prone to enthusiasm. A state of mind occurs in the most active operations of genius, which the term reverie in-

adequately indicates, metaphysical distinctions but ill describe it and popular language affords no expressions for those faculties and feelings which escape the observation of the multitude who are not affected by the phenomena. Aware of this peculiar faculty so prevalent in the more vivid exercise of genius, Lord Kames appears to have been the first, who in his work on criticism attempted to name the *ideal presence* to distinguish it from the real presence of things ; it has been called the representative faculty, the imaginative state, etc. Can we doubt of the existence of this faculty, where the visible and outward frame of the man of genius, bears witness to its presence? When Fielding said : "I do not doubt but the most pathetic and affecting scenes have been written in tears," he probably drew that discovery from a feeling inverse to his own. Fielding would have been gratified to have confirmed the observation by facts which never reached him. According to La Harpe, Metastasio in writing the ninth scene of the second act of his *Olympiad*, found himself suddenly moved, and shedding a copious flood of tears. The imagined sorrows inspired real tears, and they afterwards proved contagious. Had our poet not perpetuated his surprise by an interesting sonnet, the circumstance, like many other similar ones, would have disappeared with the emotion. Alfieri, the most energetic poet of modern times, having composed without a pause, the whole of an act, noted on the margin: "Written under a paroxysm of enthusiasm, and while shedding a flood of tears." Gray, according to his biographer, could never compose voluntarily, his genius resembled the armed apparition in Shakespeare's master tragedy. When he wished to compose the *Installation Ode*, for a considerable time he found himself incapable of commencing it. A friend calling on him, he suddenly flung open the door, and exclaimed in a hurried voice and tone :

"Hence, avaunt, this is holy ground."

The tremulous figure of the ancient Sybil seems to have been beheld in that land of the Muses, as we learn from the vigorous description of Paulus Iorius of the impetus and afflatus of one of the Italian improvisatori, some of whom we are informed have not degenerated from their ancestors in poetic inspiration and its concomitant excitement. "His eyes," he says, "fixed down-

ward, kindle, as he gives utterance to his effusions, the moist drops flow down his cheeks, the veins of his forehead swell, and wonderfully his learned ears, as it were, abstracted and intent, moderate each impulse of his flowing numbers."

"Canenti defixi exardent oculi, sudores manant, frontis venæ contumescunt, et quod mirum est eruditæ aures tanquam alienæ et intentæ omnem impetum profluentium numerorum exactissima ratione moderantur."

Genius is prone to self-laudation. Disraeli says, "The love of praise is instinctive in the nature of men of genius. The praise which they receive is the fact on which the past rests, and the wheel on which the future rolls." The generous qualities and virtues of such a character are developed and brought out in strong relief by the applause which he receives. "To him whom the world admires, the happiness of the world must be dear," says Madame De Stael. Like the wild Indian, for the savage and the man of genius possess the genuine feelings of nature, he would to his own name, when amidst his circle, they chant the pæans of their gods and their heroes. The honest savages laud the worthies among themselves, as well as those that are departed; and where one of their number hears his name mentioned in terms of eulogy, he gives utterance to a cry of pleasure and of pride. But pleasure and pride must cause no emotion to appear in the breast of genius, when amidst a polished circle; to bring himself down to their level, he must start at a compliment and turn away even from one of his own votaries. However, in the opinion of some, this rule is not always applicable to men endowed with extraordinary ability. According to Schlegel, if you deprive them of that supreme opinion which they entertain of themselves, and of their pride of exultation, you crush within them the germs of their excellence. Many vast designs would have perished in their first conception, were it not that their authors breathed this vital air of self-delight, this energy begotten of vanity, which is so productive of grand undertakings.

Some of the most gifted men the world ever beheld, have been the most daring of egotists. In reading the writings of Shakespeare, Milton, Byron and Wordsworth, one has a clear per-

ception of the intense egotism that pervades them, and the lofty confidence with which they anticipate their immortality. It is often this very quality that forms the principal charm of their works. Their poetical heroes in the majority of cases, are only the personifications of their own feelings and passions. Who can doubt that such men have a full consciousness of the extraordinary merits of their own genius, when at a single sitting they dash off some glorious work with the facility, rapidity and happiness of inspiration?

The Greek and Roman poets did not hesitate to assert that they had reared to themselves, in their verses, "monuments more lasting than brass." "Orna me," was Cicero's constant cry, and he entreated Lucceius to write for him a separate history of Cataline's conspiracy, and to publish it quickly, so that the consul who had crushed the traitor, might while he yet lived, taste the sweetness of that glory, which, as Horace says, "is void of death." "I spoke with a divine power in the Senate," he writes one day to Atticus; "there never was anything like it."

Epicurus once wrote to a minister of state: "If you desire glory, nothing can bestow it on you more than the letters I write to you," and Seneca quotes the words to Lucilius, adding: "What Epicurus promised to his friend, that I also promise to you." When one of the two Guidos, Italian authors, eclipsed the other, Dante wrote:

"Thus has one Guido from the other snatched
The lettered pride; and he, perhaps, is born,
Who shall drive either from his nest."

No less conscious of their own abilities, and ready to impart that consciousness to the world, are men of genius in modern times. According to La Harpe, the self-praise of Buffon, at least equaled his genius, and the inscription beneath his statue in the Jardin des Plantes, which was raised to him in his lifetime, exceeds all panegyrics. It places him alone in nature as the first and last interpreter of her works.

Monsieur Buffon said of the great geniuses of modern times, that there were not more than five—Newton, Bacon, Leibnitz, Montesquien and himself. Shakespeare also is not oblivious of himself, and hesitates not to say in one of his sonnets:

“Nor marble, nor the gilded monuments
Of princes shall outlive this powerful rhyme.”

To a large extent, likewise, it can be aptly said that the interest of his plays depends upon the egotism of his heroes and heroines. Who does not love the egotism of the melancholy Jacques that fills the forest of Ardennes with the gloom of his own soul, and in what but his proneness to selfish thoughtfulness lies the charm of Hamlet? The most fascinating passages in Othello are those in which the Moor speaks of his fiery love of battle, of his personal appearance and history, and, in an outburst of selfish sorrow, bids farewell to the pride, pomp and circumstances of glorious war.

Milton, whose intense egotism has been considered as conspicuous as his genius, evidently believed his great epic poem to be destined to immortality when he said “it was a work the world would not willingly let die.” Everybody is familiar with the daring avowal of Kepler, which, however, is far from commendable: “I dare not insult mankind by confessing that I am he who has turned science to advantage. If I be pardoned I shall rejoice; if blamed, I shall endure it. The die is cast. I have written this book, and whether it be read by posterity or by contemporaries matters not. It may well wait for a reader during one century when God Himself during 6,000 years has waited for an observer like myself.”

Nelson had such an overweening estimate of himself after the battle of the Nile that he took an almost childish pleasure in being stared at and in being called “great and glorious,” even when he himself was present. Napoleon was the incarnation of egotism and so self-conscious that he was visibly offended when, after his early victories, a vast assembly turned their eyes from him to something else that attracted their attention. It is indisputable that William Pinkney was one of the greatest forensic advocates that America has produced, and it is also indisputable that he was one of the proudest of mortals. William Wirt, speaking of his absoluteness of manner, says: “Socrates confessed that all the knowledge he had been able to acquire seemed only to convince him that he knew nothing. Yet Pinkney would make you believe that he knew everything.”

Machias, Maine.

REV. C. O'SULLIVAN.

FORGOTTEN.

Over the dew-laden fields, where the stream, with monotonous murmur,
Sings to the whispering rushes a song which the voice cannot utter,
Sings to my world-weary heart ;—alone in the twilight I wander,
While, o'er the shadowy cornfields, the sun sinketh down into darkness,
Tingeing the trees and the river with glory that fadeth and dieth
Swiftly, as dieth our joy, when life goeth down into sadness.
Slowly the mist on the hillside descends like a shadowy curtain,
Down o'er the valleys beneath, and foldeth all in its pinions ;
Wings of the Night, that, in silence, with sorrowful, faltering footsteps,
Passeth along on her way, and, sadly, with fingers reluctant
Closeth the gates of the West, and hideth the hues of the sunset
Under her slumberous mantle : then kindles, on high in the heav'ns,
The lamps that she lighteth at even, and quencheth again at the dawning.
Singeth the bird to his mate, then ceaseth his song, and is silent :
Only the hurrying streamlet, with drowsy, monotonous murmur,
Sounds mid the gathering darkness, as soundeth the voice of the ocean
Heard betwixt waking and sleep ; or music, low down in the valley,
Reaching the ear of the shepherd who watcheth his flock on the hillside.

So, in the twilight, I waited, for, once, long ago,—as it seemeth—
Down by the stream I had wandered, and listened to what it was saying :
A message it bore me, methought, an echo of light falling footsteps
Over the bridge, by the stile : and then long ago, I had heard them :
Then—softer than music of waters, heard singing their song in the twilight—
Whispered the lips that I loved, and, brighter than hues of the sunset,
Or lamps that the Night hath enkindled, the love-light that gathered and
sparkled,
For me, in the deeps of her eyes, and sweet was the message they brought
me :

Sweeter than music at ev'ning, half-heard far adown in the valley,
Reaching the ear of the shepherd that watcheth his flock on the hillside,
So had I heard it, ah me ! long ago—long ago—as it seemeth—
Down by the bank of the stream, the message of love she had brought me,
Whispered to me in the silence : then kissed me, my darling, and left me,
Never to kiss me again, ah never to meet me, to whisper
Words I can never forget, that dwell in my heart, nor shall leave me
Till, in the home that I seek, the songs of the angels shall banish
Even the sound of her voice, who met me, and kissed—and forgot me.
Cease then, oh pitiless stream, thy drowsy monotonous murmur,
Cease to re-echo her words, the sound of her light-falling footsteps ;
So in such silence, may I, alone in the gathering darkness,
Learn to forget, for a while, till death shall bring peace and oblivion.

Westbury, England,

FRANCIS W. GREY.

CATHOLIC JOURNALISM AND CRITICISM.

THE subject indicated by the above title naturally divides itself into two parts; first, Catholic journalism; second, Catholic criticism. Viewed in any true and rational light, the first part must be again divided into two parts; first, Catholic journalism that is meant mainly or exclusively for the professional and more cultured classes of Catholic readers, and Catholic journalism that is meant mainly for familiar religious instruction and for family reading.

As to Catholic literary criticism, it is as yet, in this country at least, largely a minus quantity, but it is by no means to be despised, and least of all by the amateur upstarts who have recently been ventilating their verdancy on the subject in various Catholic papers.

I propose to treat both phases of the subject in a manner that may be of service to the present and future students of Catholic journalism and Catholic criticism in this land.

I have no patience with mere fault-finders, amateurs, spitting editors, charlatans, clerical or other, who think they know it all, because they may have written a poem or two or a story or two that have been commended by amateurs less gifted and capable than themselves.

In the long run and on general principles it will be well enough to lay this down as a principle that only those who have made their way in actual literature, and have made a good living out of the line of work concerning which they would express their opinion, have any right to express that opinion publicly, or any right to expect any proper respect for opinions so expressed, and if this law or condition be applied to the amateur Catholic nobodies, Rev. and other, who are talking and writing a good deal about Catholic journalism and Catholic criticism in these days, the whole coterie of them would be relegated to some Catholic kindergarten, there to learn the first principles of the subject they all imagine that they already understand. But

let us come to the question and treat it carefully along the lines indicated.

Catholic journalism, in any sense worth mentioning, is comparatively new in this country. Such papers as the *Boston Pilot* represent an era of general Catholic ignorance as to an audience and still greater ignorance and inability on the part of the editors engaged in enlightening said audience, and with that whole class of quasi ecclesiastical and quasi slavish shuffling of journalism I do not propose to deal. The whole business, from the aforesaid *Pilot* to such blanket sheets of mediocre imbecility and sandbag advertising as the *True Witness* of Montreal and the *Catholic Tribune* of Springfield, Mass., as conducted to-day, is beneath the contempt of even secular journalism, and that is everywhere the servant of hell.

Catholic journalism, however, has made splendid strides in this country during the last ten years, and I propose to point out to those complaining puppies of recent fame and to the world at large some of the elements of advancement already gained.

In the first place I wish to remind them and my readers everywhere that *religious journalism*, so called, is one of the most difficult things to accomplish, either in the Protestant or Catholic world.

Our American Protestants, especially our Yankee American Protestants, through whom most of our prosperous American Protestant religious journalism, so called, has come, were all talkers. They had little or no real religion to speak of, but from Calais, Maine, to Charleston, South Carolina, they could talk religion, argue religion, quote Scripture and spiritualize the universe by whole quarter-sections of religious gabble, hence it was natural that they should make a better fist, so to speak, of religious journalism in the early years of our republic than was made by Catholic journalism; nevertheless I wish to call the attention of my readers to the fact that most of our American Protestant journalism, so called, was a sort of hide-bound, half clerical, half cowardly, half damnable and half imbecile affair, until such men as Beecher and Talmage gave their genius to *The Independent*, *The Christian Union*, etc., etc., all within

the last thirty years—in a word, that it was *individual*, personal genius that made American Protestant religious journalism in this country worth anything, precisely as it was the genius of Mr. MacMaster that gave a glory to our early Catholic journalism and saved it from the religious imbecility of the kind already condemned. In the same line of work and procedure, were it worth while, for instance, if Archbishop Ireland would stay at home and mind his own business as a religious teacher, he might, with due editorial assistance, superintend the issue of a weekly Catholic journal in St. Paul that would be read with interest, though perhaps not with profit, by tens of thousands of Catholics throughout the country.

It would be erratic, spredeagle, weathercockish, unorthodox and absurd in many ways, but it would be interesting, for his Grace of St. Paul, whatever his shortcomings, has a genius that captivates the popular ear, and he knows fairly well how to use his pen, which is more than can be said for some of his brethren.

However, the world is in no dire need of the journalistic ability of his Grace of St. Paul, much less is it in any dire need of the amateur charlatanism of such gentlemen as the Rev. Talbot Smith & Co.

In truth real religion is about the last thing that comes to priests, parsons, or to Catholic or Protestant laymen, hence the difficulty of accomplishing real and successful religious journalism. A man must have some little religion before he can teach it.

Religious journalism is in fact the highest vocation known to man. It is keeping the public mind informed of all the leading religious questions and problems of the times, and at the same time keeping said public mind enlightened on these themes. It is not merely a reporter of religious questions, but an expounder of them. To do this work as it ought to be done, requires splendid intellectual gifts, fine scholarship, wide experience and a pure heart—the rarest combination of gifts given to mortal man; yet, as a matter of fact, half shelved and incompetent priests and parsons have usually been the editors of religious papers.

But as greatness of intellect, combined with a well-informed mind, is a rarer entity than a saint, and as both of these, plus

true religion are needed to produce real religious journalism, the spitting fault-finders will see how difficult a business it is for anybody and everybody, except themselves, of course, to succeed in this line.

Meanwhile, let us glance at what has been done and is being done, in which all Catholics may well take pride.

It will be found, with rare exceptions, that capable Catholic journalism, like secular journalism, follows the lines of comparative density and culture of population. In a word, with rare exceptions, the ablest writers, Catholic or Protestant, seek and are in some way forced to seek the great cities, hence, I shall confine my remarks mainly to the Catholic journals of a few of our first class cities.

When I began this article last year the *Sacred Heart Review*, of Boston, had been for a year or two what seemed to me almost an ideal *family* Catholic paper. It was never afflicted with any individuality, independence or brilliancy of thought, but none of these elements are needed to make a satisfactory family Catholic paper. The average family Catholic audience in this country is not exacting in such matters. The average family Catholic audience cares to have a good deal said about the saints, likes to read a sort of perpetual adoration of their priests and prelates, does not want any criticism of these, resents it as an insult or abuse, and the women particularly are always interested in such articles on dress, cooking and housekeeping as any well informed school girl or matron can prepare. This same audience, if not exacting of intellectual brilliancy is fully appreciative of true piety in the spirit and attitude of the writers, who would serve it—and all this, it seems to me, the founders and editor of the *Sacred Heart Review* had well considered in advance, and for several years, as I have said, their paper, though seldom having any thing in it that I cared to read to a finish, seemed to me to be almost an ideal Catholic family paper.

Within the last twelve months this same Boston weekly, evidently under the pressure of some up-to-date American, has adopted the stupid and needless superfluity of two pages of notes on current events, so-called. These notes are gotten up to order, evidently, with brief indented head lines; all as unlike

the sweet and clean and simple goodness of the paper as it used to be, as one could imagine, and, like some other amateur Catholic sheets that practice this system of notes on current events, these notes are always flat, stale and unprofitable and especially stale.

There is not a town in the United States, scarcely a village, but has its daily newspaper; and these daily papers are read by all people that are able to read, and these papers are full to the edges of current events. Moreover, the editors of these ubiquitous dailies, from the great cities on our eastern seaboard, to the California coast, in a word, throughout the length and breadth of our land, all comment on said current events and quite as intelligently as the average commentator in our Catholic Weeklies, so, when the writer of these pages in the *Sacred Heart Review* and of similar papers try to pump their stale wit or wisdom into these stale echoes of the various cat-calls of the past week, their readers have already read the poor yarns in other places and are glad to have forgotten them.

A striking instance of this evil occurred quite recently. The Hon. Bellamy Storer, who had been appointed Minister to Madrid, as a reward to Archbishop Ireland for the services he rendered in the plutocratic rascalities that made McKinley president, somehow got lost or under the table in his pleasant little junketings on his way to Spain. All the secular papers of the country had given the news and had treated Storer's lost sheep business as a good joke, as alone it deserved to be treated. Finally, a day or two before the regular Thursday issues of the Catholic weeklies, these same dailies announced with good humor that Storer "was all right," was in fact on that same Thursday say, in Madrid, bowing to the so-called Queen. Now Storer is said to be Catholic, and he is rich, so sure enough, while he was safe in Madrid, and after the daily press had announced his arrival there, certain Catholic weeklies that like to be witty and wise and up-to-date on current events, were announcing the sad loss of Bellamy Storer, the serious aspect of the case, etc., etc.

Stuff and nonsense! There was no serious aspect to that case, and I here urge the *Sacred Heart Review* and other weaker

sheets to avoid this small detailed review of the current cat-calls of the week, and fill their pages as the first paper named used to do, with excellent matter on some of the more salient questions of the day, and let the cat-calls alone for the cat-call editors of the daily press, who have already covered the ground.

With this exception I still consider the *Sacred Heart Review*, of Boston, one of the cleanest and best religious papers, Catholic or Protestant, published in the United States, and I am glad to be able to speak thus far more kindly of said weekly than it has ever spoken of the *GLOBE REVIEW*.

The *Sacred Heart Review* is, moreover, uniformly well printed on fairly good paper, a thing scarcely known to the Catholic press, which is usually cheap and nasty and filthy and dirty in this regard.

In New York I take it *The Freeman's Journal* is, all things considered, the typical Catholic paper of the city. It, too, is a sort of family paper, but with an editorial page that is fit for the philosophers and theologians of old. It is a strange mix-up. The editorial page is equal to the best that ever appeared in the New York *Independent* in its palmiest days, while the general contributions of Irish news, letters from Rome, etc., etc., are wonderful enough in their double-headed titles to captivate all the fools in Christendom, and its department for women, edited apparently by some society belle of New York, is too slim-waisted, and too utterly too-too-ish for any pious eyes. Father Lambert writes for men of brains, and the rest of the staff write for women and children without brains. But the *Freeman's Journal*, by virtue of its commanding editorial page, wins the respect of other editors, and is, with the exception of its slavery to Ireland, and that in the city presided over by the one Archbishop in the country who has less sympathy with the prelate of St. Paul than any other, say in its editorial power, equal to the best Protestant weekly in the country.

It is a strange combination of ideal journalistic power and of those lang syne idiocies that have brought upon Catholic journalism the contempt of ninety per cent. of our Catholic population. I do not know the inner facts of the case, but the *Freeman's Journal* as edited to-day seems to be run by cliques

and for cliques without any of that broad-minded and Christian charity that ought to dominate all our work, nevertheless its editorial page is splendid in its intellectual ability.

I never read the *Standard Times* or *Times Standard* of Philadelphia, but it is to be commended for having consolidated two fossils into one, and occasionally I see a thing quoted from it which indicates that once in a while some person of thought contributes to its pages. The man that gave it name and reputation should have been retained as its editor and have been given *carte blanche* to say what he pleased. He never would have grown utterly stupid, and that is the curse of our average Catholic journalism.

Running across to Chicago we have, in *The New World*, under Mr. Dillon's editorial management, what I consider, by all odds, the best family Catholic newspaper in this country.

When this paper was founded the usual coterie of interfering priests persisted in bothering the editor. Under Mr. Hyde's management it was simply feeling its way, and for a time also under Mr. Dillon's, but eventually that genial good sense that has proven its editor superior to all his advisers dominated the paper from beginning to end. It is the only way that any paper can be wisely run. This business of hiring a man, a priest or a layman, to run the editorial page of a paper, and leaving the rest to be run by a lot of priestly or other nobodies who have their little axe to grind, or their little whims to advocate, makes a sorry product.

Let it be borne in mind that I am speaking of the *New World* as a *family paper*. In my judgment it seldom or never rises to the height of a teacher or defender of the truth, but it constantly puts the prevailing opinion of the day, that is, the best prevailing Catholic opinion, in mild and clear light before its readers. It may occasionally do more than this in its editorial utterances, but this is doing no mean work. Its spirit is good. It often shows its teeth in barking at the English, but this, though exceedingly foolish, may be pardoned. Its correspondence from the various churches of the archdiocese, and from the colleges, its special writers on topics which they are supposed to have made a special study, and the variety of

the matters treated in their special articles, are all indications that the present editor has made a careful study of his audience and labors to satisfy its wants ; and this is the key to successful journalism, Catholic or other.

About once a year the *New World* seems to make a herculean effort to put out a clean sheet,—that is, to find moderately decent paper, and to get its printing fairly well done, and its illustrations on its first page not wholly, utterly and inexcusably disgusting. I know what an effort of the gods it takes to do anything of this sort in Chicago, and Mr. Dillon deserves great praise for succeeding in doing this once in a year.

As to its general editorial management, I consider the *New World*, of Chicago, the ablest Catholic family paper published in the United States. Mr. Dillon has a first page devoted to brief comment on events of the day, but he has the good sense not to waste his wit on the mere cat-calls of the night. In a word, he selects wisely such prominent events as an intelligent editor may comment on and devotes various sensible notes to them. In short, Mr. Dillon is an editor, knows his business, does not grow foolish with authority, and he is most fortunate in having for archbishop and nominal head of his paper, a man not only of vast good sense, but as I view it, one of the truest and best men in the American Catholic hierarchy.

It is with great pleasure that I turn to Mr. Preuss's *Review* of St. Louis. When the other Catholic papers were mostly filthy, Mr. Preuss got out a clean and well printed sheet even while its office was in Chicago, showing that the thing can be done there, but this is only one of *The Review's* many excellences. It is a genuine newspaper, bound to be recognized and honored as such by all journalists of whatever creed, who know what true journalism means.

It is not a family paper. I do not suppose that Mr. Preuss ever meant that it should be. It is a paper for priests and intelligent laymen and women, not for the average Catholic audience.

Mr. Preuss is an editor by instinct, genius, and by heredity. He is a thoroughly well-informed man, and has a way of finding, selecting and saying the best things. There is no first page of cat-call comment on lost Storsers and other infants—the daily

press can look after that—but never a theme of the day that has any bearing on Catholic thought and life is allowed to pass unnoticed.

Mr. Preuss has associated with him other writers of marked ability of thought and utterance, and, taken all in all, for professional men, his paper is by far the ablest Catholic journal in the country.

One might go farther south and west, but he will not find anything better or half as good as the four papers here selected, and of these four the two edited and practically controlled by laymen, *The New World* and the *Review*, one distinctively a family paper and the other a paper for professional men, are far and away the best. Indeed these two papers are equal if not superior to any Protestant journals of their class in the United States, and this only goes to show what might be done in thirty different centres of the country if only the priests would learn that in the business of Catholic journalism they must assist and not dictate to the laymen in charge.

I have not thought it worth while to go over many other Catholic journals familiar to me. This is not an article to point out our faults, but our excellences, and to encourage the spread of the same kind in other cities.

Up to this point I have said nothing about Catholic criticism, deeming it better to treat that matter separately. Here again the faultfinder has an easy time of it. There is so little genuine Catholic criticism in this country that it is easy to fling stones, there being no danger of our own glass windows. But the fault-finding in this case is scarcely more just or reasonable than in the general scolding about the poverty of Catholic journalism.

Literary criticism is an infinitely more difficult art than journalism, and Catholic literary criticism is surrounded with many difficulties of its own. Most of the men who write books are priests or prelates. Their fellow priests or prelates, even if they were able, feel a natural reluctance to criticise the works of their fellows in the priesthood, and the average literary Catholic layman feels a certain bias that prevents him from doing the work as it ought to be done. These conditions are a part of our Catholic system, and cannot be separated from it. There is still a deeper diffi-

culty at the heart of this matter in our country, viz.: the lack of a well-informed, judicious literary judgment and the ability to express the same, and this applies equally to Protestant and Catholic.

It will probably startle some of my readers when I assure them that this country has never produced a great or a genuine literary critic.

Emerson and his friends, in the early days of the *North American Review*, essayed this role, but lamentably failed. America, in its earlier days more than now or for the last fifty years, had many men and women of excellent literary judgment, but without the patient ability of putting said judgment into cold type.

Now, every booby can write, but there are no thinkers. Even General Miles has taken to writing—on the war, of course, and his reproduction of various military orders shows accurate information in that line, while his general estimate of the war with Spain, of the historic events that led up to it, is weaker, stupider and falser than the mouthings of a mere school boy.

Everybody can write, but nobody thinks any more; but to return to the old days. Emerson was too sympathetic of nature, and withal not half thoroughly educated enough for a literary critic. Lowell came the nearest of any of our literary men to being a critic; but he had too many irons in the fire, and to-day we think of him as a wit, as a would-be poet, etc., but not as a critic. Hawthorne, being a man of far deeper genius than either, had greater ability of literary criticism, but nobody really cared then or cares now for the niceties of thought, discrimination and utterance that go to make up this rare ability. Every American reader has always supposed himself quite as capable of making up his mind as to the merits of a book as the wisest and most gifted critic. Where, therefore, was the use of writing for those who had already made up their minds, or would do so, regardless of the critic?

George Ripley, for many years book reviewer for the *New York Tribune*, and George William Curtis, for many years engaged with the Harpers, were both of them looked upon as critics in their day, but they were nothing more than book-tasters for the publishers—first-class hacks, so to speak; and there have

been men engaged on the press in all our leading cities equal or superior to them, but no writer of American birth has ever proven himself a writer of criticism that lived as literature even for a year after it was written.

A generation ago there was a man by the name of MacKenzie engaged on one of the Philadelphia papers, who had quite a reputation as a critic, but as his name indicates, he was a foreigner. During the last ten years a man has written some very able reviews for the New York *Sunday Sun*, but he, too, I understand, is a foreigner. There is something in the democratic and commercial spirit of our country that prevents young men from pursuing those paths of life that lead to the broad areas of literary judgment. It is not in our blood and bones. One man's opinion is as good as another's. Where is the use of training a class of specialists? Catholics fall under the same general laws of literary life.

I am making these remarks to intimate to the faultfinders that the thing desired is not as easy of accomplishment as at first sight appears, except to themselves.

Many a school girl graduate has written an excellent review of a single book that she has made a special study of, for that purpose, but can she do it every day and every week in the year, and about any and all kinds of books? Your genuine critic must be a sort of encyclopedia in himself and must have his knowledge well in hand. He must, moreover, be versatile in expression. He must write criticism so that it will be read.

This, I do not hesitate to say, not one writer in one hundred thousand can do and do it regularly. In a word, the thing complained of is not a Catholic lacking, but an American lacking, and the faultfinders had better try their own hands for a year.

It took me three months to study the book and to produce the review of Cardinal Gibbons's *Ambassador of Christ*. Yet I have often reviewed as many as fifteen books a week—week in and week out—and have written one or two editorials a day besides.

Let the faultfinders try their own hand. Then, again, it is but seldom that a Catholic book or author demands or justifies

a careful review. It is not in Catholic journals 'alone that this feature of honest and careful criticism is conspicuous by its absence.

The so-called literary papers in this country are maudlin in their literary imbecility.

The weekly literary edition of the *New York Times* is but a rehash of old anecdotes about books and authors, with a lot of stupid letters from utterly stupid people, showing their ignorance of real literature.

The Critic, of New York, is a sort of female aid to publishers to sell their useless publications.

The *Literary World*, of Boston, once in a while has a careful review of a book, but ninety per cent. of its notices are scarcely better than the notices written by publishers' hacks to give their books a send-off. It is the hack business carried one step further to aid the publisher and assist his advertising.

The *Dial*, of Chicago, is much like the *Literary World*, only the rawness of the West gets into the hack productions and makes them sound more like reviews, that is, to the uninitiated.

Now, once in a while I have seen a good criticism in the *Sacred Heart Review*, in the *Catholic World*, in the *Freeman's Journal*, in the *Times Standard*, in the *New World*, and time and again in *The Review*, proving that there is among us the same exceptional ability of doing the thing once in a while that there is in the Protestant world, and I hold that this is all that any sane person has a right to expect or demand.

For more than a year I have desired to take up Kipling, and show by actual comment and commendation that a really great poet has, comet-like, struck our earth, but the wobbling American intellect will get at it by degrees.

In an age of unbridled asses it is well to let each imagine that he is keeping the prophet straight, otherwise instead of speaking he might take to kicking, a business said to be far more serious, especially to the kicked.

Catholic journalism and criticism are in an age of formation. I have here tried to welcome its good points and to show how they can be made more general.

Could I give the reader the details of those studies these last

twenty-five years that have made me at times more severe and less charitable in my strictures than in the present article, he would understand that but one law sways and controls my work, viz.: to speak the exact truth, and to speak it with the utmost charity that all the facts and all the motives of the moment will or can allow.

WILLIAM HENRY THORNE

DEVON AND CORNWALL IN THE REFORMATION.

"WORKS OF CAMDEN SOCIETY."

"FROUDE'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND."

"WORKS OF THE LATE REV. G. OLIVER, D.D."

"WORKS OF JOHN HOKER, ALIAS VOWEL, 1524-1601."

"WORKS OF REV. F. AIDAN GASQUET, D.D."

"OLD WAYS IN OLD DAYS DOWN WEST." Vic.

"PAPERS IN NINETEENTH CENTURIES, JANUARY, '98, MARCH, '98, JUNE, '99. By Rev. A. Jessop, D.D., F.R. His. S."

"STATE PAPERS OF THE PERIOD."

No part of England could have been more devoted to the ancient Faith, at the time of the so-called Reformation, than the counties of Devon and Cornwall, comprising the ancient diocese of Exeter. The serious insurrection which burst forth almost spontaneously in 1549 (1) with the imposition of the new service book, and in which, according to the testimony of an eye-witness, upwards of four thousand west country peasants laid down their lives for their religion, is a sufficient proof of their antagonism to the Tudor innovations, met at first with open resistance, finally sullenly acquiesced in by reason of the presence of superior force. Mr. Froude remarks of these changes generally, "a dim but sure perception of the direction in which the stream was flowing foretold to earnest Catholics a widely different issue, and the simplest of them knew, better than

(1) There was trouble in Cornwall as early as April, 1548, when a Royal Commissioner, named William Body, was murdered in the parish church of Helston, and thirty of the ringleaders were executed, including a priest, Sir Martin Gefferye, hanged and quartered at Smithfield.

the court knew, that they were drifting from the sure moorings of the faith into the broad ocean of uncertainty."

The social state of England on the eve of the so-called Reformation was an age of rest and faith.

Life and thought having settled into permanent forms, faith was utilized for the purpose of moral cultivation, evolving the only moral and spiritual organization that has ever remained unshaken for a thousand years and to which the best and wisest minds of England now show a deep tendency to return with slow but sure steps. The habits of all classes, in the west country especially, were open, free and liberal. While suspicious and idle characters were severely punished, the industrious poor were welcomed, without stint or reserve, to the free fare of the baron's hall and abbey refectory. There was no deep gap between the classes, the sharp surveillance of justices of the peace over the people was poised by the equally sharp surveillance over themselves, and any neglect or excess in their magisterial offices was visited by penalties, even then considered sharp, but which a milk and water age would brand as cruel. Two hundred and forty pounds a year, according to present valuation, was the average income of the squire, about seventy to one hundred that of the priest. Neither priest nor squire was able to establish any steep difference in outward advantages between himself and the commons amongst whom he lived. Old English hospitality, of which west country hospitality is proverbial even in the traces of it that still remain, lasted far down into Elizabeth's time, and then, as Camden says, came in great bravery of building to the marvellous beautifying of the realm, but to the decay of what he valued more. Thus the English people lived, hating idleness, want and cowardice, carrying their hearts high and having their hands full.

The universities were well filled, chiefly by the sons of yeomen.

The broad-minded, practical piety of the old Catholic prelates had provided liberal foundations for their support. Exeter College, Oxford, formerly Stapledon Hall, founded by Bishop Stapledon, of Exeter, in 1316, to place within reach of the poor scholars of his diocese the advantages of a university education, amongst the number, now with so many other endowments since

the so-called Reformation, taken away from the poor to be given to the rich. The prevailing universal recognition of the sacredness of authority led to the organization of the entire trading life of England, the outward symbols of which still remain under the old civil corporations, grocers' company, goldsmiths' company, mercers' company. Their rules and charters show their object to have been a strict supervision over the characters and education, up to certain standards of excellence, according to their several degrees, of the component members of each guild. What an immense check on dishonest dealings as regards either price or materials! What a guarantee to the public of all classes were conferred by such a system! Nor can it be for a moment a matter of surprise that a noble-minded nation, saturated for centuries with Catholic principles, declined to tolerate the idea that man should injure his brother by supplying him with inferior articles, either as regards workmanship or material, under the specious names of personal liberty or free trade. (1)

The education theory of those days was deliciously simple, two main principles being the key to a learning of infinitely higher standard than that of any board school: "All were taught—1st. Their duty to God. 2d. As a means to perform that duty by leading a worthy, industrious, and independent life, all were taught to be proficient in their own trades and business. The modern idea, that a superficial acquaintance with subjects in no wise concerning or relating to a man's trade or craft was essential, or indeed, on the whole useful, had not entered into the minds of practical men who had been bred to the idea that the highest education desirable for the great masses of the people was perfection in their own callings, and that by concentrating on their own business all their energies, the results were of such superior excellence as, *per se*, to maintain the commercial supremacy of the country. And as the best article must in the long run fetch the best price, so such a system

(1) The immense fortunes amassed by the vulgar rich under the modern Brumagen system, both in England and America, are evidently doomed to a not far distant collapse. So true is it that all evil systems carry within themselves the seeds of their own disintegration. So true was it that under the old system morality went along with politics and economy, and formed the life and spirit of them.

must confer on the working classes the best wages of their labors."

Of learning at this period, it is doubtless true that the wonderful invention of printing had more generally distributed and equalized it, so that the learning of the clergy was certainly proportionately less than in the past. "The people were prosperous, well-fed, loyal and contented. In all points of material comfort they were better off than they have ever been in later times." Mr. Froude seems to consider that the demoralized condition of the nation under all these changes was one of the causes of the deep melancholy that settled on Queen Elizabeth during the latter years of her life.

"Many of their customs, as, for instance, the mystery players, would seem to Protestants of the present day childish and even profane, but they were not so when tendered in simplicity and received as they were given, and doubtless out of these rude dramas were evolved the mighty masterpieces of Shakespeare, for such a greatness as his was not as much personal, as the highest degree of the excellence prevailing around him, the offspring of the long generations of Catholic culture and feeling, who had pioneered his road for him as Copernicus pioneered the road for Newton." In the current number of the *Nineteenth Century Review*, (1) Dr. Jessop, as humane as he is learned, draws a heartrending picture of rural life in England now.

"The agricultural land in this country has, during the last twenty years or so, immensely deteriorated in value, and is actually tending to become less and less a safe or desirable investment for capital.

"There are tens of thousands of acres—say hundreds of thousands—of land in England at this moment which may be bought for a sixth of what they would have fetched twenty years ago. Nor is this all. The tillers of the soil, who are employers of labor, after all that has been done for them by successive governments, declare that it is well nigh impossible to farm at a profit by working their land after the fashion of their fathers; and the tillers of the soil who are the working peasantry, in receipt of

wages, show an increasing reluctance to remain upon the land The exodus from the villages goes on The county councils are at their wits ends to know what to do with the money at their disposal. There are whole districts which are tending to fall out of cultivation, and tending, too, to become mere deserts like the Campagna, or like the morne and melancholy wilderness, where the great temples of Pæstum stand staring at the sea in their sullen loneliness, sorrowing, if ruin ever do sorrow, for the good old times the old village life has all faded away, vanished The poor toilers in the rural districts want everything that the townsman claims already as his right, water to drink, houses to live in, resting places in their weariness, nursing in their sore sickness, common walls, be they ever so humble, where they may hope to get some innocent amusement, diversion, instruction and rational companionship."

Of the hygienic aspect of village life, the same author remarks:

"It is, however, when some outbreak of serious sickness falls upon our villages that the dreadful condition of the cottages in some of our country parishes becomes shockingly apparent. When a whole family has been stricken and the worst is over, and the weakened and the half alive cannot render to the delirious or the half dead the simplest service—when a house is reeking with fever, God help those who cannot help themselves. I never heard of a country village in my experience, with even a rudimentary dispensary, where the most simple means and appliances absolutely necessary for accidents and sudden emergencies are kept ready at hand."

In a previous paper on "Ancient Parish Life in England," Dr. Jessop points out that at the dawn of the so-called Reformation, most if not all parishes were the possessors of real property.

"When I talk about the great pillage, I mean that horrible and outrageous looting of our churches other than conventual, and the robbing of the people of this country in land and movables, which property had actually been inherited by them as members of those organized religious communities known as parishes.

"It is necessary to emphasize the fact that in the general scramble of *the Terror* under Henry VIII., and of the anarchy in the days of Edward VI., there was only one class that was permitted to retain any large portion of its endowments. The monasteries were plundered, even to their very pots and pans. The almshouses, in which old men and women were fed and clothed, were robbed to the last pound, the poor alms-folk being turned out in the cold at an hour's warning to beg their bread ; the splendid hospitals for the sick and needy, sometimes magnificently provided with nurses and chaplains, whose very *raison d'être* was that they were to look after and care for those who were past caring for themselves, these were stripped of all their belongings, the inmates sent out to hobble into some convenient dry ditch to lie down and die in or to crawl into some barn or hovel, there to be tended, not without fear of consequences, by some kindly man or woman who could not bear to see a suffering fellow-creature drop down and die at their own doorposts. Men and brethren, you doubtless think this mere exaggeration. If you do, and if you have the will to learn the plain, unvarnished truth and the means to pay an expert duly equipped for the task, give that expert a commission to write a history of the Grand Hospital of St. Mary's, Newark, one among many such hospitals, an account of what it was and what it was doing, say in 1540, and of its utter desolation and ruin less than ten years after, when the lust of gain in the spirit of Cain was master of the situation, and men in high places, of high birth, and even of high culture, found the spirit of the age too strong for them. We talk with a great deal of indignation of the Tammany ring. The day will come when some one will write the story of two other rings. The ring of the miscreants who robbed the monasteries in the reign of Henry VIII. was the first ; but the ring of the robbers who robbed the poor and helpless in the reign of Edward VI. was ten times worse than the first. The universities only just escaped the general confiscation ; the friendly societies and benefit clubs and gilds did not escape.

"The accumulated wealth of centuries, their houses and land, their money, their vessels of silver and their vessels of gold, their ancient cups and goblets and salvers, even to their very

chairs and tables, were all set down in inventories and catalogues, and all swept into the great robbers' hoard. Last, not least, the immense treasures in the churches, the joy and boast of every man, woman and child in England, who, day by day, and week by week, assembled to worship in the old houses of God, which they and their fathers had built and whose every vestment and chalice, and candlestick and banner, organs and bells, and picture and image, and altar and shrine, they looked on as their own and part of their birthright—all these were torn away by the rudest spoilers, carted off, they knew not whither, with jeers and scoffs and ribald shoutings, while none dared raise a hand or let his voice be heard above the whisper of a prayer of bitter grief and agony. One class was spared, the clergy managed to retain some of their endowments; but if the boy king had lived another three years, there is good reason for believing that these, too, would have gone."

Space forbids our following Dr. Jessop in his learned and interesting study of the gradual evolution of English parishes; the word being defined by Bishop Hobhouse to be "the community of the townships organized for church purposes and subject to church discipline, with a constitution which recognized the rights of the whole body as an aggregate and the right of every adult member, whether man or woman, to a voice in self-government, but at the same time kept the self-governing community under a system of inspection and restraint by a central authority outside the parish boundaries." (1)

No greater delusion exists among Protestants than the idea that mediæval parish life was an autocracy under irresponsible clerical rule. On the contrary, "it must be understood that all this enormous amount of property (which, if it were in existence now and were brought to the hammer, would represent a gross value of several millions of pounds sterling) *belonged to the parishes*. It no more belonged to the clergy, the parsons, the parish priests, than it belonged to the lords of the manors. Hundreds of the vestments and ornaments are expressly set down in these inventories as having been presented by the officiating

(1) Bishop Hobhouse in "Somerset Record Society," Vol. IV., Preface, p. ix.

clergy themselves; presented, *i. e.* to the parishioners, and passing over to the parishioners as parish property—the parishioners who had the exclusive right of custody of that property and the exclusive right of dealing with it as parish property.” A similar delusion regards the churches as built by and the property of the ecclesiastical authorities, but, “as to the fabric, again, it must be borne in mind that it was the property of the parish.

. The parishes built the churches, and the parishes in all cases kept them in repair. In the fourteenth century it was far more rare for a church to be built by some rich man than it is now, just because the number of rich men in the country was incomparably fewer than their number is to-day. But as to keeping the churches in repair, the parish had no choice in the matter. The bishops and the archdeacons were always looking after the parishioners. When a man first comes to look into the injunctions laid upon all sorts of poor little places, to build, to alter, to make additions to the churches, which are to be found in the bishops’ registers, his hair almost stands on an end. He is tempted to exclaim: ‘the people couldn’t do it! Why a seven shilling rate in the pound for three years would not pay for it! They couldn’t do it.’ By and by he is compelled to exclaim again, they couldn’t do it—but they did it for all that, and when they had done it—built their church, added a tower, then a spire, then an aisle, then a side chapel or two—then they became so proud of their own achievements and were so delighted with their churches that they made up their minds to get all they could out of their churches. And thus it came to pass that all that was joyous and gay in their lives, all that was beautiful and ennobling, all that was happy in their recollections, all that was best in what they imagined, all that was elevating in their dreams and their hopes and their aspirations—all came to them from the influences which their churches exercised upon them.

All the tendencies of the feudal system, working through the machinery of the manorial courts, was to keep the people down. All the tendency of the parochial system working through the parish council, holding its assemblies in the churches, where the people met on equal terms as children and servants of

the living God and members of one body in Jesus Christ, was to lift the people up. In these assemblies there was no distinction between lord and vassal, high and low, rich and poor; in them the people learned the worth of being free. Here were the schools in which, in the slow course of centuries, they were disciplined to self-help, self reliance, and self-respect, virtues which, it may be, are slowly learnt, but whereby alone a nation acquires a true conception of what liberty means, and at last gets to see that the ground of all our claims to enjoy the rights of manhood or of citizenship rests upon the grand fact of our being all members of a divine community, and so entitled to the liberty wherewith Christ hath made us free Who were the actual builders the evidence is abundant and positive and is increasing upon us year by year that the work done upon the fabrics of our churches, and the other work done in the beautifying of the interior of our churches, such as the wood carving of our screens, the painting of the lovely figures in the panels of those screens, the embroidery of the banners and vestments, the frescoes on the walls, the engraving of the monumental brasses, the stained glass in the windows, and all that vast aggregate of artistic achievements which existed in immense profusion in our village churches till the frightful spoliation of those churches in the sixteenth century stripped them bare—all this was executed by local craftsmen. The evidence for this is accumulating upon us every year as one antiquary after another succeeds in unearthing fragments of pre-Reformation church wardens' accounts.

“ We have actual contracts for church building and church repairing undertaken by village contractors. We have the cost of a rood screen paid to a village carpenter, of painting executed by local artists. We find the names of artificers, described as *aurifaber* or worker in gold and silver, living in a parish which could never have had 500 inhabitants; we find the people in another place casting a new bell and making the mould for it themselves; we find the blacksmith of another place forging the iron work for the church door, or we get a payment entered for the carvings of the bench-ends in a little church 500 years ago, which bench-ends are to be seen in that church at the present

moment. And we get fairly bewildered by the astonishing wealth of skill and artistic taste and esthetic feeling which there must have been in this England of ours in times which till lately we had assumed to be barbaric times. Bewildered, I say, because we cannot understand how it all came to a dead stop in a single generation, not knowing that the frightful spoliation of our churches and other parish buildings, and the outrageous plunder of the parish gilds in the reign of Edward VI., by the horrible band of robbers that carried on their detestable work, effected such a hideous obliteration, such a clean sweep of the precious treasures that were dispersed in rich profusion over the whole land, that a dull despair of ever replacing what had been ruthlessly pillaged crushed the spirit of the whole nation, and art died out in rural England, and King Whitewash and Queen Ugliness ruled supreme for centuries."

On Sundays, on Saints' days, on festivals, "the people were never weary of taking part in the elaborate ritual which had been growing in pomp and magnificence for hundreds of years."

These were to them veritable holidays on which they rested from servile labor.

"In nearly every parish there was a church house, a kind of parish club, in which the gilds held their meetings and transacted their business. Sometimes this church house was called the gild hall.

"These gilds were small associations, the members of which were bound to keep up the special commemoration and the special worship of some saint's chapel or shrine, which was sometimes kept up in a corner of the church and provided with an altar of its own, and served by a chaplain who was actually paid by the subscription or free will offerings of the members of the gild, whose servant he was."

In rich parishes the gild hall often developed into one of the most important buildings in the parish.

No parish churches in Europe were so rich in church plate and vestments as the English. A Venetian resident in England about 1500 writes: "But above all are their riches displayed in the church treasures; for there is not a parish church in the

kingdom so mean as not to possess crucifixes, candlesticks, censers, patens, and cups of silver; nor is there a convent of mendicant Friars so poor as not to have all these same articles in silver, besides many other ornaments worthy of a cathedral church in the same metal. Your magnificence may therefore imagine what the decoration of those enormously rich Benedictine, Carthusian and Cistercian Monasteries must be. These are indeed more like baronial palaces than religious houses.”(1)

We learn that “The inventories of St. Lawrence, Reading show that the church plate of that parish, let alone the vestments, was extremely magnificent, and it is estimated that its total weight must have exceeded 700 ounces, when the inventory was made in 1523.

“Much of this was of parcel gilt and some of the chalices, basins, crosses and candlesticks were of exquisite and priceless workmanship. Even more remarkable than the Reading treasures, however, were those which are set down in the inventory of Long Melford Church in 1529, from which it appears that the gold and silver vessels alone almost weighed 900 ounces, exclusive of jewels, rings, enameled girdles, buckles and the like, some of them studded with precious stones. The value of the vestments of cloth of gold, and other costly materials, miracles of daintiest needlework, is incalculable.” What a change under the Protestant regime of Elizabeth, when “in the next generation there were churches by the score that possessed not even a surplice, others that had not even a chalice; and others, again, in considerable numbers, which were described as ‘ruinated’; and when the second book of Homilies was issued in 1562, al-

(1) A Revelation,
or rather a true account
of the
Island of England
with

sundry particulars of the customs of these people
and of the Royal Revenues under King
Henry the Seventh,
about the year 1500.

Translated from the Italian of probably the Secretary to the Venetian Ambassador at that period.—Camden Society.

ready we find the Homilist indignantly exclaiming : ‘ It is a sin and shame to see so many churches ruinous and so foully decayed, almost in every corner. . . . Suffer them not to be defiled with rain and weather, with dung of dove and owls, stares and choughs, and other filthiness, as it is foul and lamentable to behold in many places of this country.’ And yet what else could have been looked for. . . . Nothing was left to the parish community but the bare walls of the church fabric, stripped of everything of beauty on which the eye had delighted to rest. No church was allowed to retain more than a single bell.

“ The beautiful art of campanology (1) almost died out; the old music, the old melodies were hushed . . . the old gatherings in the gild halls came to an end. . . . Compare the church wardens’ accounts of any country parish in the fifteenth century with those of the same parish in the seventeenth century and what a change has come over the scene. In the earlier documents, when we have learnt to read them aright, there is interest and liveliness in every line. In the later ones there are everywhere indications that the parishioners are only vying with one another to keep down the rates; the lead is sold off the roof and replaced by thatch . . . there is a division decided in the negative, as to whether there shall be a new rope to ring the solitary bell . . . the parish meeting is attended by threes or fours, there is an atmosphere of meanness and squalor pervading the shriveled assemblies.

“ The one piece of property that remains to the parishioners is the parish church: only the ghost of the old parish community

(1) “ Whereas the rebels of the country of Devon and Cornwall have used the bells in every parish as an instrument to stir the multitude and call them together, thinking good to have this occasion of attempting the like hereafter to be taken from them, and remembering that by taking down of them the king’s majesty may have some comoditie towards his great charges that way, we have thought good to pray your good Lordship to give order for taking down the said bells in all the churches within those two counties, leaving in every church one bell the least of the ring . . . which may serve to call the parishioners together to the sermons and divine service. . . . We require your Lordship to cause such moderation to be used as the same may be done, with as much quietness and as little force of the common people as may be.”—Letter from the Council to Lord Russell.

survived." To turn from these general considerations, according to the "Ecclesiastical Survey of the Diocese of Exeter," as returned to the Crown by Bishop Vesey, on 3 November, 1536, pursuant to writ of King Henry VIIIth, dated from Westminster, 20 July, that year, an abbreviated copy of which he caused to be inserted between Fol. 86 and Fol. 100, Vol. II., of his Register, *ad perpetuam rei memoriam*. The secular beneficed clergy of the Diocese of Exeter, less those attached to the cathedral, were considerably over 600; of which, roughly, two-thirds belonged to Devon and the remainder to Cornwall. The number of the unbeneficed clergy is not accurately known, they were certainly numerous. In the survey we meet on several occasions the expression *et alii Ministri*. As far as I can gather the number was certainly not less than one to six of the beneficed clergy, probably more.

The beneficed clergy were distributed as follows. In Devon:

Clergy of City of Exeter and suburbs (1)	21
Deanery of Kenn	22
" Dunsford	16
" Honiton	23
" Dunkswell	11
" Plymptree	17
" Tiverton	22
" Cadbury	35
" Ailsbury	31
" Chumley	19
" South Molton	26
" Toryton	17
" Hartland	13
" Barnstaple	18
" Shirwell	30
" Ippledon	14
" Kloreton	12
" Totnes	16
" Wodleigh	19
" Plympton	12
" Tamerton	12
" Tavistock	1
" Holdsworthy	17
" Oakhampton	17

(1) Officially known as Christianity.

In Cornwall :

Deanery of Trigg Major	21
“ East	22
“ West	20
“ Powdre	36
“ Penwyth	22
“ Keryar	34
“ Tyder	28
“ Trigg Minor	22

The cathedral clergy included the bishop, dean, precentor, chancellor, treasurer, sub dean, archdeacons of Exeter, Totnes, Barnstaple and Cornwall, twenty-four canons, twenty-four vicars, an indefinite number of chantry priests, called annuellars or annivellars, twelve secondaries and four custors. When Bishop Grandisson made the visitation of his cathedral, 26 November, 1337, he gave in his report the names of all the members of the church; and amongst them are twenty-one chantry priests. None or the secondaries were in priests' orders, but all of them were in minor orders: some were sub-deacons, and even deacons. The four dignitaries of the church possessed peculiar endowments, annexed to their offices; and over their stalls were inscribed the following Leonine verses :

Dean's—"Tardius atque mane residens, rege cuncta Decane."

Precentor's—"Hic residendo chorum rege, Cantor, Dux puerorum."

Chancellor's—"Hac qui sede sedes, jura sacrata leges."

Treasurer's—"Tresauros Conde, Residens, pro Lumine sponde."

All the residentiary canons were required personally to assist, not only at the matins and lauds of the day in the choir, but also at the canonical hours of prime, tierce, sext, none and vespers, with complin, or the completion and conclusion of the daily service. What with Masses, processions, and other prayers to be performed at the Lady Chapel, the clerical body must have been occupied in the church every day from four to five hours. They could truly say with the royal psalmist: "Seven times a day do I praise thee, O Lord."

The earliest Mass said daily in Exeter Cathedral was called Bratton's Mass, founded by Henry Bratton, Archdeacon of Barnstaple and Chancellor of Exeter, in the reign of King Henry III. It commenced in "*Aurora Diei*," at the altar of the Virgin Mary, under the roodloft, for the convenience of the industrial population before they began their daily labor. When the bishop celebrated in his cathedral, he was to be attended by at least three deacons and as many sub-deacons, and when the deacon presented him at the offertory with the wine, he implored a blessing, without moving from the center of the altar, in these words, "*ab ipso, de cujus latere fluxerunt sanguis et aqua in redemptionem.*" No ecclesiastic of inferior station was allowed to celebrate at the same altar during the day without especial permission. The old custom of the Boy Bishop, which prevailed also at Lincoln, York and Salisbury, was annually observed. The election of the chorister selected to perform this duty appears to have taken place at Exeter, on the vigil of St. Thomas (20th December). His term of office, however, commenced only on the evening of the 27th and expired with the evening of the following day, the feast of the Holy Innocents, at the first vespers of which the Boy Bishop elect and his chorister companions, all in silk copes, proceeded to the altar steps when the diocesan made the sign of the cross on the child, and then intoned the response to the lesson of the first nocturn of the matins, "*Centum quadraginta quatuor millia*," Revelations XIV. This was taken up by the choir and sung throughout. A procession was then formed, during which were sung, "*Hi empti sunt*," "*Vidi sub*," from the same chapter. On returning to the high altar the crozier-bearer of the bishop took the crozier from the prelate and turning toward him sang the antiphon "*Princeps ecclesiæ*," and when he came to the words "*cum mansuetudine*," he turned to the choir and sang the remainder. At the end the choir responded "*Deo gratias*," and the crozier was redelivered to the bishop. Then the Boy Bishop intoned, "*Adjutorium nostrum in Nomine Domini*," and subsequently gave the usual episcopal blessing. At complin he officiated and repeated the benediction. Next day he assisted at the cathedral service in his silk cope and gave the solemn

benediction, and thus his office finished. At the principal procession of the year the clergy of the city, neighborhood and even the religious communities of the place attended.

It has long been the custom of some of the more unscrupulous of the Protestant controversialists, to falsely assert, that in the fifteenth century, the never ceasing offices and solemn ceremonies of cathedral worship had degenerated into mere formalism ; a letter from an eye-witness, discovered by Dr. Gasquet in the British Museum and quoted by him in his learned treatise on the Anglican Prayer Book, more than adequately destroys such an illusion. The writer was apparently one of the canons of Hereford, its date is about 1583 or 1584; it is addressed to Scory, the aged Bishop of the See, (1) its object is to secure a stricter confinement for the Catholic recusants "who are more increased this day in Hereford, than ever were this twenty-five years before." It begins :

"Right Honorable and Reverend Father, my bounden duty always remembered ; may it please your lordship to be advertised or to put in memory that in the dark days of Queen Mary the dean then and the clergy of your Cathedral church of Hereford did orderly observe their superstitious services, and were present thereat continually, except certain days of license, which are called days of jubilee, and did preach their superstitious dregs not only, but also did in their outward living keep great hospitality. For every night at midnight, they, with the whole vicar's choral, would rise to matins then at five o'clock in the morning, at St. Nicholas Mass, then at other Masses at certain altars; then at eight of the clock Our Lady Mass was solemnly said. Then at nine the prime and hours; then the High Mass was in saying until it was eleven of the clock, besides every man must have said his own private Mass at some one or other altar daily. Then after dinner to even song till five o'clock, in which time of service a number of tapers were burning every day, and there was great censing at the high altar daily to their idols, and there was a lamp burning day and night con-

(1) John Scory. For some account of this apostate priest, see my articles in *GLOBE*, October, '95, and September, '96.

tinually before their Gods, and every Sabbath day and festival day S. Thomas' bell should ring to procession and the dean would send his somner to warn the mayor to the procession. And then upon the somner's warning, the mayor would send the sergeants to the parish churches, every man in his ward to the alderman. Then the alderman would cause the parish priest to command all the freemen to attend on the mayor to the procession or lecture. For want of a sermon there should be a lecture in the chapel house every Sabbath and holy day, notwithstanding they were at High Mass in the choir. And then by the mayor and commons it was agreed at a general law day that if the mayor did not come to procession and sermon he should pay 12d. for every default, and every alderman 8d., and every man of the election 6d., and every freeman or gild merchant 4d., if it were known they were absent and within the hearing of the said bell and did not come, which ordinance was and is recorded in the custom book of the city. So zealous and diligent were the temporality then in observing those dregs of the clergy. Then the dean and clergy would come so orderly to church with such a godly show of humbleness and in keeping such hospitality that it did allure the people to what order they would request them. This is true, for I did see and know it; but then did I as a child and knew not the truth, and then such heavy burdens were but light, but now in these joyful days of light how heavy is it among a number of us to come two hours of the day to serve the true God, the everlasting King of all Glory. It is lamentable to think on it, and much more grievous to him that did see the blind zeal in darkness so observed, and now the true light and pathway to salvation neglected. Then were there tapers, torches and lamps great plenty, with censuring to idols most costly in the clearest day of summer; and now not scarce one little candle is allowed or maintained to read a chapter in the dark evenings in the choir, and as for resorting to hear the truth of the gospel, it is little regarded . . . notwithstanding the visitation."

In those days the Cathedral churches "were the living manifestations in the country of the public recognition that the people formed a Christian and Catholic nation. On high days and great days the representatives of every class and profession,

up to the lieutenant of the sovereign, took part in the solemn offices, along with the clergy, as making up together one corporate whole, and thus publicly proclaimed religion an integral part of the national life. There were days, moreover, when the offices of the parish churches were discontinued, and the clergy and their flocks assembled within the mother church for one united celebration."

Exeter Cathedral on these solemn occasions, says Dr. Oliver, "offered a glorious spectacle; the choir was hung with silks and tapestry, and blazed with a multitude of lamps and wax lights, whilst several hundred clergy in their magnificent robes, amidst clouds of fragrant incense and peals of the tuneful organ, lifted up their voices to their Heavenly Father and joined in the melodious anthems of the angelic and seraphic hosts. How splendid must have been the reception of our monarchs. (1) How imposing the ceremony of enthroning our bishops, the visitation of Trinales, the reconciliation of the public penitents on Maundy Thursday, and the grand ordinations before Christmas, Easter, and Pentecost."

How deplorable were the results of the Tudor changes in religion on the morals of the people, Hoker, though a strong Protestant sympathizer, was forced by the agency of visible facts to admit and place on record. "How careful and vigilant," he writes in 1583, "ought the magistrates of this city (2) to be that the people committed to their government should not thus in the light of the gospel, walk in darkness and live most dissolutely and loosely.

"I know the gospel is preached most sincerely, and the sacraments administered most purely, and yet small is the number which embrace the same sincerely and live thereunto accordingly.

(1) Henry VI. visited Exeter in July, 1452, during the episcopate of the venerable prelate, Bishop Edmund Lacy.

Edward IV. on Saturday, 14 April, 1470, and next day being Palm Sunday, walked in the customary procession bearing the blessed palm in his hand.

Richard III. was in Exeter early in November, 1483.

Henry VII. made his public entry into Exeter 7 October, 1497.

Princess Catherine of Aragon, after landing at Plymouth, 9 October, 1501, arrived at Exeter 21 October.

(2) Exeter.

“For look you upon the face of this commonwealth and you shall find it in as bad or worse state than was the state of the commonwealth of the Israelites in the time of Ezekiel, or rather worse concerning religion. For atheists, papists and blasphemers of God’s holy name, swarm as thick as butterflies without check or controlment.

“The Sabbath of the Lord appointed to be kept holy, and we commanded to sanctify the same, and to give ourselves to the exercise of good works, to be diligent in prayers, and to be most attentive to the hearing of sermons, is of all other days most licentiously spent in sin and wickedness, the same being counted so much the more holy as it is spent most idly and wickedly.” In the reign of Elizabeth, most of the parish churches of the city of Exeter were closed. Hoker says, “The sixth year of King Henry III., the parish churches were limited and increased to the number of nineteen churches within the city and suburbs, and were called by the name of The Christianity even to this day. Every and which in time past was a sufficient and competent living to maintain a massing sacrificer; for such and so great was the blind devotion of the people then in that Romish religion, but the same now being abolished and the gospel preached, the livelihoods are so small as not sufficient for the most part to maintain a poor clerk or scholar, and by reason thereof, the most part of them do lie void and vacant without incumbent.” In the parish churches according to their size and wealth, the Cathedral usage was, as far as possible, followed.

“The body of clergy attached to them by one title or another, along with choristers and the numerous clerics in minor orders, who lived the life of lay people in secular callings, was much larger than is now generally realized. This made the maintenance of the public offices in the larger churches, at least on Sundays and feast days, practicable and even easy.”

The Rev. J. T. Jones in his valuable introduction to Dr. Oliver’s *Ecclesiastical Antiquities*, remarks that “a considerable part of our Devonshire churches were rebuilt during the fifteenth century, the chancels, however, being frequently of an earlier date, and a person versed in Gothic architecture, can easily distinguish the respective ages when the building was completed.”

Sad to relate, hardly a century elapsed before the tempest of the so-called Reformation burst over the land, and under Henry VIII., the murderer of his wives, Somerset, the murderer of his brother, and Elizabeth, the murderer of her cousin and guest, the spoliation of our churches was commenced and completed.

"The rood lofts were pulled down, the rich tabernacle work inclosing the shrines and chancels were for the most part removed, the monuments of the dead defaced and violated, and a great number of chantries and chapels were altogether destroyed or applied to every purpose of profanation. . . . The wealth accumulated by the Church during the middle ages, afforded that patronage to the arts, which can alone bring them to any point of perfection. The reformers (?) . . . rejected the greater part of the gorgeous appendages that adhered to the Mother Church; the exasperation of religious opinions, and the fury of theological controversies were frequently wreaked on the unoffending edifice, then considered as the abodes of idolatry. Every feeling for the beauties of art was carefully stifled, and the result was the mutilation, and too frequently, the destruction of those perfect monuments of art and genius erected during the middle ages." Fortunately we are now in happier times; it is not too much to say that in the last fifty years the ever shifting pendulum of Anglicanism has swung nearly half back to the religion of our forefathers, and concomitantly, large numbers of our Devonshire churches have been restored with elegance and taste, as far as possible in unison with the original fabrics, which bear such testimony to the taste and genius of our ancestors.

A careful examination of the wills of the old incumbents in the Episcopal archives, affords ample evidence of the affectionate relations existing between the Catholic clergy and their flocks. (1) On this point the author of "Tales of the Reformation in Devon and Cornwall," insists: "Documentary evidence which unfortunately many biased writers never took pains to consult, does not corroborate the loathsome picture painted of the English clergy of the sixteenth century, at least down West.

(1) See my article in GLOBE, January, '95.

In one department we can give proof indisputable of the feelings of good will which existed between the country priest and his flock. Where he lived he died, and when he looked round on his glebe, and his stock of quick and dead, it occurred to him that outside his own parish there was no one so closely connected with himself, and the altar at which he had so many years celebrated the divine mysteries, as the yeoman and laborers around him. He had stood god-father to their little ones, and nursed them on his own knee. He had sent them forth to fight by sea and land. Some he had laid beneath the sod in peace, but yet a few remained. To these, lacking his own kith and kin, should his own goods and chattels go. Touching is the minute and detailed care with which many a diligent pastor bequeathed his little personal possessions to his people." (1)

The occupant of the See of Exeter at the commencement and during the greater part of the Tudor innovations was Bishop John Vesey, alias Harman, the son of William Vesey or Harman, of Sutton Coldfield, in the County of Warwick, Esquire. He was educated at Magdalen College, Oxford, and soon rose to distinction.

Bishop Arundell of Lichfield made him his chancellor and instituted him to the living of St. Mary's Church, Chester. On the translation of that prelate to Exeter, he collated Dr. Vesey to a canonry in his cathedral, 5 August, 1503.

Shortly afterwards he was made Archdeacon of Barnstaple and Precentor. On 19 November, 1509, he was made Dean of Exeter, and at nearly the same time put in possession of the Deaneries of Windsor and Wolverhampton. On 31 August, 1519, Pope Leo X. advanced him to the See of Exeter, and on 4 November, Henry VIII. restored him its temporalities.

Two days later he was consecrated at Oxford by Archbishop Wareham. The King was so charmed by his accomplished manners and talents that he made him President of the Council of the Marches of Wales and tutor to the Princess Mary. During the winter of 1519, he visited his diocese; we find him

(1) See many Copies of Wills of Devonshire pre-reformation clergy printed in Dr. Oliver's "*Ecclesiastical Antiquities in Devon.*"

at Bodinin 24 February, 1520 ; a month later he held an ordination in his Cathedral ; and another also in St. Michael's Chapel at Chudleigh on Easter Eve, 7 April, same year. In the early part of his episcopate, he spent a portion of every year in his diocese, but at a later period his absences were long and frequent and its management was left to grand vicars and coadjutor bishops. On 30 March, 1533, he officiated with the Bishops of Lincoln and St. Asaph at the consecration of the primate Thomas Cranmer. It cannot be denied that he complied in every respect with the wishes of Henry VIII. in the divorce of Queen Catherine, the royal supremacy and the dissolution of the monasteries.

"In truth he was a perfect courtier—a character unsuitable to that of a Christian bishop. It restrained him from being honest in bad times, and from displaying the disinterested zeal and courage which became his age and elevated station, and he must have felt humiliated when the King as the fountain-head of all spiritual power, commissioned Thomas Cromwell, on 24 November, 1535, to exercise it as His Majesty's viceregent in this diocese and indeed in every diocese within the realm." Though opposed to the down grade movement of the so called reformers Bishop Vesey seems to have diplomatically abstained from any active interference (1) even the injunction from the council dated Westminster, 23 November, 1550, charging and commanding him "to give substantial orders throughout all your diocese that with all diligence all the altars in every church or chapel, as well in places exempted within your said diocese be taken down and in lieu of them a table set up in some convenient part of the chancel within any such church or chapel to serve for the administration of the blessed communion : " did not, apparently, evoke even a protest from him. Hoker says of this bishop: "Of all the prelates of the land he was accounted the courtliest and the best courtier, and although he were well reported for his learning, better liked

(1) In the convocation of 1536 his proxy was held by the Bishop of Lincoln, John Longland. "Joannes Lincoln nomine procuratorio pro Dominus Joan Exon." He was absent from the celebrated debate on the Sacrament in the Lords, December, 1548.

for his courtly behavior, which in the end turned not so much to his credit as to the utter ruin and spoil of the church : for of twenty-two lordships and manors, which his predecessors had, and left unto him, of goodly yearly revenue, he left but three, and them also leased out. And where he found fourteen houses well furnished, he left only one house, bare and without furniture, and yet charged with sundry fees and annuities, and by these means, this bishopric, which sometimes was counted one of the best, is now become in temporal lands one of the meanest, and according to the fore prophesying of Bishop Grandisson,(1) a place scarce left for the bishop to lay his head in : and yet, nevertheless, he was a great favorer of learned men, and especially divines, whom he preferred in his church above others. He was very bounteous and liberal unto all men, but especially unto courtiers, and to his own kindred and countrymen. Upon many he bestowed much, unto the confusion of some of them, and upon the others he spent much improving the town of Sutton Coldfield, which he procured to be incorporated and made a market town, and set up therein the making of Devonshire Kearsies, but all which in the end came to small effect." Yet Dr. Oliver defends the bishop's memory, and claims that, "It is but truth to declare that he alienated no possessions of his see, without the express command and requisition of his sovereign."

On 14 August, 1551, Vesey was peremptorily ordered by the privy council to surrender his see into the hands of the King. He submitted *pre corporis metu* as the patent of the "First of Queen Mary" distinctly states. The deprived bishop was to be allowed a net pension of £485 9s. 3d. The Edwardine tyranny overpassed (2) Mary promptly restored this nonagenarian prelate, her old tutor, to his see. We find him during the early part of the winter of 1553-4, at his place in Exeter arranging the affairs of the diocese. The end of January, 1554, he returned to Sutton Coldfield where he died at the age of ninety-two.

(1) In his will, Bishop Grandisson, speaking of the Episcopal Manor of Bishops-Teignton, says : "ac domos utiles et sumptuosas ibidem in sanctuario construxi ut haberent ubi caput suum reclinarent, si in manu Regis eorum temporalia caperentur."

(2) See my article in *GLOBE REVIEW*, April, '95.

On the 23d of the following October, during the short interval between his restoration and death, his suffragan, William Collumpton, titular Bishop of Hippo, the last prior of St. Nicholas, Exeter, and who had been a residentiary canon of the cathedral since 2 May, 1534, held several ordinations for him.

Bishop Vesey, with many good points, was an unfaithful pastor in times of adversity, and an interesting example of the courtly and yielding churchman of the Tudor period without whom the material and spiritual destruction of the so-called Reformation would have been impossible.

A short notice of another type of churchman of the period will throw some side lights on the commencing religious disintegration, on the ruins of the old Catholic unity of England. That saintly ecclesiastic, Reginald Pole, one of the survivors of the royal house of York, from being a canon and prebendary of Exeter, was advanced to the deanery, and confirmed in that dignity, 23 September, 1527.

For following the dictates of his conscience, and opposing Henry in his career of wickedness and crime, he was deprived of all his preferments, and a notorious heretic erected to the deanery of Exeter in his place in July, 1537. This was one Simon Heynes, S.T.P., a controversialist of considerable notoriety in the sixteenth century. Educated at Cambridge, where in 1516, he took his first degree of arts, two years later was elected fellow of Queens College, of which he was chosen master in 1528. In 1531, he was made Doctor of Divinity, about which time he displayed such zeal in promoting the new doctrines, as to be actually committed by the government, for a short time, to the Fleet prison. In 1533, he was vice chancellor of his University, and the year following was appointed by Henry VIII. to preach there against the supremacy of the Pope, and to endeavor to reconcile the minds of the students to its abolition.

In considering the history of this period, it must be always borne in mind that not only in his rupture with the Papacy, did Henry carry with him the weak, pliable and time servers of every description, but also used for his own ends, men who, though, for the most part, outwardly conforming to the old order of things, nevertheless, were well known to be tainted with every

form of heretical pravity and rejoiced at being afforded the opportunity, under cover of an exaggerated loyalty and denunciation of Papal supremacy, plus individual faults and abuses, of speciously corrupting the minds of their hearers with false doctrines of every description. For these and other services, Heynes was made Vicar of Stepney, Canon of Windsor and Rector of Fulham and subsequently on Pole's deprivation Dean of Exeter. Nearly three years and a half later, viz., 17 December, 1540, the King appointed him to the first prebendal stall of the New Episcopal Church of Westminster. In the royal commission dated 12 April, 1549, he was associated with Archbishop Cranmer, Bishops Goodrich, Heath, Thirlby, Day, Holbeack, Ridley and others, for enquiring into heretical pravity, and in the following month was placed among the commissioners for reforming the Colleges and University of Oxford. In this capacity he was one of the five who presided at the public dispute held in the divinity schools there for three days, between Peter Martyr and Dr. William Tresham, Canon of Christ Church, and others, concerning transubstantiation.

In all probability he was one of the divines who originally compiled the present Anglican Liturgy, which work was formally inaugurated by the King on the 22d of September, 1548, at Windsor, who then received "certain bishops and notable learned men by his Highness' command congregate" to settle "one uniform order of divine service throughout this his realm." These persons were assembled a few miles from Windsor at Chertsey Abbey. Haynes's name is included in Fuller's list of the divines engaged in this work, and we know that he was staying at Chertsey on the 9th of the same month, at which date he assisted and communicated at the service (afterwards held invalid), by which Ferrar was consecrated Bishop of St. Davids by Cranmer assisted by Holbeack of Lincoln and Ridley of Rochester.

He was also the author of "certain articles noted for the Reformance of the Cathedral Church of Excester, submitting them unto the King's Majesty." In which he had the presumption and impertinence to suggest "that the names of Dean and Chapter, with the names of Chaunter, Treasurer, Chancellor,

sub-dean, Prebendaries, Canons, etc., may be changed into names of Holy Scripture, as Pastor of the Church and Preachers of the Gospel. . . . That the corporation of the Church which was by the name of Dean and Chapter of St. Peter's Church in Excestre may be changed, and to be called now the Pastor and Preachers of Christ's Church in Excestre, and the common seal which now hath graven in it the image of St. Peter with a triple crown may be likewise altered." As however, he recommended that the revenues of the Church should be left untouched for the use of the "Pastors and Preachers of the Gospel," his suggestions did not recommend themselves to the avarice of the King and hungry courtiers, although, to a great extent, heresy was confined to the clergy and people of London and the eastern counties, and even there a small, if noisy and turbulent, minority, yet, there is evidence that even into our remote and peaceful west country, so full of faith, devotion and Catholic loyalty, the evil principles of the age had penetrated.

Fox in his "Full Narration of the Persecution at Windsor (1) A. D., 1543," includes Dr. Heynes, Dean of Exeter. His persecutors? being Thomas Sothorn and Dr. Thomas Brerwood, (2) treasurer and chancellor of Exeter respectively.

Dr. London and his clerk "noted," says Fox, "Dr. Heynes Dean of Exeter and a prebendary of Windsor, to be a common receiver of all suspected persons . . . at this time also the Canons of Exeter had accused Heynes to the Council, for preaching against holy bread and holy water, and that he should say in one of his sermons, having occasion to speak of matrimony, that marriage and hanging were destiny, upon which they gathered treason against him because of the King's marriage."

In the third examination of Marbeck, one of the Windsor suspects, by Bishop Gardiner, in his house at St. Mary Overy's, the Bishop began in this wise: "Ah, sirra," quoth he, "the nest of you is broken I trow," and unfolding a roll (which was about an ell long), he said: "Behold, here be your captains, both

(1) We have seen that Heynes was a Canon of Windsor.

(2) One of Fox's innumerable mistakes, Brerwood was arch-deacon of Barnstaple

Hobby and Heynes, with all the whole pack of thy sect about Windsor, and yet wilt thou utter none of them." Heynes's handwriting was also detected on the margin of a manuscript in Marbeck's possession.

On the accession of Mary, while, in the diocese of London, one out of every four of the clergy were deprived for marriage (?) and heretical pravity, in the diocese of Exeter the ratio fell to one in fourteen. In examining the list of incumbents of 107 parishes I find thirteen deprivations about 1553-4, but only two of these fallen men were in possession of their parishes before the year 1537, about the period that Dr. Heynes came into the diocese, and, although we know that the poison both preceded him and doubtless entered through other persons and means at the same time, yet it is only fair to infer that, considering the powerful influence of the man, he must, not only in a measure, have introduced error, but also have been a protector and abettor throughout the diocese, of the innovating party up to the date of his death in October, 1552.

The 7th of January, 1539, one Torr, chaplain of Salcombe, was summoned before the Archdeacon of Barnstaple, Thomas Brerewood, for speaking irreverently of saints, "and that he would not pray more effectually if the Sacrament were there." On another occasion he was heard to remark "that dirges and exequies doth profit no man but the priest that sayeth them and sing them."

Fox, in his "History of the Persecution and Death of Thomas Benet, Burned in Exeter: Collected and Testified by John Vowel, alias Hoker," relates that "this Thomas Benet was born in Cambridge, and, by order of degree of the university there, made Master of Arts, and, as some think, was also a priest, a man doubtless very well learned (??) and of a godly disposition, being of the acquaintance and familiarity of Thomas Bilney, (1)

(1) Thomas Bilney, a relapsed heretic, executed at Norwich in 1531. Hodgkin, a black friar, afterwards a married apostate and tool of Cranmer and Bird, Provincial of the Carmelites, afterward Suffragan in Coventry and Bishop of Chester, attended him in his last hours, and, according to Sir Thomas More, persuaded the unhappy man to recant and die a Catholic. It is said that Parker, afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury, was present at the execution.

that famous martyr, this man being desirous to live in more freedom of conscience, (1) did forsake the University and went into Devonshire, A.D. 1524, and first dwelled in a market town named Torington, both town and country being to him altogether unknown, as he was also unknown to all men there, where, for the better maintenance of himself *and his wife*, he did practice to teach young children, and kept a school for the same purpose. But that town not serving his expectation after his abode one year there, he came to the city of Exeter, and there hiring a house in a street called Butcher Row, did exercise the teaching of children, and by that means sustained his wife and family. The time which he had to spare from teaching he gave wholly to his private study in the Scriptures, having no dealings nor conference with anybody saving with such as he could learn and understand to be favorers of the Gospel. (2) Of such he would be inquisitive and most desirous to join himself unto them, and therefore, understanding that one William Strowd of Newnham in the county of Devonshire, Esquire, was committed to the Bishop's prison in Exeter upon suspicion of heresy, although he were never before acquainted with him, yet did he send his letters of comfort and consolation unto him, wherein to avoid all suspicion which might be conceived of him, he did disclose himself and utter what he was and the causes of his being in the country."

This man seems to have lived unmolested at Exeter for four or five years, when he commenced to give vent to his fanaticism by fixing bills on the door of the cathedral, reviling Catholic doctrines and calling the Pope "anti-Christ, the thief, the mercenary and the murderer of Christ's flock," which led to his detection and condemnation. According to Hoker's account, he was executed at Livery Dole, near Exeter, in January, 1531, and it was said that the almshouses now in that place were

(1) Say rather freedom of concupiscence.

(2) Among the ladies of rank who favored the new doctrines at the court of Henry VIII. was Joan, wife of Sir Anthony Denny, a privy councillor and groom of the stole to the King. She was the daughter of Sir Philip Champernown of Modbury, County Devon. She died May 15, 1553. She was accused of assisting Anne Askewe.

founded by Sir Thomas Denis as an atonement for presiding as High Sheriff on the occasion. Dr. Oliver, however, distrusts the whole story. "We have suspicion of the fact. Hoker at the time must have been but an infant. No mention is made of any such trial in the Bishop's Acts. The almshouses were not founded until sixty years after the supposed execution and thirty years after Sir Thomas Denis's death."

When the celebrated Latimer visited Exeter in 1534, "he preached to a very crowded audience; amongst his hearers was the Lady Margaret Douglass, the king's niece. Afterwards he preached in the charnel house, which was then standing in St. Peter's cemetery, out of which house was a pulpit in the north wall towards the churchyard. At this sermon the auditory was marvelously great and attentive. About the middle of the sermon, Thomas Carewe, Esq., being advertised, came to the same, and he not digesting it, approached the pulpit and then broached out his intemperate speeches against the preacher, calling him heretic knave, and bade him come down, or else he swore he would pull him down by the ears, and do to him, I cannot tell what. But Latimer proceeded and made an end of his sermon, Mr. Carewe receiving small thanks when the king was advertised thereof." This shows the fever heat which the religious innovations were already commencing to raise; and it must be remembered that Latimer himself was equally coarse and bitter. In his public disputation with John Forrest, the Franciscan, he constantly clamored for the death of his opponent, "let him be burnt, let him be burnt!" was his cry. The inventory of the vestments, jewels, etc., of Exeter Cathedral, taken in 1506, occupies nearly sixty closely printed pages in the appendix to Dr. Oliver's "History." Space forbids one to enter into any details of this magnificent ecclesiastical collection. Anyone who has seen the reliquary chapel of a large Spanish cathedral, as at Compostella, where a small portion of the treasures, luckily, escaped the robbery of Napoleon Bonaparte and the violence of the Revolution, can form an adequate conception of the grandeur of the Mother Church of the West before the spoliation. The high altar was of silver, the gift, according to Leland, of Bishop Stapleton, a golden pyx, set with seventy-three pearls

and 110 other precious stones, was suspended above it; silver vessels fastened by chains of the same metal hung from the roof, richly jeweled chalices and patens, images of gold and silver adorned every chapel and chantry in profusion, each of which had its own sets of magnificent vestments worked in gold and silver, altar cloths, frontals, banners, staffs of ebony inlaid with gold and every other form of ecclesiastical furniture abounded in lavish proportion. Leaving the cathedral we find that even the tiny city church of St. Petrock (1) in the close, possessed in 1485, according to the ancient accounts of the warden, eighteen and a half ounces of gold and 281 ounces of silver, and this was subsequently increased, for two silver candlesticks weighing 106 ounces were sold in the beginning of Edward VIth's reign. How these inventories should increase our respect for our Catholic ancestors, who as Mr. Froude remarks, "lived themselves in hovels while they lavished their wealth, their labor and their talent on the House of God." What a solemn reflection on the mutability of human affairs, that such treasures solemnly set apart for centuries, by pious donors, to the service of the sanctuary, should be torn from the churches, to be used even by strolling players, or perhaps worse, cut up to adorn the dresses of the "Sisters," to whom so many of the apostate clergy "were yoked," under the dissembling pretext of religious reformation. (2) The principal part of the ornaments of the Church of Exeter were doubtless disposed of by the royal commission, of which Bishop Coverdale (3) was president, under which he peremptorily summoned his dean and chapter to appear at his palace on 30 September, 1552, "then and there to answer all demands and questions concerning the jewels, plate and other ornaments of your Cathedral Church." This injunction is dated the previous 29th of August. What remained of the spoil, or was recovered during the Marian days

(1) St. Petrock, the holy Abbot of Bodenin, died in June, 564. A native of Great Britain, he spent twenty years in Ireland studying the Scriptures and general literature.

(2) See my article in *GLOBE*, September, '96, for details as to disposal of church ornaments.

(3) I have given some account of this apostate religious in a previous article in *GLOBE*, October, '95.

was finally appropriated by Queen Elizabeth's visitors (1) in September, 1559.

"These lodged in the dean's house, and during their stay defaced and pulled down and burnt all images and monuments of idolatry, which all were brought into the churchyard of St. Peter's; and they who in Queen Mary's days were accounted to be most forward in erecting and maintaining them were now made the instruments to make the fire and burn them. Amongst other good things which these bishops did, they did deface all the altars." (2)

In the ancient gildhall of Exeter we find the arms of the Weavers' and Fullers', Glovers', Bakers', Haberdashers', Armourers', Coopers', Butchers', Tailors', and Merchants Adventurers' Companies. The Tailors was the most ancient gild, incorporated by King Edward IV. The Merchant Adventurers, trading to France,

(1) The commission, for visiting the Dioceses of Bristol, Exeter, Salisbury, Bath and Wells and Gloucester, was dated 19 July, 1559. It was addressed to William, Earl of Pembroke; John Jewell, S.T.P., Henry Parry, Licentiate in Laws, and William Loveland, Lawyer. Sir John Cheyne was apparently afterwards substituted for the Earl of Pembroke. William Alley, S.T.P., afterwards uncanonically intruded into the See of Exeter, and Anthony Delabarr, of St. Albans Hall, Oxford, another violent partisan of the Reformation, was subsequently joined to the commission. Jewell writes from London to Martyr, 2 Nov. 1559, "that he has returned after a tedious absence of three months." The cathedral churches he termed dens of thieves or worse. He charged the priests with inveterate obstinacy, especially some of those who had conformed during the Edwardian period, the number of witches and sorceresses had everywhere become enormous. Some of the clergy who had subscribed, had done so sorely against their will. "Nothing can be more desperate than the condition of the Divinity School at Oxford, which had no professor," and as a matter of fact at that time no students.

The Western visitors were at Wells 8 September, reaching Exeter late in the month. They commenced the visitation in the chapter house, then proceeded to other churches in the city, and afterwards left for Barnstaple.

They returned to Exeter 8 October, and the following day, Monday, continued the visitation until Friday. After leaving on that day, they sent back certain injunctions for the cathedral, signed by Jewell and Parry only. These injunctions were a set of explicit instructions, thirty three in number, for the due discharge of the duties of the various officials connected with the cathedral. Some such injunctions appear to have been given at every cathedral during the visitation of this year. The route taken by the Western commission cannot be traced. I think they must have visited Gloucester after Exeter, as Alley and Delabarr had then joined them, their names not occurring at the former place.

(2) Hoker was an eye witness, being chamberlain of the city at the time.

were incorporated by Queen Mary. In Catholic times the gildhall contained a chapel dedicated to St. George, and St. John the Baptist; for so it is stated in a deed of the mayor and chapter, dated March 22, 1512. "*Capella sanctorum Georgii Martyris et Johannis Baptistæ, situata in anteriore partæ Gildæ Aulæ Civitatis Exoniæ.*" Over the chapel was the priest's apartment who was obliged to officiate, in person or by deputy, every day. On November 4, 1521, the chamber agreed "that Sir William Asshe, the city chaplain, should have yearly £4, and to sing in St. George's Chapel, as he used to do, and no place elsewhere, except obits and trentals, and also every day that the mayor goeth in procession to S. Peter's (1) Church, the said chaplain to say Mass before him and his brethren at S. Catherine's altar, or else another priest for him."

In the records of ancient Plymouth occur the gilds of Corpus Christi, Freemans, Merchants, and Our Lady and St. George. Even in the remote parish church of Bradninch we find the Chapel of St. John, once belonging to the gild or fraternity of the Cordwainers. On the border of Dartmoor, in the small parish of Sampford Courtenay, there was a church house of at any rate two stories, for we find that in the Catholic rebellion of 1549, "A gentleman named William Hellions, coming to Sampford to have some communication with the insurgents, was at the town's end taken prisoner and carried to the church house, where he so earnestly reprov'd them, and so sharply threatened them an evil success, that they all fell in a rage with him, and, not only, with evil words reviled him, but also as he was coming out of the church house and going down the stairs, one of them with a bill strake him in the neck, and immediately, notwithstanding his pitiful requests and lamentations, a number of the rest fell upon him, slew him, and cut him into small pieces; and though they counted him for an heretic, yet they buried him in the churchyard there, but contrary to the common manner, laying his body north and south."

This article has, already, so extended, that I must defer, to another occasion, a consideration of the Monastic and Collegiate

(1) The Cathedral.

Houses of Devon and Cornwall, with some other details, that I had hoped to include, written by a Catholic for a Catholic Magazine. It naturally takes a strong Catholic view of the great religious changes of the Tudor period. Nevertheless, I have, as far as possible, related events as described by eye witnesses and independent, for the most part non-Catholic, investigators of original documents.

In conclusion, I would wish to remark, that no well educated or right minded Catholic, for a moment, could cherish any feeling of anger or bitterness toward any of our separated Protestant brethren, to whatever school of Anglican thought or any other religious body they may belong. They have simply accepted the religion of their fathers, hallowed as it is to them by associations extending over nearly three centuries; and are for the most part in perfect sincerity and good faith, for which charity, on our part, demands every respect and consideration. We only ask for a candid inquiry into the circumstances attending what we all may agree to call with Mr. Gladstone, the "Tudor settlement of religion." When such a standard Protestant historian as Green terms the commencement of these changes "the Reign of Terror," and such an astute and learned writer as Dr. Jessop, classifies them as one "great pillage," it is not too much to hope that the dawn of a truer conception of the religion and social condition of our common ancestors is at hand.

"Great is the truth and it will prevail."

Devenport, England.

THOMAS E. H. WILLIAMS, M.D.

"THE MAN WITH THE HOE."

MR. EDWIN MARKHAM, of Oakland, California, the author of a volume of verses, of which "The Man with the Hoe" has become the most famous, has been known to some of us personally and otherwise for many years.

Seven years ago, when the office of the *GLOBE REVIEW* was in Chicago, I had the honor of a call from Mr. Markham, as the representative of a coterie of gifted friends on the Pacific coast.

In appearance Mr. Markham is a plain, sensible man, of medium height and of solid build ; with dark hair and full beard now gone to grey. He has not, in life, the distinguished air that has been given him in the published pictures of him since "The Man with the Hoe" made him famous.

I have always thought of Mr. Markham as a man given to earnest and practical studies, such as occupy most of the time of a school teacher, and not as a poet. But he has lived on the Pacific slope, nursed in the lap of freedom and fed by the breezes of the sea. He has struggled on from the position of a laboring man to the enviable post of a leader in education. His home in Oakland has been the home of a company of gifted souls—Ina Coolbrith, Bret Harte, Charles Keeler, Joaquin Miller and others less famous have made the air of Oakland vocal with song and fame. And Mr. Markham has known these people and doubtless has received much unconscious inspiration toward poetry from their companionship, and, I think, has drifted into poetic composition more from association than from impulse or from essential poetic genius, which I am quite sure he does not possess.

Indeed, I am writing this notice in the face of whole bushels of cheap newspaper praises of this man, for the very purpose of showing, that though an excellent person, with choice impulses of the humanitarian kind, he is utterly lacking in those still finer flashes of nature that kindle the soul of the poet, and especially that "The Man With the Hoe" is abominable and damnable by reason of the lack of those very qualities in a man that go to make a poet of him.

I will quote the whole poem, then show what is in it that has made it popular, and finally how false it is to every true view of the man with the hoe, false to God, false to man, false to the dignity of labor and the human soul :

THE MAN WITH THE HOE.

Bowed by the weight of centuries he leans
Upon his hoe and gazes on the ground,
The emptiness of ages in his face,
And on his back the burden of the world.

Who made him dead to rapture and despair,
 A thing that grieves not and that never hopes,
 Stolid and stunned, a brother to the ox ?
 Who loosened and let down this brutal jaw ?
 Whose was the hand that slanted back this brow ?
 Whose breath blew out the light within this brain ?

Is this the Thing the Lord God made and gave
 To have dominion over sea and land ;
 To trace the stars and search the heavens for power ;
 To feel the passion of Eternity ?
 Is this the Dream He dreamed who shaped the suns
 And pillared the blue firmament with light ?
 Down all the stretch of hell to its last gulf
 There is no shape more terrible than this—
 More tongued with censure of the world's blind greed—
 More filled with signs and portents for the soul—
 More fraught with menace to the universe.

What gulfs between him and the seraphim !
 Slave of the wheel of labor, what to him
 Are Plato and the swing of Pleiades ?
 What the long reaches of the peaks of song,
 The rift of dawn, the reddening of the rose ?
 Through this dread shape the suffering ages look :
 Time's tragedy is in that aching stoop ;
 Through this dread shape humanity betrayed,
 Plundered, profaned, and disinherited,
 Cries protest to the Judges of the World,
 A protest that is also prophecy.

O masters, lords, and rulers in all lands,
 Is this the handiwork you give to God,
 This monstrous thing distorted and soul-quenched ?
 How will you ever straighten up this shape ;
 Give back the upward looking and the light ;
 Rebuild in it the music and the dream ;
 Touch it again with immortality ;
 Make right the immemorial infamies,
 Perfidious wrongs, immedicable woes ?

O, masters, lords, and rulers in all lands,
 How will the Future reckon with this Man ?
 How answer his brute question in that hour

When whirlwinds of rebellion shake the world ?
How will it be with kingdoms and with kings—
With those who shaped him to the thing he is—
When this dumb terror shall reply to God
After the silence of the centuries ?

In one sense this is simply Mrs. Browning's cry of the children over again, but the man with the hoe has been made by a man with the clever gift of handling our language and of putting a certain dignity into the sort of blank verse he has chosen, so the poem, as to its mechanical structure, is quite up to the usual stuff that passes for poetry in our magazines. This much being granted, I hold that there is a certain socialistic and humanitarian touch about it, in fact, pervading and dominating it, that has made it or rather its title the watchword or battle cry of the laboring man, rather the disaffected and tramp laboring man of our day. It is really a tramp poem, though Mr. Markham is by no means a tramp, is in fact the farthest removed from the tramp bohemian that the poem implies. On the contrary, Mr. Markham is a careful, well-preserved, industrious workman in a line of work which brings him good pay and a very respectable position in the world.

But the poem takes the laboring man—not the tramp—but the contented, devout, prayerful, believing man, and pictures him as a brute, "a brother to the ox," a mere thing, a clod, and splashes around the universe yelling its whining and faithless cry of mock sympathy with a clod that does not exist, simply because every man with the hoe, the hammer, the saw or shovel does not immediately become a poet, like Markham, and write verses false as hell.

But all this is in keeping with the atheistic, unbelieving spirit of the age in which we live, puts its infamous, Christless and complaining idocy into poetic blank verse and gets itself boomed from sea to sea, and by the blundering unsight of a man who has allowed himself to be misled by a false view of the laboring man we have a new popularism to fight and a new insult to Almighty God. I am sorry to say these things, my dear Mr. Markham, but truth is more sacred than all the pin-feather and unseeing poets in the world.

While all this is true of the falseness of Mr. Markham's view of the laboring man—as a man, in general—it is supremely true of the falsity of his view of the man who is said to have stood for the picture of "The Man with the Hoe."

Of all the contented mortals on this earth to-day—anywhere in our country, east and west, and anywhere in the countries of Europe, the man with the hoe, that is, the gardener or the field hand, the farmer, as is generally the case, hoeing his own land, or that of his employer, is the most contented, and one might add, the most envied. He works in the open air, with God's own roof of infinite blue above him, easily shirks or slides from the storms; takes the day leisurely, smokes his pipe in peace; is at peace with all the world, is not cursed with membership in the "unions," or ordered on a strike by some babbling master workman, but is, altogether the sturdiest, slowest, most sensible of all the sons of men in our day. The machinery of our great cities has not yet caught him in the wheels of its infamy, the trusts have not yet gobbled his earnings and transmitted them through the thieving hands of some bank cashier and reckless speculation to the pockets of infamous rascality.

He is simply the man with the hoe, the gardens look beautiful in their regularity of vegetable growth and weedless cleanness under his brawny hands. His earnings are regular and enough for the supply of his family. His hours of labor are not numerous unless he is laboring for himself and works as long as he chooses. Each day he is doing infinitely better work than writing stupid verses. His face is a clear, sun-browned face; he may lean a little forward as old age approaches, but all men are not as erect as Mr. Markham, and as a rule the average man with the hoe, having strength enough for his work, is a quiet, peaceful, contented, well-fed, happy and enviable man.

But I understand that Mr. Markham's "Man with the Hoe" is Millet's "Man with the Hoe" in his immortal picture of "The Angelus," and if so, then are Mr. Markham's blindness, unfaith and falsehood as great as were Millet's genius, faith, sight and poetry.

The poem is one of the great blunders of the age as the picture is one of the greatest works of the supreme genius of the age.

In the picture, a common day laborer, the man with the hoe, is caught by the artist at the moment when the Angelus is ringing, and, in a second, the working attitude is changed to an attitude of rapt devotion, the man with the hoe ceases to use it, as an implement of labor, and uses it as a rest, leans upon it, lightly, bows his head in reverent devotion, says a simple prayer, an *Ave Maria*, but, look ! while he thus leans, the sun has kissed the land, the sea, the skies, and all nature has changed for him into one splendid, radiant, living temple of infinite beauty.

Will Mr. Markham tell me that the man with the hoe saw none of these things that the painter has wrought into his glorious picture ? Not so fast, Mr. Markham. What did you see there ? The man at least saw God Almighty ; with his eyes closed, he perceived and felt this, saw the Saviour and our Blessed Mother, had faith, and in all probability, according to the measure of his genius saw the glory with which Millet surrounded and glorified him ; but what did you see ?

What did you see, O blinded humanitarian, unworshipful and falsifying man ? You saw a man, described in the first verse of your poem—read it and tell me what you now see ?

The man with the hoe is not bowed down by the weight of centuries, nor is the emptiness of ages in his face, nor on his back the burden of the world. He is simply resting, one sacred moment, in prayer. And you are the blind man with the emptiness of ages in your words. If you talk to him in high-flown cockney about “the passion of eternity,” he may look a little blank at your idiocy, and not like to call it nonsense. He will be too polite for that.

If you find him in a moment of leisure and ask him about a thousand things the gardens yield, their methods of seeding and flowering, of producing bread for the eater, of ripening corn, or strawberries or the blooming of the roses, he will “straighten up” his own shape very quickly and tell you, Mr. Markham, or other poets afflicted with “the passion of eternity” and “the swing of Pleiades,” more truths about nature and the growth of things, the evolution of God’s goodness and beauty in the garden truck than you or your fathers knew.

In a word, he is a modest, devout and by no means unintelligent man, this man with the hoe, and your misrepresentation of him is an insult to him, an insult to his race, an insult to God and a poetic mistake in this great world of culture and of truth.

Indeed, could I have my way, I would take ninety-nine per cent. of the scribblers of silly verses in these days, and put a hoe in their hands and set them to work in the fields, so that, perchance, God's own sunlight, playing with His wonderful products of the field and garden, might give them some touch of truth, some real regard for His bounty, some real faith, modesty, sense of justice and proportion and the fitness of things.

"Down all the stretch of hell to its last gulf,
There is no shape more terrible than this."

Now, if this be applied to Millet's "Man with the Hoe," or to any one of a thousand honest men with the hoe, it is a cursed libel on the race, and as a matter of fact, is an infamous lie.

Come with me along Broadway any Saturday afternoon and I will show you a thousand shapes more terrible than this. Go with me to any of our vast factories, sweatshops of the devil, visit with a policeman, or without, the palaces of the demi-monde in New York, Chicago or elsewhere; go to the crowded tenements of our great cities, where humanity is stifled to death by packing in filth and dirt and shame, and I will show you countless thousands of "shapes more terrible than this," and you simply lied, Mr. Markham, when you wrote your screed about the man with the hoe. He only existed "in thy mind's eye, Horatio." Thou wast dreaming a shocking and a lurid dream.

In other poems of Mr. Markham's I find the same defects, the same swerving from the central truths of God and the human soul.

It is all very well for poets to be sympathetic with the laboring classes; to picture and relieve, if possible, any real miseries of their lives, but to misrepresent their existence, to leave out all the sunlight and paint their skies with the dull blackness of utter falsehood, is a sin and a shame. We have had too much of this maudlin imbecility. It is time to call a halt on the humanitarianism of boobies.

In his poem called "The Desire of Nations," Mr. Markham borrows the beautiful imagery of the Prophet Isaiah, and works it into a new plea for the "Counsellor and Christ," the divine man who shall gather the nations about him and teach them justice, and all this, as if that divine man had not come, nineteen hundred years ago, and as if we or our forefathers had not treated Him as many of the priests and parsons and poets and pious merchants would treat Him again were He to come to-day.

Infinitely better turn your faculty to some account in singing His praises and trying to revive and work His blessed teaching into the warp and woof, the minds and souls and lives of the men of our day, sir, than to be screaming in borrowed metaphors for a new redeemer of the world.

So in the "Song to the Divine Mother," the last two stanzas of which I here quote, there is the same plea for a new visitation, a new immaculate conception, in fact, and a new incarnation, all to save us from our blindness and our sin; here are the beautiful lines :

"Come, Bride of God, to fill the vacant Throne,
Touch the dim Earth again with sacred feet ;
Come build the Holy City of white stone,
And let the whole world's gladness be complete.

"Come with the face that hushed the heavens of old—
Come with Thy maidens in a mist of light ;
Haste, for the night falls and the shadows fold,
And voices cry and wander on the height."

But the divine mother is a fact of human history, nineteen hundred years old, and it is our privilege by faith to walk in her companionship, to crave and secure the glory and help of the Emanuel, the light and help of the world, but instead of pleading in poetic extravaganzas for the impossible, we must accept the facts of God, be obedient to His commands and crowd our own daily lives and the daily lives of others with the sunshine of God's truth.

Falsehood, clothed in the imagery of supremest poetry, cannot help one iota the blackened record of the world.

Let us be loyal to the Christ that has come, would we find our own hearts young again and vivid with the touch of heavenly flame.

WILLIAM HENRY THORNE.

GOTHIC ARCHITECTURE IN ITALY.

ACKNOWLEDGMENT has been unstintedly, if not even unduly, given to the Benedictine Order (1) for its services on behalf of civilization and culture. There is quite a literature illustrative of these services (2), but, though modern, it is for the greater part Latin or at least foreign, and thus unfamiliar to the reading public of the English-speaking world. But a phrase from Gibbon (3) and another from Voltaire (4), uttered during the eighteenth century, another phrase from Guizot (5) and an ample study by Montalembert (6) in the nineteenth century have given universal vogue and incontestable authority to a belief which the studios had accepted not unwillingly, and, hence, any ordinarily instructed person, if suddenly called to "reconstruct" the history of civilization, would refer its inceptions and continuations during certain ages (7), implicitly and almost integrally, to the activity exercised in the numerous monasteries of the Benedictine observance.

Possibly, some part of this honor would have to be divided among the other institutes of monks, and perhaps even among the various institutes of Regular Canons. Both monks and canons have been badly served by the historiographers of modern times, and while the first have suffered severe losses and in some cases total extinction, the second have not played an important and direct part in the later preparation of our culture. (8) For

(1) The word *Order* is here employed merely as a vague and collective term.

(2) See, for instance: *L'Anno 1830, Decimoquarto centenario*, etc., Pel P. Salvatore De Filippis, Naples, 1879; an incautious but comprehensive work.

(3) *The Decline and Fall*, chap. XXXVII. Cf footnote 52, *ibid*.

(4) *Essai sur les Mœurs et l'Esprit des Nations*, t. IV., p. 344. It is the lengthiest of similar testimonies.

(5) *Les Monies d'Occident*.

(6) *The Hist. of Civil.*; Hazlitt's trans., Vol. II, p. 75.

(7) The tenth century, for instance. The reader will find abundant testimonies of the kind in Newman, *Hist. Sketches: The Mission of St. Benedict*. See also Pujati, *Dissertaz.*, and Jannucelli, *inf. cit.*, who quotes Hurter.

(8) After 1300.

the rest, in respect to both classes it must be frankly admitted that neither civilization, nor culture, was their concern except with the most obvious, express and definite limitations. It was at best but their incidental concern. The author of the best modern life of the Benedictine Founder (1) places the cause, or the occasion, of Benedictine study in the necessities of a teaching body: necessities which import evident restrictions. Ma-billon and the Trappists waged a severe controversy as to whether study was even a Benedictine pursuit. (2)

The ascription of the development of culture to the Benedictine body would, therefore, be more risky than the ascription of the development of civilization, but from the connection which inevitably and historically exists between the cultivation of the mind and sentiments and that level of social life which is called civilization, it is clear that all the originators and furtherers of the one were, indirectly at least, the originators and furtherers of the other. The immediate object of civilization is the body; its next object is the social entity, man, represented materially and visibly by the body; its third and more remote object is the spirit and mind of man. (3) This third object embodies culture, of which spiritual and mental refinement forms the special domain. It is, therefore, natural that culture should have been powerfully, if indirectly, assisted by the monastic friends of civilization.

The present theme affords a triple object-lesson of the aid which they contributed to culture directly. The Abbey of Subiaco is a threefold example of continuous and varied monastic achievement on behalf of the moral and intellectual parts of civilization, affording the view of three stages of one single "evolution nismus" after a higher culture: on behalf of Architecture in the first case, of Painting in the second case and of Printing in the third case. The synthesis of consistency and

(1) Abbot Tosti, chap. v, p, 191.

(2) One result of the controversy is well known. It is the *Tractatus de Studiis Monasticis*. The subject is dealt with in Guizot, *op. cit.*, vol. II.; in Newman, *op. cit.*, nos 3 and 4, as also in the following article on *The Benedictine Schools*, and in Gasquet, *The Old Engl. Bible*, articles the first and second.

(3) That is: taking civilization in a general signification.

of development in the history of these achievements is self-evident. Architecture is the tentative and inceptive art of infantine and barbaric peoples; Painting is the transitional art of progressive peoples; Printing, as far as the history of human endeavor enlightens us, is the servant and product of a full civilization and of a fuller culture.

At Subiaco, (1) St. Benedict had passed the three years of his hermitical life and thirty odd years of his life as a monastic ruler. He had left it, in order to avoid the molestation of a noxious neighbor, the envious priest Florentius, most probably in 529. The twelve monasteries (2) which he had founded there, and which were all ruled after his death by Honoratus, as Gregory the Great testifies, (3) were, according to the received belief, all burned by the Lombards in 601. Thereafter, one of them, that of Saints Cosmas and Damian, now known as Santa Scolastica, arose from its ruins to enjoy the plenitude of monastic life and

(1) Besides the monographs on Subiaco by Seghetti, Bonamore, Bini, Gori and Panella quoted in the course of this article, see the *Regestum Sublacense*, the *Synodus Sublacensis*, the *Chronicon Sublacense*, the description in Miley's *Hist. of the Papal States* and in Nibby's *Analisi*, etc., and Gregorovius, *Wanderjahre in Italien*, II Band. The student may consult Jannucelli, *Memorie di Subiaco e sua Badia*, Genoa, 1856; Pujati, *Dissertazione*, etc.; P. Pierantoni, S. J. *Gli sagri secoli Sublacensi*; Viola, *Storia Tiburtina*; Petrini, *Memorie Prenestine*; Volpi, *Latium Profanum*; and *Un Viaggio Per il Centenario di S. Benedetto*, etc. di Giuseppe Barbieri, Milan, 1880. Since the appearance of the work of the late Archbishop Ullathorne, *A Pilgrimage to Subiaco*, yet another English visitor has recorded in a book the impressions received on the spot: *A Visit to Subiaco*, by M. M. P., Rome, 1894.

(2) The number of these foundations, the resemblance of their corporate existence to the ideal set forth in the Rule, the lengthy residence of St. Benedict on the spot, his succession by Honoratus and even the silence of history, have, with many other indications, induced some to regard Subiaco as the place where the famous Code was written. For the proofs, cf. p. 6, *Tusculo e la Badia Sublacense*, etc., *Per il Dottore Domenico Seghetti*, Roma, 1880, and, for the counterproofs, the exposition of the traditions of Monte Cassino attaching to given sites in the Monastery by Don Luigi Tosti in his above mentioned work. The Monastery of Subiaco is honored with the title of *Proto-Cænobium* of the Benedictine Order, while the Monastery of Monte Cassino is honored with that of *Archi-Cænobium*.

(3) *Dial*, II.

a splendid preeminence in the civil order. (1) In the ninth century its Abbot, Peter I., began to build a church near the spot where the Patriarch had at first lived in a cave of Mount Taleo. The Abbot Humbert munificently followed his example in 1053. In the thirteenth century, a tasteful basilica covered the site. (2)

From these historical and topographical hints and the preceding provisional indications, we may now pass to the statement.

It is threefold. According to a strong probability, which applies comprehensively, we have at Subiaco : 1°, the introduction and adaptation in Italy of the style of Architecture, called Gothic ; 2°, a first instance of what is commonly termed a centre of pictorial operation ; 3°, the first employment of Printing in Italy, made by the monks and not, as is generally believed, by the German printers, Arnold Pannartz and Conrad Schweinheim.

The Pointed style of Architecture was alien to Italy in spirit, not less than in form. So alien was it, that, though by far and recognizably superior to the dull and purposeless Architecture prevailing here at the time of its development abroad, the record of its certainly tardy introduction has been regarded as a piece of lost information, in regard to which surmise must fill the place of certainty, while, after its introduction and frequent employment on many important occasions and in many remarkable places, it never received any other than a stunted and incomplete realization. Indeed, despite the widest adoption, it may be said to have remained an uncongenial and exotic art, to which not even its happy combination with marble, mosaic and painting sufficed to give richness, harmoniousness or a full and organic

(1) Very many neighboring and distant villages became its fiefs in the course of time. The history of Subiaco has yet to be written. M. Duchesne makes a damaging exclusion in his comments on the *Liber Pontificalis*. The statement which I have given in the text represents the local story, and the local story was what the inhabitants of the Abbey knew in the second half of the Middle Ages.

(2) The history of the church is related in an inscription as follows :

Quod conspicis templum veneranda varietate distinctum, Almus Pater Benedictus DVI. inchoavit,

Petrus I Abbas Regularis DCCCLIII est prosecutus.

Humbertus Abb. Reg. MLII perfecit.

Joannes V Abb. Reg. MCVVI ampliavit.

Joannes VI Ab. Reg. MCCXX picturis decoravit, etc.

development. So inadaptably was every non-Roman style of Architecture, that Symonds has been induced to speak of the Lombard as "in a certain sense exotic." (1) But, hereby, is not lessened the praise of the man or men, who, however local the undertaking may have been as to its purpose, effected its introduction, or devised its application. Though no praise of invention may belong to them, and though they may have borrowed, not from the principles and lines of a new and as yet unsanctioned art, but from the splendid perfection of one which had either received actuation or arrived at a high stage of potentiality and which awaited only the determination of individual choice and the strong inspiration of an adequate occasion for the production of its last and superior instances, (2) to them will always belong the praise of venture, of rightful and even excellent endeavor, of easily measurable elevation above the base and barren methods of taste which they found dominant and possessed of exclusive occupation, of a noble discontent which spurred towards far-removed betterment. Nor, in view of the absolute prevalence of Roman taste in early-mediaeval Italy, and of the perhaps intrinsic inadaptability of any other architectural tendency, would this quality of praise cease to be his due, even if the pioneer proved to be a foreigner, whose early associations and remembered experiences prompted him to seek in France, England or Germany, for something architecturally better than the relics of the Low-Latin ages surviving in Italy generally, and in Central Italy especially.

One of the cloisters in the abbey of Santa Scolastica is a complete, if simple, specimen of Pointed Art. It is low and two storied, as most existing cloisters are. The arches of the lower story are pointed. The second story, which is slightly decorated, is a late mediæval addition to the first. Opposite to the

(1) *Renaissance in Italy*, p. 58; *The Fine Arts*, Cf. also p. 50-55, *ibid.*

(2) In this connection, it may be well, by way of explanation, to refer to such facts as that stated by Fergusson, *Hist. of the Mod. Styles of Arch.*, p. 11, who says that Italian Painting "first took consistence under Cimabue and Giotto, in the thirteenth century, almost contemporaneously with the perfect development of the Pointed style in Northern Europe." Compare this statement with the date of the Abbot Humbert.

entrance of the cathedral (1) is an arch of larger proportions than the others, sculptured, and decorated with statues. This arch is in the Pointed style, owing to a desire for conformity. It is probably of the fourteenth century.

In the *Chronicon Sablacense*, or *Subiaco Chronicle*, (1) I find: "Thus Humbert, the twenty-seventh Abbot of Subiaco after our most holy Father, St. Benedict, though indeed a foreigner by origin, was remarkable for his great-mindedness and his prudence in the management of business, and, while he lived in peace with the neighboring rulers of towns, worked actively for the monastery (of Santa Scolastica) and for the entire abbey. So in the first year of his rule, which was the 1052d after the Incarnation, he put up a part of the inner cloister of the monastery of Santa Scolastica with marble columns; then on the foundations of the old and holy tower, he erected a loftier belfry, as we learn from the ancient marble slab inscribed with capital letters, etc. Beside the same tower, he completed the erection of an ambulatory for the comfort of the monks. He also built a larger dormitory: all and each of which works he brought to an end at untold expense, in a time when there was a dearth of corn in Italy and the greatest scarcity," etc. The author of the Chronicle goes on to detail other evidences of the activity and spirit of Humbert, showing him to have been possessed of precisely the quality of temperament which we should have looked for in him, while in the passage quoted he is shown to have been a foreigner. He was a native of France where the Pointed style prevailed.

It is not difficult to identify this first work of the Abbot Humbert. There are three cloisters at Santa Scolastica. The first, called of the *Alunnato*, or Scholars, was built 1580. (3) Of the remaining two, one—the only one which may be justly described as the inner cloister—bears the names of its construc-

(1) The Abbey is *nullius diæceseos*.

(2) Chap. XII., *Chronicon Sublacense ex vetere renovatum emendatum et auctum per D. Cherubinum Mirtium Mon. Sub.*, etc. It was first printed in the periodical *Gli studi in Italia* and was subsequently edited apart by D. Leone Alodi, O.S.B., in 1885.

(3) P. 185. *I Monasteri Sublacensi*; D. Oderisio Bonamore, O.S.B.

tors, who were of the celebrated Cosmati family. (1) It was completed in 1235. (2) The mention of the work of the Abbot Humbert is accompanied with the indication : *beside the tower*, of the church. Such a description applied to the middle cloister when it stretched across the entrance to the tower and reached the furthest wall which bears an old fresco of the Madonna. (3) It is that with the lower story pierced by Pointed apertures, exactly similar to windows in shape. Each aperture is irregular in form, the artist evidently having taken the measurement with his eye.

How far the Abbot Humbert has been deprived of the merits of his enterprise can be fully estimated after a review of some standard views on the introduction of the Art into Italy.

Fergusson writes as follows in his *Illustrated Handbook of Architecture* : (4) "One of the earliest, or perhaps the very first, Italian edifice into which the pointed arch was introduced, is the fine church of St. Andrea at Vercelli, (5) commenced in the year 1219, by the Cardinal Guala Bicchieri, and finished in three years. This prelate having been long time legate in England, brought back with him an English architect, called, it is said, Brigwithe, and entrusted him with the erection of this church in his native place." The Gothic cloister of Abbot Humbert anticipated the cathedral at Vercelli by sixty-seven years.

Still further from any such recognition are other authorities. Thus Okeley, in his *Development of Christian Architecture*, (6) writes as follows : "It is hardly necessary to remark

(1) The names are set in hexameters :

*Cosmas et fili Lucas et Jacobus alter
Romani cives in marmoris arte periti
Hoc opus expleverunt Abbatis tempore Landi.*

(2) Pp. 189-190 Bonamore, *op. cit.*, Janucelli, *Mem.*, p. 387-8.

(3) Jannucelli, *op. cit.*, p. 388. The line of extension crossed where are now the vestibule of the monastic Refectory and the entrance to the chapel under the tower, and ran parallel to the side of the Cosmati cloister painted with the fiefs of the abbey. That side of the inner quadrangle formed part of it. The level has been raised and the paintings have been partly covered.

(4) Vol. II., Bk. VI., chap. I.

(5) It is the Cathedral of that see and city.

(6) Page 197.

that it is still more difficult to agree with the statement made at page 767 of Mr. Fergusson's *Illustrated Handbook of Architecture*, that one of the earliest, or perhaps the very first Italian edifice into which the pointed arch was introduced is the fine church of St. Andrea at Vercelli."

Similarly, every such recognition is remote from those other authorities who are represented by Mr. Symonds. In his above-quoted work, (1) he says: "The first Gothic church, (in Italy) that of Saint Francis at Assisi was designed by a German; the most splendid, that of Our Lady at Milan, is emphatically German."

Finally, M. Enlart in his *Origines Françaises de l'Architecture Gothique en Italie*, (2) places the introduction of the style at the Cistercian Abbey Churches of Fossanova, Casamari and Santa Maria d'Arbona, whence, or rather from the latter of which places, he says that it was introduced into Subiaco. (3) He holds that the church of Fossanova was built between 1187 and 1208, (4) that of Casamari not before 1217 (5) and that of Santa Maria only in 1208. (6)

Speaking of Abbot John V. the *Chronicle* says that he imitated Humbert, his predecessor, in taste not less than in munificence. He belonged to the Roman family of the Crescenzi, and he was a Cardinal under the title of Santa Maria in Domnica. Having vindicated many dissipated possessions of the Abbey, he "burned with a great desire to restore the church of the *Sacro Speco* (7) also. He, therefore, not without a celestial instinct, set his mind to building and enlarging the church of the Speco, built twenty-three years before by his predecessor, and to constructing a monastery. So arduous a work and the incurring of so heavy an expenditure assumed a very grave and unpractical aspect in the eyes of the community seniors, since it seemed as though his lifetime would not be sufficiently long to enable him to see the structure reared in so lofty and craggy a place. But the large-minded prelate, trusting to the help of

(1) Page 50.—(2) Paris, 1894.—(3) P. 17.

(4) Pp. 10, 33.—(5) Pp. 9, 40.—(6) Pp. 12, 31.

(7) The "Holy Cave" of St. Benedict. It stands higher up on the mountain than the abbey of Santa Scolastica.

God and of St. Benedict, took courage and gave orders in regard to all the things which he intended to perform for the honor and glory of the Saint. Wherefore, in the year 1075 after the birth of Christ, and the thirteenth, or certainly the fourteenth of his own rule, he decreed that the small and poor church of the Sacro Speco should be restored suitably, nobly and after a manner worthy of the place." (1)

The *Chronicle* also makes narration of the construction. The builders came from Rome. The site was almost inaccessible, so that a road had to be made in order to reach it. The large arches for the support of the monastery were raised, and the other parts were likewise constructed with the strength and skill which so difficult a situation demanded. The architectural form of the church and monastery remains unchanged at the present time. It is according to the Pointed style. Consequently, we are justified in concluding that a second energetic superior of the prosperous abbey, following the example of the former, set the seal upon the use of the Gothic style of Architecture in Italy. (2)

When we recall the Italian Gothic edifices of subsequent centuries, and, in particular, the structures of a domestic kind reproduced, with sufficient accuracy and detail, by such artists as Giotto and Arnolfo di Cambio, (3) we are justified, not only in regard to material derivation but also in regard to the essential identity of forms, in directly connecting the general application of the Art to the necessity and luxury of the national and religious life with these first examples, in which Humbert the

(1) Chap. XIII. M. Seroux d'Agincourt found Pointed arches in the chapel of S. Silvestro (p. 197. *Storia dell'Arte*) and in that of S. Lorenzo (p. 198, *ibid.*). The arches seen in both belong to the latter of these chapels, which according to the *Chronicon*, was opened in 1053, that is, a year later than the Ambulacrum, or Cloister, of the Abbot Humbert at Santa Scolastica. M. d'Agincourt is the author of the fame of Subiaco in this connection. The majority of writers, however, have been and are still silent on the point. Even M. Albert Lenoir does not say a word about Subiaco in his *Architecture Monastique*.

(2) Humbert was the builder of the church superseded by that of John V. It was in the Pointed style. Cf. p. 24, Bini, *Memorie storiche della S. Grotta della Chiea e del Monastero*, etc. Roma, 1840.

(3) He of the Roman *Baldacchini*, as at S. Paolo fuori le mura Santa Cecilia.

Abbot set up a Gothic monastic ambulatory and two Gothic churches, and Peter the Abbot a Gothic church and monastery. For, it is important to observe that those who introduced the style at Subiaco gave it application to the building both of houses and of churches. Moreover, even the cathedral of Santa Scolastica bore, and still holds, the remains of its Gothic self. Destroyed by the Lombards in 601, and again, after a total reconstruction, in 825, and yet again in 938, it was finally and magnificently re-erected by the Abbot Benedict II. in 981. (1) Cardinal Carlo Barberini, the Abbot Commendatory of Santa Scolastica *nullius diæceseos*, held a Synod within its walls in 1674. The Acts of the Synod were published, and in the published volume we find a representation of the interior, which is shown to have been formed of a nave (2) with Pointed arches. (3) Though all the traces of this style within the church disappeared in a subsequent restoration, (4) the Pointed and painted arches remain concealed above the ceiling of the existing structure. There is no difficulty whatsoever in the identification of these remains with the parts of the primitive cathedral, owing to the presence of the following emphatically worded inscription : *Ædificatio hujus Ecclesiae S. Scholasticae tempore Domini Benedicti VII. Papae: ab ipso Papa dedicata, quem Deus sospitet, anno ab Incarnatione Domini DCCCCXXXI mense Decembri*. Whether the cathedral received its Gothic form from its builders in 981, or from the Abbot Humbert, can scarcely be a question, but it does not, in any case, create a difficulty with regard to the general thesis of the continual striving for betterment displayed at Subiaco. (5) Certain it is, that the Abbot Humbert completed the cathedral with the addition of the noble bell-tower in 1052.

Rome, Italy.

W. J. D. CROKE, LL.D.

(1) Bonamore, *loc cit.*, pp. 191-192.

(2) After the manner of abbatial churches, it possessed only one aisle.—(3) Gori, *Viaggio Pittorico-Antiquario* etc., p. 34, Roma, 1855.

(4) In 1776. Bonamore, *loc cit.*, p. 193.

(5) In his *Essay on the History of Civil Society* (p. 259, *Of the History of Arts*, 2d. edit.) Adam Ferguson says: "If nations actually borrow from their neighbors, they probably borrow only what they are nearly in a condition to have invented themselves."

SOME ASPECTS OF GERMAN THOUGHT.

THE influences from Germany bearing upon the thought of the world in these latter days are of high importance. Beginning, perhaps, with Klöpstock's *Messiah*, and Luther's Bible, we find an outpouring of strong, sturdy Teutonic speech, in some ways analagous to the English of the Elizabethan writers. This intensity of thought and word was early brought to bear on Christian themes, and, even to this day, nothing parallels "*Paradise Lost*" more handsomely than the "*Messiah*"—nothing so nearly approaches King James' version as the German vernacular Scripture.

Then came that wonderful budding and blossoming of German letters in the eighteenth century, when about Goethe, Schiller, and Jean Paul Richter clustered a group of lesser writers, any one of whom had power enough to touch and stir the thinking world. The work of these men, as interpreted for the British public by Thomas Carlyle, who had become imbued with their spirit, wrought a change in the realm of letters, and also in the philosophic schools. Thinkers of the Locke and Berkeley type appeared, answering the inspiration of Kant, Fichte, and Schelling; while men of genius, like Coleridge, catching the Teutonic enthusiasm, wrote poems which held the vitality of flame. One cannot read De Quincey, or Hazlitt, or Thomas Noon Talfourd even, without feeling the far-away German influence as modifying and in some sense moulding their finer thought.

Finally, the breeze blew across to America, and Emerson appeared. The young of later generations cannot comprehend what an awakening took place under his leadership, or how deeply it affected the men of his circle. The Brook Farm experiment, though failure it was in every practical aspect, nevertheless represented spiritually the highest water mark New England ever attained. To possess ideals and be possessed by them, to glorify the lower life by subduing it to higher things, to touch it as with a coal from off the altar, to nobler and finer issues, was not at all a new thing in the world (having been practised with success on a religious basis by ascetics in all ages), but to attempt it individually, without any organized base or supporting force

behind it, made it a daring venture of personal faith, and the soul force required must have been of great voltage.

It was through the literature of Germany that the transcendental philosophy chiefly communicated itself; Goethe, Richter, and Novalis being more persuasive and more attractive to the world at large than Fichte, Jacobi, or Schelling. "Romanticism," says a certain learned professor, "found in Goethe one of its starting points; in Richter, its precursor; in Novalis, its consummate flowering." In the idealism of Emerson, in the reactionary career of Brownson, in vapory rhapsody and Orphic utterances, as of Dr. Alcott, we have echoes of this movement in the Old World.

It would be rank injustice, however, to include Immanuel Kant in this general summary of the dry-as-dust philosophers, for Kant is neither dry nor dusty. The animation of his style, and the clearness of his thought make him a power to this day. "Two things," he tells us, "fill the soul with ever-increasing wonder and admiration—the starry sky above our heads, and the moral law within our hearts,"—a statement full of simple poetry, and easy to be understood, yet profound as the black-blue of infinite space. In his severe rule of personal morality we find the same wonderful clarity. "Act so that the maxim of thy will can likewise be valid as a principle of universal legislation." We are not surprised to be told that his own life exemplified this, and was noted for simple sweetness and goodness. On one occasion, we are informed, an importunate beggar made his way to the philosopher's room and proceeded to experiment on Kant's charity by helping himself to the philosopher's watch. It is an amusing picture, this, of sturdy mendicancy with a thirst for theft, unabashed in the presence of venerable charity too feeble to resist. It was a plain case of the tramp versus the philosopher—the professional thief over against the professor of metaphysics. Happily for the latter, however, a friend makes his appearance before the rascal has got off with his booty. Kant's watch is restored to the philosophic fob, and the beggar promptly bundled out of doors; the whole story redounding more to the glory of the man of action—the practical Kipling force in the fracas—than to that of proletaire or metaphysician.

Yet the gentleness of the latter was his best defence, and the student of biography cannot fail to admit the marvellous loveliness of the philosopher. In the last hour of his life he could say: "My friends, I do not fear death; I assure you before God, that if I were sure of being called away this night, I could raise my hands to heaven and say, 'God be praised!'"

Thus, far Immanuel Kant:—for to enter upon a discussion of the great Kantian philosophy would be entering the one "realm forbid" of M. Victor Bohain, Heine's French editor, who laughingly said, in reply to a question about the style of some articles he desired Heine to write, "That is a matter of indifference to me; like Voltaire, I tolerate every genre, excepting only the genre ennuyeux!"

Among the first of Germany's literary men to influence the great world without was Gotthold Ephraim Lessing. A pastor's son, born in 1729, as a young student proficient in Greek, Latin, and mathematics, he was sent to the University of Leipsic for further education. Thence he made his way to Berlin, and finally to Breslau, in Silesia, where he held a secretaryship under General Tauentzien during part of the Seven Years' War. He seems to have shown good capacity for affairs, but was unwilling to give up literary pursuits. He writes from Breslau, "I will for a time spin round myself, like an ugly caterpillar, that I may be able to come to light again as a brilliant butterfly." "That he spun to some purpose," says his historian, "will presently appear. The worst blot on his fame, a passion for gambling, was a habit contracted here. The butterfly burst its chrysalis, and, after the war, Lessing appears as the author of 'Minna Von Barnhelm,' the first proper German comedy, and 'Laocoon,' the best work of German criticism."

The young man had approved himself the finest writer in the land. Too independent for worldly success, however, he rejected a professorship at Königsburg, because every year he must write a eulogy upon the king. Frederic was blind to his merits, so he soon went to Hamburg, where he got on no better. The Duke of Brunswick finally offered him the care of his library at Wolfenbüttel, and was willing to comply with the condition which the threadbare critic demanded, that what he might

choose to write should be submitted to no censorships. The place was remote and unhealthy, his salary meagre; he was sick and still poor, but his fame grew through the publication of his second great play, "Emilia Galeotti." He was well received in Vienna by Maria Theresa, who ordered special representations of his plays at the Court theatre. Visiting Italy, he was also welcomed at Milan, Naples and Rome. At the age of forty-seven he married a woman worthy of him and much beloved, but she died early, and Lessing, overcome with grief, lived but three years after. His last and finest play, "Nathan, the Wise," was the production of this period.

Goethe, himself, says in "Dichtung and Wahrheit": "One must be a youth to realize the deep effect produced upon us by Lessing's 'Laocoon,' which transported us from the region of miserable observation into the free fields of thought. The so long misunderstood '*ut pictura, poesis*' of Simonides was at once set aside; the difference between art and poetry made clear. The peaks of both appeared separated, however near each other might be their bases. The former had to confine itself within the limits of the beautiful, while to poetry—which cannot ignore the meaning of any kind of facts—it is given to pass into wider fields. The former labors for external sense, which is satisfied only by means of the beautiful; the latter for the imagination, which may occupy itself even with the ugly. As by a flash of lightning, all the consequences of this splendid thought were revealed to us; all previous criticism was thrown away, like a worn-out coat."

If Goethe's dictum be correct here (and it is verified by Lessing), what becomes of the recent severe criticism of Kipling by certain third-rate critics, who maintain that the great Rudyard does not choose subjects of sufficient daintiness for his poems? A Scotch engineer and his steam engine, the hanging of Danny Deever, Fuzzy-Wuzzy, and the like are not, forsooth, fit material for verse. But what says Goethe? "Poetry cannot ignore the meaning of *any kind* of facts." It is enough if the vivid inspiration of the poet can wrap these ugly facts even in its own transforming flame; enough that they have been purified by his ideal and purged as by fire.

The "higher criticism" of Goethe and Lessing is not yet superseded—heaven be thanked !

The "Fables" of Lessing, though simple as fables should be, show much originality of invention. Here is one of them, which should edify our fault-finding critics :

"Father of beasts and men !" said the horse, approaching the throne of Zeus, "they say I am one of the most beautiful creatures with which Thou hast adorned the world, and my self-love makes me believe it. But is there nothing in me that might be improved ? "

"And what dost think might be improved in thee ? " said the kind god, smiling.

"Perhaps," said the horse, "I might be more swift, if my legs were higher and more slender. A long swan's neck would not deform me, a broader chest would increase my strength and I might possess, ready-made, a saddle which my rider places upon me."

"Good," replied Zeus. With serious face, he uttered the word of creation, and suddenly there stood before the throne the ugly camel. The horse looked and trembled with amazed horror.

"Here," said Zeus, "are higher and more slender legs; here is a long swan's neck; here a broader chest; here, the saddle ready-made. Dost thou wish, horse, that I should reshape thee thus ? "

The horse still trembled.

"Go !" continued Zeus ; "for this time, be taught without being punished. But, that thou mayest sometimes be reminded of thy presumption, continue to exist, thou new creature !" and Zeus cast a preserving glance at the camel. "May the horse never look at thee without shuddering ! "

The point of this fable will never be lost, so long as man is audaciously wise in his own conceits. Modesty in the presence of creative power is the sign-manual of real greatness.

In this regard, Lessing himself holds high place. His utterances are thoughtful and always marked by a clear, strong sense of human earthly limitation. "Not the truth of which a man believes himself to be possessed," he declares, in what is per-

haps the most famous of his sayings, "but the sincere effort he has made to gain truth, makes the worth of a man. For it is not through the possession but through the search for truth that his powers are strengthened, in which alone his ever-growing perfection exists.

"Possession makes him calm, indolent, proud. If God held all truth in His right hand and in His left the ever-living desire for truth; if He said to me, 'Choose!' I should, even though with the condition that I should remain forever in error, humbly incline towards His left and say, 'Father, give! Pure truth is for Thee alone.'"

The life and writings of Herder, whose noble personality always impresses us and whose name should head the list of Germany's minor poets, have already been treated of, at some length, in the columns of this REVIEW. He seems to have influenced the youthful Goethe in a striking manner. "Herder! Herder!" bursts out the superb youth, "if I am destined to be only your satellite, so will I be—and willingly and truly—a friendly moon to your earth. But you must feel that I would rather be a planet—Mercury even, the smallest of the seven—to revolve with you about the sun than the first of the five which turn around Saturn."

Ludwig Tieck, of Berlin, whose fantastic novels, plays and works of criticism ensured him a wide influence throughout Europe, was the most prolific poet of the romantic school. Speaking of Tieck's lyrics during this romantic period, Brandes declares (*Hauptströmungen*), "They resemble those of Goethe as the clouds in the horizon resemble firm snow mountains. The hearer stands opposite them, like Polonius in 'Hamlet,' only more honestly doubtful than he, and can not tell whether it is most like a camel, a weasel or a whale." Here we have the voice of the classicist as against the whole romantic school, turning upon Tieck in particular the brilliant raillery with which he often worsted his opponents. He really was a patient and beautiful author and his translation of *Don Quixote* admirably done.

The mysticism of the romanticists, beginning with Kantism, metamorphosed into Fichteism and finally into Schellingism, seems to have issued forth into Roman Catholicism. These men,

"accepting the doctrine of Schelling that the outer world is only the reflection in symbols of the world of the spirit," says Prof. Hosmer, "something in itself unreal, depreciated it and fell into cloudy mysticism. Shocked with French free-thinking, they turned to the Catholic Church, which commended itself as a faith in which truth was revealed by symbols." Carlyle says, in his famous "Characteristics" article, "A faith in religion has again become possible and inevitable for the scientific mind. The word free-thinker no longer means the denier or caviller, but the believer or the ready to believe. In the higher literature of Germany there already lies, for him that can read it, the beginning of a new revelation of the Godlike. This age also is not wholly without its prophets." Using their own freedom of thought, they evolved this idea, viz.: the truest form of religion must be that richest in symbolical presentment, therefore, the Catholic faith.

Schlegel became a Catholic at Köln, and married a daughter of Mendelssohn. The younger Count Von Stolberg and Werner, the author of the drama of "Martin Luther," also entered the Catholic fold. Novalis was a Catholic, during the most important and significant periods of his life. Wackenröder, author of "Heart Gushings of an Art-Loving Cloister Brother," was a romanticist mainly by virtue of the enthusiasm with which he adopted the Catholic faith. He thus gives his impressions of a scene which he plainly beholds with the eye of a religious mystic: "The notes of the full Latin chant, which, rising and falling, made their way through the swelling tones of the instrumental music, like ships which sail through the waves of the sea, raised my spirit constantly higher; and when the music in this way had penetrated my entire being and run through all my veins, then I raised my eyes and looked about me. The whole temple became living before my gaze, so intoxicated had I grown through the harmony. At the moment when it ceased, a priest stepped before the high altar, raised the Host with an inspired gesture and showed it to the people. Then all the people sank on their knees, and trumpets and powerful tones of I know not what kind stormed and thundered a sublime devotion through all my limbs. Then it clearly seemed to me as if all those kneeling

prayed to the Father in Heaven for the salvation of my soul, drawing me over to the faith with irresistible power."

The influence of these men was far-reaching. In England it swayed Coleridge, the rhapsodizing sage turning from the extreme of Voltairean free-thinking not quite to Catholicism, but to High Anglicanism, that being its closest representative; his dreamy essays and rapt monologues generating the electric power of his day and country. In France, the romanticists led students and literati along their lines of thought; and, in this fact lies the point of Heine's flippant remark: "If a pretty woman in Paris looked glum, she had either eaten sourkraut, or could read Klopstock in the original!"

They also quickly found a spiritual following in our own New England, as we have already indicated—a mental kinship and cousinship, unaffected by distance, cropping out overseas. It is not so far a cry from Friedrich Schlegel, attracted to the ecclesiastical life, beholding in Roman Catholicism "the acme of artistic and humane culture, the fosterer of art and poetry, the mother of civilization," to Margaret Fuller and Orestes A. Brownson.

In point of fact, although the romanticists built their literary house on the philosophic bases of Schelling and Kant—the latter digging the sub-cellar, so to speak—yet the house itself was ornate, and a veritable "house beautiful." The most exquisite poems fell from their pens, such as Wieland's "Oberon," of which Goethe said: "As long as poetry remains poetry, gold gold, and crystal crystal, it will be loved and admired as a masterpiece of poetic art;" and the famous but deeply mystic "Hymns to the Night."

The keen but poetic criticism of Friedrich Schlegel, the "Blue Flower," by Novalis, a prose romance of such beauty that the world held its breath before it, as if listening to music, and the brilliant satires wherewith Tieck rushed down upon the classicists, all these made profound impression on a public, dull as to philosophy, perhaps, but alive to poetry and fresh thought.

The romantic school of Germany is still a power, however the systems of Fichte and Schelling may have been superseded. Its strength hinges on its beautiful variousness. Speaking of Fichte, Heine tells us the most amusing story. "The public at large in

Germany believed that the Fichtean 'I' meant 'I, Johann Gottlieb Fichte,' and that this individual 'I' denied all other existences. 'What impudence!' cried the good people. 'This person does not believe we exist—we, who are more corpulent than he, and who, as aldermen and state officials, are even his superiors!' The ladies asked: 'Does he not even believe in the existence of his wife? No? *And Madame Fichte permits that!*'"

We have already alluded to Von Hardenburg, better known by his pen-name of Novalis. His strange career of disappointed love and grief that became poetry through the very necessities of his suffering soul reminds us of Keats. Yet the latter had a sensuous nature, despite its delicacy, like the breath of English violets, while the spirit of Novalis strikes us as profoundly religious, half ascetic in its rich tenderness. It would be presumptuous to attempt any account of his "Hymns to the Night," wherein he looks down into the open grave of his beloved Sophie, then out into the blue-black spaces of the universe, ringing with his very human cry to the All-Father.

His mystic philosophy is equally difficult to characterize. It is marked by spiritual penetration and suggestiveness. Whatever he says, the reader's thought outruns him into wide, new spaces, unfolded with powerful suddenness. Here are a few fragmentary sentences: "Nature," he says, "is an Eolian Harp, a musical instrument, whose tones again are keys to higher strings in us."

"A character is a *completely fashioned* will."

"Religion contains infinite sadness. If we are to love God, He must be in distress. (Hülfs-bedürftig, help-needing.) In how far is this condition answered in Christianity?"

"The spirit of Poesy is the morning light, which makes the statue of Memnon sound."

"The Catholic religion is, to a certain extent, *applied Christianity*."

"Its origin is with the common people. It inspires the great majority of *the limited* in this earth."

"It is the light that began to shine in the darkness."

"It is the root of *all Democracy*, the highest fact in the rights of man."

The following passage from one of his best known prose works, "Die Christenheit oder Europa," is still full of interest, and may serve as a fitting conclusion to this sketch of the romanticists and their literary work:

"Those were beautiful, brilliant days when Europe was a Christian land—when one Christianity occupied the continent. Rightfully did the wise head of the Church oppose the insolent education of men at the expense of their holy sense, and untimely, dangerous discoveries in the realm of knowledge. He forbade, therefore, audacious thinkers to maintain publicly that the earth is an unimportant planet, for he knew well that men, at the same time they lose respect for their dwelling place and their earthly habitation, would lose it also for their heavenly home—would prefer limited knowledge to infinite faith.

"This great interior schism, Protestantism, which destroying wars accompanied, was a remarkable sign of the hurtfulness of culture. The insurgents separated the inseparable, divided the indivisible Church, and tore themselves wickedly out of the universal Christian union through which and in which alone genuine and enduring regeneration was possible. Luther treated Christianity in general arbitrarily, mistook its spirit, introduced another letter and another religion—the sacred, universal sufficiency of the Bible. With the Reformation Christianity went to destruction.

"Fortunately for the old constitution, a newly arisen order, the Jesuits, now appeared, upon which the dying spirit of the hierarchy seemed to have poured out its last gifts. In Germany one can already point out with full certainty the traces of a new world—a great time of reconciliation, a new golden age, a Saviour dwelling among men, eaten as bread and wine, breathed as air, and heard as word and song. The old Catholic belief was Christianity become living. Its presence everywhere in life, its love for art, its deep humanity, the indissolubility of its marriages, its humane sympathy, its joy in poverty, obedience and fidelity make it unmistakably a genuine religion. It is made pure by the stream of time; it will eternally make happy this earth."

CAROLINE D. SWAN.

Gardiner, Maine.

THE PASSING OF INGERSOLL.

I HERE reproduce a couple of brief editorials on Ingersoll, one from the *Northwest Review*, which paper now and then gets in a clever stroke of work, and one from the Philadelphia *Daily Times*, which, from its founding, twenty-five years ago, to the present time, has always been one of the ablest and brightest newspapers in the United States.

There has been a great deal written about Ingersoll since his death, as during his life time, that is of little profit to any human soul, the mere vapoing of pious fools.

Rev. Fr. Lambert had a very able editorial in the *Freeman's Journal*—last issue for July—the burden of which was to show that while Ingersoll's philosophy, as far as he had any, was utterly destructive of free will, all his clamor was for freedom—which, according to his own, Ingersoll's, teaching, did not exist, but the inconsistencies of his philosophy were the least of his evils.

Here are the editorials named :

“The death of Ingersoll relieves America of its greatest scandal. The United States is the only civilized country in the world that could have made so much of so shallow a reasoner as the irrepressible and self-sufficient atheist. He had absolutely nothing to recommend him but tricks of rhetoric and a fine voice. The *Winnipeg Free Press* appositely remarks that he was ‘a sort of bold, dashing Bedouin of unbelief who brandished his lance brilliantly in the desert of agnosticism, to the huge delight of many imperfectly educated people, but to the regret of all thoughtful ones.’ He was not even an agnostic—a term which may designate a sincere doubter, many agnostics having ultimately been converted to the true faith—he was simply a blaspheming mountebank. His sophisms did, however, serve one good purpose ; they gave occasion to that unanswerable masterpiece of Father L. A. Lambert's, ‘Notes on Ingersoll,’ one of the cleverest defences of Christianity that was ever written.”—*The Northwest Review*.

I publish this, not that I agree with all it says, but because it

has several bright points, and because it treats of Ingersoll as related to his country.

"The death of Ingersoll relieves America of its greatest scandal." This is really an original thought about Ingersoll, and if it were only half true, we ought to throw up our caps and thank God. Most unfortunately it is not half true.

We are relieved of Ingersoll, but the scandal remains. The real scandal was always in this, that a man of Ingersoll's motives and manners, could find a ready and an appreciative audience anywhere in this country. If the country had not been at heart half-atheistic and wholly regardless of the sacred honor due religious truth, Ingersoll would never have made headway here; that is as a lecturer on and a defender of lies. In a word, he was always at home and with his friends. There is the heart of the scandal. These were as bad as he and worse, only they had not his wit and power of utterance.

By and by we shall understand that the heart of this people is seventy-five per cent atheistic, and that the real scandal is that they are allowed to exist, and eat and drink, make laws and carry on generally as if they were really civilized and refined, when at heart they do not know the first principles of justice and truth among men and are absolutely regardless of God and His claims.

But here is the editorial from the *Philadelphia Times* :

"Colonel Ingersoll had in high degree the qualities of head and of heart which endear a man to his fellows. Handsome of person, brilliant of wit, persuasive of tongue, a clear, logical reasoner and a deep student of literature, law, and politics, he had every requisite for a successful career. Brave, generous, truthful, charitable, and patriotic, he had the power to sway the reason of men and win their hearts. He was in all his dealings a living exemplification of the Golden Rule. He was a devoted husband, a kind father, a generous neighbor. Love was his religion, home was his heaven. He had no sympathy with those of his pretended followers and blatant imitators that declaim against the sanctity of marriage and the liberty of law. At the Cincinnati Convention in 1876, he delivered the most eloquent, thrilling, and effective political speech that has been made in

America since Patrick Henry. At the funeral of his brother a few years later, he paid the most beautiful tribute to fraternal affection of which we have any knowledge, while at the same time admitting the possibility of and expressing a tender yearning for a meeting in the great beyond. . . .

"His fatal fault was not that he was an unbeliever, but that he paraded his unbelief and sought to destroy the faith of others. He tried to tear down the dearest possession God has given His children, and offered nothing in its place. Therefore is this man's name, which should have been placed so high, written in sand.

"But we can safely leave his final judgment to Him who in His death agony cried: 'Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do,' while we lay flowers on the coffin of a tender father, a faithful husband, a generous friend, an open-handed benefactor, a brave soldier, and an unflinching patriot."—*The Philadelphia Times*.

From the first word to the last of this editorial it is evident that the dead Ingersoll is in the hands of his friends. The writer evidently knew the blatant atheist personally, and probably shared his doubts and his unbelief, but has always been prudently silent on them. It was not his sphere to lecture on atheism and infidelity, but it is his vocation to use the editorial page of his paper to state that Ingersoll was "a clear, logical reasoner, and a deep student of literature," all of which is as far from the truth as Philadelphia's pious reformers are from virtue.

Ingersoll was a brilliant casuist, quick-witted, ready with retort, and he had a certain gift of popular rhetorical utterance, but was never a clear reasoner; never knew or cared for logic. He simply jumped at conclusions, and defied all logic, all reason and all truth in order to reach them. As for his being a deep student of anything, that is absurd, and for literature, the only literature he knew well was the literature of the doubters and infidels from Voltaire to Burns to Ingersoll.

As to his being a handsome man, he was handsome after the modern American type, that is a sort of would-be athletic type, big, square-shouldered, very pronounced in dress, very noticeable for a certain self-consciousness; always ready to get in his joke

on God, the Blessed Virgin, Christ, the Scriptures, and any and every form of belief in the same. The serious side of life being to him the clown side and the side on which to play the clown. As to actual physiognomy, Ingersoll was thoroughly modern American. In due time it is my purpose to show that in the last two hundred years the average American has gained at least one-quarter of an inch, say from three-eighths to a half an inch, in the lower part of his face, and that he has lost proportionately above.

Ingersoll was remarkable for this gain in the lower jaw. Had his chin been shorter, his nose longer, and his forehead higher, and lifted more over the eyes, so that visions of the world, of heaven and something else besides his own animal, family and domestic instincts had been uppermost, there would have been no Mistakes of Moses, or any lecture full of rotten jokes on "The Gods."

In a word, like the writer in the *Philadelphia Times*, had Ingersoll been made otherwise, he might have thought otherwise; might have been "a clear and logical reasoner," etc. As it is, the reasoning of the two together could hardly account for the hatching of a good fresh egg. "A damned good joke" they would say, and take to their cards and wine, as if they had settled the matter.

I do not remember ever having seen a portrait of Ingersoll's father or mother, or earlier ancestors, but I am willing to wager that "Bob" was a sad degeneration from the faces of his parents and grandparents. And this brings us to what is to me the most serious side of his character.

It has been stated by those who knew him personally, and, indeed, it was stated in the New York papers at the time of his death, that "Bob" attributed his own unbelief to the hypocritical severity of the Presbyterian belief professed by his father, who was a clergyman.

There are various points of interest in this statement. In the first place, his father was probably sincere and honest in his Calvinistic creed. Most preachers of that faith and of that day and generation were honest, no matter how mistaken they might have been in their belief. It was an age of serious and honest men.

So that I look upon this report of Ingersoll on his father as a libel, and, as it is a libel of a son for a parent, an infamous and unfilial libel, for which the great "Bob" ought to have been horsewhipped during his lifetime, and which will follow his name with disgrace as long as his name shall live.

I am well aware that in these days we do not think much of these finer distinctions of filial feeling and regard, but they are at the heart of all worthy society, and no man can dishonor them without dishonoring himself more than the parents he libels.

An eternal curse hangs over the head of a son or a daughter that libels the parent that gave him or her life. But Bob treated this as a joke, as, indeed, he treated everything as a joke that had any serious side to it.

There is still another aspect to this libel.

To blame your ancestors for your sins, unbelief or what not, may be very Adamic, but it is the most unmanly of all the forms of cowardice, and for a great laughing, jocose infidel like Ingersoll to blame his flat-headed clownism and unbelief on his father's too serious and too severe, in fact, hypocritical and Calvinistic belief, is to me the most blamable and inexcusable fact of his long, contemptible and hypocritical career.

As to the vice and the term hypocrisy, both father and son may in this case have been afflicted with the disease. Most men and all women are said to be slightly tainted with the virus. Here we have nothing to do with Ingersoll's father's hypocrisy; he has gone to dust and dreams long ago. But what of Bob's hypocrisy? I am credibly informed that he did not believe his unbelief—that in his home and in other relations of life, as, indeed, in those poor yearning verses he is said to have written a short time before his death, he really believed in God, and hoped for immortality like the rest of us, but having doubts—and who of us has not had doubts?—and finding his doubts good stock in trade with the groundlings, he gradually wrought his doubts into jocose unbelief, decorated this with wreaths of denials and called it all a burlesque on the gods, which he delivered in the hearing of audiences of fools at 50 cents a ticket, and was very kind to his family. But shall a man's kindness

to his family—where all men are kind—excuse him for playing false with the souls of thousands of his fellow men?

And he was “patriotic,” well if that means that he was devoted to the gold bugs of McKinleyism, three years ago, and that he favored our infamous war with Spain, etc., etc., then I think his patriotism the most damnable part of him and I am very glad that he has at last gone where he can no longer set the Almighty God and Christ our Saviour up like grotesque puppets, or images on the stage to be made sport of by his great-mouthed and clownish idiocy. I find that when weighed in any balance used for the weighing of character for thousands of years, this man was great, only in his floundering and conceited deficiencies of manhood, not to speak of his being an atheist and an enemy to God.

WILLIAM HENRY THORNE.

ANGLO-SAXON SUPERIORITY.

THE English version of Mr. Edmond Demolins' work was recently translated by Louis Bert Lavigne, and published by Charles Scribner's Sons.

Mr. Edmond Demolins is a French author, reviewer and editor as well as sociologist, and he brought out the above mentioned work in June, 1897, and ten editions were quickly exhausted in France. We quote freely from the English version.

We gather from Mr. Demolins' clever work that Anglo-Saxons owe their superiority to self-help, independence and love of home. Like a wise bird which teaches its nestlings how to fly, and then ousts them from their nest, so English parents inculcate self-reliance in their children, and expect them to look out for themselves.

And England owes her supremacy on sea and land to her love of commerce and industry, while an Englishman's chief ambition is to own land and to possess a home—with the conviction that however humble, there is no place like home.

To put the sum total in a nutshell, the writer's main object is to define the difference between societies of a communistic for-

mation and societies of a particularistic formation, the first being characterized by a tendency to rely not on self, but on the community, on the group, family, tribe, clan, public power, etc. And on the other hand, those of a particularistic formation show a disposition to rely, not on the community, but on self. Among these, the private individual triumphs over the public man, and Anglo-Saxon populations are the most striking representatives of the particularistic formation, while the peoples of the East are the most notable instances of the communistic societies.

The real foundation of Anglo-Saxon superiority is that England succeeded in freeing herself from the Celtic and Norman influences, and the Anglo-Saxon element predominated, an element whose chief tendency is to inculcate self-reliance, and strength of will and body.

Mr. Demolins sketches the origin of English people from the settlement of the Saxons in Great Britain in the fifth century, principally south of the Thames, in Wessex, Sussex and Essex, from which regions they dislodged the Celts, in whom a semi-pastoral existence did not permit of a very strong attachment to the soil. The Saxon, unlike the Celt, is a born farmer, and his ideal is the foundation of a rural estate on which the individual is independent of his neighbors and of political chiefs. Alfred the Great could only enroll in his army Saxons who were willing to serve, or who considered the cause of war was worth fighting for. Herein we see the first manifestation of self-government.

When the Angles appeared on the scene, they drove away the Britons in different directions, but being more anxious to extend their dominion than to cultivate the land, they soon came under the stronger influence and predominance of the Saxons, who Saxonized the Angles, and the fusion is now known as the Anglo-Saxon race. Their descendants in the United States only repeated history in assimilating and bringing to their own language, the immigrants from the Old World. The Danes invaded England about 867, and at first both Angles and Saxons came under their rule, but like "Brudder Rabbit," they lay low and bided their time.

And it is curious to see how history repeats itself. The

Saxons formed a treaty with the Danes, offering to pay as tribute the money they would have expended had they waged war.

That was the well known Vanegelt tax. Saxons never fought unless there was something worth fighting for.

[And in this instance, we may find the precedent for the practice of settlement of disputed acquisition of foreign territory through payment of money in our own land, for instance in the Florida question, Texan war, and Spanish-American war, when the United States paid several millions to Spain for final cession of territory we had acquired through conquest.]

Finally the Saxons drove out the Danes from England, and then reasserted their favorite form of self-government, and drew up their Common Law, ensured individual liberty, the institution of the jury and limited public power.

William the Conqueror and his Normans next appeared on the scene, and the Saxons bowed to the inevitable once more. But again they lay low, like "Brudder Rabbit," bided their time, knowing that Saxon grit and independence would conquer in the long run. However, the struggle lasted several centuries, but once more England was saved by the Saxon farmer standing immovable over his furrows, Demolins says, "determined to preserve his common law." Seeing their privileges threatened, the Norman nobles found it necessary to ally themselves to the condemned and exploited Saxons. From this alliance was evolved a hybrid, namely, *Magna Charta*, which recognized the Common Law and the independence of the Norman nobles.

Saxon predominance became so complete, that there was soon only one language, the Saxon, and one law, the Saxon Common Law. Thus the Saxons demonstrated the superiority of social over political power, and absorbed and assimilated both Celts and Normans. Nowadays the Anglo-Saxon element not only predominates in England, but all over the world owing to the same causes.

"We cannot take a step without coming across an Englishman," says Demolins. "We cannot glance at any of our late possessions without seeing there the Union Jack. The Anglo-Saxon has supplanted us in North America, in India, Mauritius

and Egypt. The expansion of that race seems destined to surpass that of the Roman Empire.

"The Anglo-Saxon is at the head of the most active, progressive and overflowing civilization. Men of this race no sooner establish themselves on any spot in the world than they transform it, by introducing the latest progressive innovations.

"Compare South America under Spanish and Portuguese rule, with North America under Anglo-Saxon influence. Look at these simple figures illustrative of English supremacy on the sea—of ships which passed through the Suez Canal in the course of one year.

"French ships, 160; German ships, 260; British ships, 2262.

"Education is a powerful factor in the formation of character, and the cause of its failure in France is due to the cramming and cramping system. Three-fourths of young Frenchmen just out of school are candidates for government offices. Their main ambition is to enter the army, navy, magistrature, line service or some other calling under the government. Independent callings only find recruits among those who are unsuccessful candidates for government service.

"Too much discipline and over study at French schools cripple the will and dwarf the mind, while they suppress free and spontaneous action and originality.

"French schools cast intellects in one common mould. As a school-boy you are taught the State's doctrines, as an official you obey the State's instructions.

"The Emperor of Germany would concentrate the minds of German youths on Prussian history. He says: 'I am in need of soldiers. I am in need of a strong generation, capable of serving their country.'

"Will this organization allow Young Germany to launch out into this real, work-a-day world of ours, not the world where men kill, but the world where men earn a livelihood? Young men should be initiated into all these enterprises through which a race extends its supremacy—not a military but a social supremacy over other inferior conditioned races. Instead of that, blinkers are put over their eyes, so that they are kept in ignorance of the world of the past and unaware of any but their

own immediate little world. They are only allowed to study the small episode of Prussian history. They are acquainted with victories achieved by cannon, but know nothing of those won by work, perseverance and will power.

"Germany resembles Indian fakirs crouched in silent contemplation with the conviction that they will thus reach a superior future state, Nirvana. The Emperor of Germany would like to compel Prussia to contemplate one single spot in the infinite universe—its solitary self.

"In France all are familiar with that deluded state which consists in being shut up in a beatific and exclusive admiration of ourselves and singing that we are '*la grande nation*,' that we are in advance of all other countries. Meanwhile we do not perceive that the world is going on, and going on without us.

"Germans are also prone to seek government employ, to congregate in towns and cities and lack the independence of the Saxon rural population. Prussia was the last to take its part in the concert of European States, and like that man who was born a quarter of an hour too late, has never caught up, and is two centuries behind the rest of the Western World." Demolins adds: "On the banks of the Spree, Philip II. and Louis XIV. are still aped, as though these two illustrious dead had not been buried long ago with their political *regimes*; and that which is really the distant past, is decorated with the name of the future.

"England is far ahead of other countries in its schools, and where we waste time by the study of dead languages, the English teach practical subjects. For instance they have a school to fit young men to colonize new lands, in which they are taught practically to cope with the difficulties and obstacles they would be likely to encounter in some of England's far off possessions. Each pupil is taught to rely on himself, with the conviction of the responsibility of every individual man. We see South America and South Africa invaded by robust offspring of northern races, fully equipped for the labor before them, and Anglo-Saxon youths are not afraid of the strife. Anglo-Saxons treat their children as though they will presently be independent.

"With French people, parents usually say: 'Oh let them

do as we did,' or 'A good family and many friends that is enough to push you on and settle you in life.' That is a false conception. We must act like those peoples who have surmounted the difficulty and bring up young men capable of shifting for themselves, independently of any family, friends, connections or state aid.

"Look at the difference between North and South America, between men formed by the new methods, and those formed by the old. It is the difference between night and day. On the one side, a forward motion of society, and the greatest known development of agriculture, commerce and industry ; on the other, society thrown backwards and plunged to grovel in a morass of idle, unproductive town life, and given up to officialism and political revolutions. In the north we have the rising of the future ; in the south, the crumbling and decaying past. English youth is not afraid of work or strife. They are the race which through their training can always preserve their moral and religious energy. Their faith is not wholly that of the Catholic Church, and yet there is not by far as much infidelity among them as there is here in France. Why? Simply because they are more convinced of the full responsibility of every individual.

"In France parents provide for their children, starting their sons in life and giving dowries to their daughters, while English parents endow their offspring with that devouring spirit of initiative capacity to take care of themselves, and nine out of every ten who make their mark are self-made men. English and American fathers, as a rule, do not portion their children."

Franklin wrote to his mother in regard to one of his son's extravagance : "He must be disabused of the idea that I shall give him anything, and must know that at the rate I am spending money there will be none left for him." Each generation takes care of itself, while in France one generation is expected to provide for the next. "In England," says Demolins, "politics and official positions are not as much sought after as in France, because they rob a man of his independence, and only the highest posts are lucrative. In England such official or political posts are left to Irish, Scotch, or Welsh, and in the United States to Irish or German.

"Our French education jeopardizes our ability and social power, which is a double cause of inferiority, while English training and social atmosphere develop the capability of the race to triumph over difficulties.

"The diminution of the birth-rate in France is due to man's will, and desire to shirk responsibilities of providing for sons and daughters, and the marriage rate has diminished greatly. Norway doubles her population every fifty-one years; England in every sixty-three; Germany in ninety-eight, and France every three hundred and thirty-four. Latin races are usually less prolific than Slavonic or Anglo-Saxon races.

"The chief aversion of Frenchmen to the marriage bond is due to demoralization, indulgence in luxury, artificial pleasures and egotism.

"It was the discovery of coal which changed social conditions and labor, and gave money the power it now holds. And France is the great money market. The French pay out money, but do not reap the fruit, for the French neglect more than our three great sources of public wealth—agriculture, industry and commerce.

"In England the best title of a gentleman to public consideration is his land estate. An English emigrant's first desire is to build up a rural estate, while our French colonist's chief aim is to acquire some political or official position, and they do more harm than good to the cause of colonization.

"Industry and commerce are found in England, and sons of peers often establish themselves in business, while militarism and bureaucracy are less developed than in France.

"English people work less and open stores later, and their love of home and comfort is a stimulus to activity. They are unlike the French working classes, who slave and study small economies without ever bettering their condition. An English workman turns out better work in less time.

"No doubt the English aristocracy, with their law of primogeniture and law of entail, rest on a totally different basis, and their principles are those of the communistic races, viz: the establishment of their first born. But whence does English aristocracy originate? From the outside, for it hailed from William

the Conqueror, and Norman conquerors belonged to communistic formation. They were recruited with promises of booty, which brought many outcasts into their ranks.

"But this line of demarkation between noble and peasant is dying out in the Anglo-Saxon world. In the United States the particularistic formation is free from any Norman influence; man's value is estimated by his energy, endurance and power of initiative. England, burdened by tradition and institutions imported by Normans, is fast returning to Anglo-Saxon institutions in her particularistic formations.

"The stability of the home and ownership of the soil is not always conducive to progression, however, for look at the Russian, Servian and Bulgarian peasantry. They own the miserable hovels which shelter them, without any regard for comfort, while they deck themselves in gay apparel on holidays, but an English workman's home or cottage is clean and always comfortable. This love of home develops feelings of dignity and independence. This home life encourages exertion and activity. A man is more or less what he looks, and some only have the dignity conferred by clothes.

"Populations accustomed to a simple life are usually satisfied with little; their ambition is restricted and their wants are simple and few. But this is not the case with the English people. Their desire for comfort is a spur to action. And Englishmen rise and adapt themselves more easily to the changes of fortune than Frenchmen of humble origin.

"We have summed up the main differences between English and French peoples.

"Agriculture, commerce and industry, form the groundwork of England's prosperity. In France the liberal professions are most sought after, while agriculture is lowest in the scale. But States can live without barristers, journalists or physicians, but not without farmers, who provide our food, nor manufacturers, who provide our clothes and most necessary articles of our daily existence.

"And for some occult reason, physicians, who are healers of the body, are considered fit to heal the social and political body as well, for a large number are in power in France.

"Socialism is resisted alike by Anglo-Saxons and Anglo-Americans, who resist it as American vines resist *Phylloxera*, and the few recruits it finds in America are mostly Irish or German.

"English people are essentially individualistic; want to manage affairs in their own way, and object to surrender of personal rule of conduct to some common cause, which is one of the principal reasons for their aversion to Socialism, which flourishes in Germany—which is really the focus of Socialism.

"Both Roman and Anglo-Saxon are farthest removed from a Communistic formation.

"A singularly sincere man once said to me, 'You would shrink back with horror were you to discover what is underneath the word *Patrie*.' "

Demolins adds: "We can entertain no doubt that the greater part of bloody deeds which disgrace history were committed in the name of patriotism. Patriotism is expressed by two tangible acts, the paying of the tax in money, and the payment of the tax in blood.

"The Anglo-Saxon has great facility in expatriating himself, and he believes that he carries his country with him.

"England has the smallest army, while she has four times as many subjects as all the great powers of Europe, for her army is 100,000 men less than that of Russia, Germany or France.

"And conscription does not exist in England. The sovereign has no right to maintain an army without the sanction of the House of Commons. England has repudiated militarism, and shows a tendency to settle by arbitration.

"Military service tends to display capacity of work in young men, and unfits them to return to their previous vocations.

"Religion, according to some people, is sufficient to ensure happiness. No doubt it does help to surmount moral difficulties of life. But if a man does not possess natural abilities which he may develop, religion can only offer him resignation. 'God's will be done!' Such religion is a tacit acknowledgment of misery. 'Life is a vale of tears; happiness is not of this world.' Religion deals not with time, but with eternity. That the latter may be preferable is not the question here, but what ensures happiness here below.

"Some pious people misapply the principles of resignation, and make it a pretence for indolence. They rely too much on Providence, forgetting the precept: 'Help thyself and heaven will help thee.' But some people say, 'The children of darkness are wiser than the children of light,' and leave to the Deity the responsibility of their own faults and errors.

"Human nature shuns exertion. 'By the sweat of thy brow thou shalt get thy bread,' is the foundation of social power as well as moral power. Nations which manage to shirk the law of labor are bound to moral depression and inferiority."

Demolins gives an exhaustive history of socialism, its causes, effects and defects, and sums up the whole matter by the conclusion that societies of communistic formation can never attain the success and advancement ensured by those of particularistic formation, for the chief defect of socialism is, the individual is apt to rely upon the community and not upon his own ability and capability.

He points out the defects in French systems of education, training, political and social life, and sees hope for the future if France will profit by the lessons set forth in the Anglo-Saxon's onward progress in the world's history. He also adds that France is going through an evolution which will soon redound to her prosperity and advancement.

To quote his own words in his parallel of the German and Anglo-Saxon races, Demolins says:

"Germany is the great contemporary centre of authority; the Anglo-Saxon world is the greatest centre of self-help and self-government.

"Is there one nation which can be compared with that Anglo-Saxon race, which from their tight little island are flooding the whole world, and in America have begotten that prodigiously vivacious offspring, the United States?"

The large group of Catholic Socialists was chiefly organized after the publication of the Bishop of Mayence, Mr. Ketteler's book, *The Labor Question and Christianity*. The programme of the party was drawn up chiefly and introduced into the party by Canon Monfany of the Cathedral of Mayence, and Bishop Ketteler's disciple.

There are the following points: Wages are inadequate; the State must intervene. The State must fix the length of the day's work. The State must fix and regulate relations between workmen and masters, and advance money to the labor associations.

"I do not attack wealth or wealthy people," says the Canon. "What I condemn is the way nowadays in which millionaires and billionaires are made."

New York.

MARY E. SPRINGER.

THE POWER OF THE KEYS.

A HISTORY OF AURICULAR CONFESSION AND INDULGENCES IN THE LATIN CHURCH. By Henry Charles Lea, LL.D. Lea Brothers & Co. Philadelphia. 3 vols. 8vo.

In delivering a series of lectures on the Sacrament of Penance during the current year, the writer of the present pamphlet had frequently to answer objections taken from Mr. Lea's History of Auricular Confession and Indulgences. Owing, however, to the limited number of lectures, it was impossible to reply in detail to one-half the objections supplied by so extensive a work as Mr. Lea's. So it was decided to select one of the most important questions in his three volumes and subject his treatment of it to a minute analysis. This method, it was thought, might disclose the true character of his work, and allay any anxiety that might exist as to the difficulties that were left unanswered. Accordingly, a vital question was selected, the historian's authorities were examined, his arguments were proposed and refuted, many of them needing no more refutation in a class of Theology than merely to be read. It has been thought good, however, to expand the answers then given and illustrate them for popular use, not so much for the sake of replying to Mr. Lea on one particular subject, as to bring into clearer light the character of his work and the constant unfairness of his methods. It is bad enough to find a historian wrong here and there on important matters, but to find him constantly and persistently wrong on

the vital question of his whole investigation is a discovery that renders further examination useless; the rest of his work may be read as a curiosity, but not as a history—not even as a history that one might think it worth his while to refute.

Though Mr. Lea is not to be ranked among the historians of Auricular Confession, but among its most prominent antagonists, still he is not one of those ignorant declaimers who rail against Confession as if the very word conjured up some unpleasant memories of their own misdoings. Mr. Lea is a man of varied learning, and displays at times a knowledge of Catholic Theology that is rarely found in a layman outside the Catholic Church. He is, moreover, a man of much reading and of extensive research; and his three octavo volumes are a monument, if not to his honesty, at least to his toil. In them he has gathered together everything that has been considered as telling against Confession and Indulgences since the time that St. Peter censured Simon Magus and referred him to God for forgiveness. The author's array of references at the foot of nearly every page invests his work with an appearance of scholarship that has passed with many as a convincing proof of his reliability. Indeed, his collection of references looks like a direct challenge to his opponents. It is precisely here that we find the chief cause for complaint. For it is principally by means of references and quotations that Mr. Lea has succeeded in some quarters in passing himself off as a historian. His references, besides, are remarkably accurate, considering their multitude; and as far as titles and numbers are concerned, they call for little censure. This of itself has deceived many. But the question is, What have we behind the references, titles and numbers? This is what we are going to investigate. At the end of the pamphlet we shall give a reprint of Mr. Lea's preface and of the pages and references subjected to examination.

Our historian announces in his preface that he is not going "to thresh old straw." He has sought to view the subject from a new standpoint, and to write a history, not a "polemical treatise." Now, in a history of auricular Confession, no one can fail to see the importance attaching to the *History of the Keys during the first five centuries of Christianity*. The Church's

power of absolving from post-baptismal sin, or as it is technically called, the Power of the Keys, is the doctrine on which the theory and practice of auricular Confession are based. The fundamental question then in this whole matter when considered from a historical point of view is, Did the Church of the first five centuries believe that Christ had given to His Apostles and their successors the power of forgiving sin as now claimed by the Church of Rome? It is to this important question that Mr. Lea addresses himself in the seventh chapter of his first volume. He has little to say, however, about the power as granted to the Apostles. It is with the transmission of it that he is specially concerned. However, as he leaves his role of historian and touches quite misleadingly on the character of the power itself, we must begin with him on this point.

After quoting the two texts from St. Matthew (xvi. 19 ; xviii. 18), in which Christ is recorded as giving to St. Peter and then to the other Apostles the power of loosing and binding, Mr. Lea gives the classic text from St. John (xx. 23): "Whose sins you shall forgive, they are forgiven ; and whose sins you shall retain, they are retained." On this text, which is the chief source of proof for the Catholic dogma of the forgiveness of sins, our historian makes the following comment in a note (p. 107):

"The orthodox explanation of the reiteration of the grant of power by Christ after His resurrection is that in Matthew He merely made a promise, the fulfilment of which is recorded in John."

By this, of course, Mr. Lea means that to find out the meaning of the text in St. John we must go back to the text in St. Matthew. We are glad to find him admitting that in the power of *loosing* and *binding*, Christ had promised to His Apostles what He Himself afterwards called the power of remitting and retaining sin. That such power is contained in the metaphor of *loosing* and *binding* might be denied by some. Now, to find out the exact meaning of this power which was first expressed in metaphor, we ought to go where the same power is conveyed in language which according to the usage of the New Testament, is never metaphorical. Such is the language of Our Divine Lord to his Apostles in the text: "Whose sins you shall

forgive, they are forgiven." Wherever there is mention made in the New Testament of the *remission of sin*, there is always question of the true and real forgiveness of the offence. Now Mr. Lea inverts the ordinary laws of Scriptura interpretation when he tries to bring us back to a metaphorical phrase to show us the meaning of a text that is couched in the plain and literal language of Holy Writ. Instead of this, he might have suggested—for he is quite fond of suggesting such little things—that the Apostles could have hardly understood the words of their Divine Master in any other sense than that in which so often before they had heard Him speak of the "remission of sin." In like manner, instead of telling us what Fr. Palmieri says about the power of *retaining* sin—a question not now under discussion—Mr. Lea might have told us what a non-Catholic writer thinks about the power of remitting sin as spoken of in St. John xx. 23. E. Mellor, D.D., a writer no less hostile to Catholic tenets than is Mr. Lea himself, says on this text:

"I cannot pretend to challenge the doctrine of auricular confession and priestly absolution on *a priori* grounds, as if it were impossible for God Himself to invest an order of men with such stupendous power. He who can communicate the gift of tongues and prophecy and healing and miracle, cannot consistently be regarded as incapable of deputing the ghostly functions in question. And further, I cannot imagine that on the supposition that such authority was confided to mortal men, it could have been conveyed in terms more precise or more appropriate than those now under consideration. These concessions I make without reserve as due in all candor to the confessionalists, whatever consequences they may be supposed to involve." (1)

By laying aside the question of exegesis into which our historian so quickly lapsed, we shall take up his statements about the transmission of the Keys. After quoting the texts in which the power of "loosing" and "binding" and "remitting sin" was granted to St. Peter and the other Apostles by our Divine Lord, Mr. Lea says (p. 108):

"Whatever sense may be attributed to this grant of power, the

(1) Priesthood in the light of the New Testament. Third Ed., p. 325.

primitive Church *evidently* regarded it as personal to the holy men whom Christ had selected as His immediate representatives."

We have italicized the word "evidently." If it be evident that the Fathers of the primitive Church considered this power as a personal gift conferred on the Apostles, Mr. Lea must have some testimony that *evidently* proves this. Let us see what our historian regards as *evidence*.

"At the time the gospels were composed, the Apostles were not expected to have any successors, for Christ had foretold the coming of the Day of Judgment before that generation should pass away, (1) and the presence of this in all the synoptic gospels shows how universal among Christians was the expectation of its fulfilment." (Lea, p. 108.)

At the time St. John's gospel was composed, and therefore when the text, "Whose sins you shall forgive," etc., was written, the Apostles were not only expected to have successors, but most of them actually had them; for, with the exception of St. John and perhaps St. Philip, they had already gone to their reward and left successors to carry on their work. St. John wrote his gospel between A.D. 80 and A.D. 95. Now St. Peter and St. Paul were put to death about the year 64, St. James the Less about the year 63, and St. James the Greater about 42. Here at least are four Apostles who had successors, and even for a period varying from twelve to nearly forty years before the gospel of St. John was written. And this is the source from which we take our chief proof of the Church's power to remit sin.

But why should we limit ourselves to the gospel of St. John? According to Harnack's chronology, the gospel of St. Mark was written probably A.D. 65-70, that of St. Matthew probably A.D. 70-75, and St. Luke's A.D. 78-93. If these dates be correct, then St. Peter, St. Paul, St. James the Greater and St. James the Less had successors in the ministry before any gospel was written.

(1) Does not Mr. Lea's reasoning make our Divine Lord guilty of a false prediction?

Again, what does Mr. Lea mean by saying that Christ had foretold the coming of the Day of Judgment before that generation should pass away, and consequently the Apostles were not expected to have any successors? Christ's prediction, if rightly understood, could not give rise to any such expectation. Nor is there a shadow of proof that the Christians of Apostolic times understood the words of our Divine Lord as implying that the Day of Judgment would come before those who were then living would have passed away. The early Christians may have understood the words, as most orthodox writers do, as applying to the Jewish race or the destruction of Jerusalem. But apart from this, St. John and the members of the Churches for whom he wrote were all "early Christians"—many of them "very early"—and no matter what they thought about the end of the world, they lived long enough to know that the Apostles would have successors in the work of their ministry—they had seen the successors appointed. Furthermore, any belief that the early Christians may have had about the end, did not prevent them from knowing that the Church would last, so would its ministry, as long as the world lasted. "Behold I am with you all days, even to the consummation of the world." (Matt. xxviii., 20.) These words addressed to the Apostles were proof enough that they were to have successors as long as time endured. Finally, Mr. Lea's argument proves no more against the transmission of the Power of the Keys than it does against the transmission of the power of administering Baptism or of consecrating the Eucharist.

SAINT PETER.

But our historian resumes (p. 108):

"In fact how slowly the idea was developed that the Apostles had this power is seen in Philip referring Simon Magus to God for forgiveness after repentance and in the legend related above from Eusebius of St. John and the robber."

It was not Philip who referred Simon Magus to God for forgiveness, it was St. Peter. (Acts viii. 19.) But letting this pass as a mere slip, is Mr. Lea so simple as to imagine that if St. Peter had the Power of the Keys he should have turned to the hypocrite Simon Magus and said: "Simon, go down on your

knees and make your confession," or "Simon, come to me and I will absolve you"? What Simon stood in need of was not advice about Confession or apostolic absolution. What he needed was the fear of God and prayer for the grace of repentance. St. Peter addressed him just as any good, sensible priest of to-day would address a sinner of the same character. "Thy heart is not right in the sight of God. Do penance, therefore, for this thy wickedness; and pray to God if perhaps this thought of thy heart may be forgiven thee." (Acts viii. 21-22.) To score a point in favor of his view, Mr. Lea says that Simon is referred to God for forgiveness "after" repentance. Where is this in the text? Because Simon is told "to do penance and to pray," does it follow that he must do penance first, and pray afterwards? In the same manner we should be obliged to obey the command, "Watch and pray," by first watching and afterwards praying. I merely call attention to this point to show our historian's method of reading his preconceived view into history. A humble prayer for forgiveness may be one of the very first acts of true repentance.

SAINT JOHN.

But says Mr. Lea (p. 108):

"Had the belief existed, the Apostle John would not have been represented as offering his own soul in exchange and as interceding long and earnestly with God; as soon as assured of the sinner's repentance he would have been recorded as absolving him."

True, St. John is represented as praying long and earnestly for the robber's conversion. Therefore, he did not have the power of forgiving sin! If this be so, then it is absurd for a Catholic priest who believes he has such power, to intercede long and earnestly with God for a man's conversion, or to offer up his life, if needs be, for the grace of sorrow for some poor sinner. What nonsense! Moreover, how does Mr. Lea know that if St. John had the Power of the Keys "he would have been recorded as absolving" the robber? Is the Apostle recorded as giving him the Blessed Eucharist? He is not. Will Mr. Lea therefore oblige us to conclude that there existed at the time no

belief in the Sacrament of Christ's Body and Blood? St. Clement, from whom Eusebius (H. E. III. 23) transcribes the story, tells us that after the robber's repentance, St. John spent several days with him until he reconciled him to the Church. There was no need of adding that the Apostle gave him absolution. If this was one of the ordinary conditions of reconciliation, there was no special reason why St. Clement should be found recording its fulfilment.

But continues our historian :

"The early Christians would have stood aghast at the suggestion that God would confer such awful authority on every vicious and ignorant man who might have succeeded in obtaining ordination." (p. 108.)

The early Christians must have stood aghast at the fact that Christ had conferred on Judas the power of administering Baptism and of working miracles ! Mr. Lea told us that he was going "to write a history," and not "to thresh old straw." Now, to use his own phrase, it looks like "threshing old straw," to assert that the power of forgiving sin is conferred on every ignorant and vicious priest who happens to succeed in obtaining ordination. Jurisdiction, at least in all the fulness required for giving absolution, is not conferred on a priest by virtue of the Sacrament. His promotion to Holy Orders places him on the list of lawful candidates for the office of Confessor. But he cannot enter on the office, or discharge any of its judicial functions, till he has received appointment from his ecclesiastical superiors. In this appointment he receives jurisdiction, at least in its complete and operative form. Even though Ordination has placed him on the eligible list, still no jurisdiction is granted him unless he has passed a rigorous examination in everything pertaining to the duties of his office. It is said that Gury, the famous Moral Theologian, failed seven times in trying to pass this examination. After a priest has been appointed Confessor, if he proves himself unworthy of the office, he is deprived of his power and loses all right to absolve from sin. In a word, he is suspended. Possibly, this is not enough for Mr. Lea. Well, let him remember how Christ admitted Judas into His own sacred company, and never deprived him of the powers then conferred upon him. The

traitor was tolerated to the end, and his first suspension was by his own hand. Mr. Lea, no doubt, is familiar with a very striking passage on the dignity of the Priesthood by St. John Chrysostom. This holy doctor tells the faithful that no matter what the life of the priest may be, if *their* lives are right, God will bestow His Holy Spirit on them through the priest, as of old He bestowed benediction on Israel through Balaam; for the prophet, though a man of unworthy life, could pronounce only blessings on God's people. So after all, Mr. Lea in proposing the above difficulty is merely writing history. The difficulty is an old one, and he gives it as he finds it. Why does he omit the solution which he also finds? He gives us the following remarks instead (p. 109): "The transmission of the power from the Apostles to those who were assumed to be their successors is the most audacious *non sequitur* in history." Mr. Lea has no more right to condemn *non sequiturs* than Sir John Falstaff had to condemn lies. Besides, if he is writing a history he ought to give the facts, and let us take care of the *non sequiturs*.*

REV. P. H. CASEY, S.J.

*At first I thought of reviewing this pamphlet, but finally concluded that I could give a better idea of its excellence by quoting a few pages as they stand. Mr. Lea is a garrulous old booby.

WILLIAM HENRY THORNE.

GLOBE NOTES.

TEN years ago this month of September, I was preparing, under some disadvantages, the manuscript of the first issue of the GLOBE REVIEW, which was published in the following month of October, 1889. Every line of said issue, except a few selected poems, was my own work; and this fact added to the fact that for the previous seven or eight years, I had been pretty widely known as the literary critic and foreign editorial writer on the staff of one of the leading daily American newspapers, gave me a reception and notice far beyond my most sanguine expectations.

At that time I was not a member of the Catholic Church,

though Catholic in spirit, and absolutely then as now, without any race or religious prejudices.

In founding this magazine, I had no other moral standards than the ten commandments and the sermon on the mount, and no other literary standards than those which have been considered highest and best by the best scholars and the best critics of all nations of the earth during these last two thousand years. To these standards I have adhered absolutely and intend to adhere while God gives me breath and strength to wield the pen.

My aim in founding this magazine was not to make money, but to preach the truth, to advocate and defend the kingdom of truth, believing then and now as I had always believed while a Protestant minister, that if I did this with any degree of faithfulness, heaven, in its infinite kindness, would furnish me with bread. In this latter faith I have never been mistaken.

Ten or twelve years ago, the average American periodical publication was dominated very largely by a weak sentimentalism, with its constant sneer at religion, and was characteristic for its very bad writing. Ten years ago, Bob Ingersoll practically dominated the spirit of the *North American Review*, and the *Forum* was not much better. For the last five years, both of these periodicals have been very respectful toward religion, certain Catholic writers have found welcome therein, and Bob Ingersoll has been relegated to the lower slums of atheism.

This was written before his death, but we will let it stand.

Ten years ago, W. D. Howells was writing stupid novels in very bad English. In these days he is even attempting to write literary criticism on "the new poetry," and his English is very much improved. Even the pictorial monthlies, the old ones and the new ones, seek serious writers for their pages, and all along the line there is a tendency to admit the bottom truth, so beautifully put by Mrs. Browning a half a century ago, that "Nor man nor nature satisfy whom only God created." If the Catholic and other fool editors who are constantly in their insufferable jealousy barking at the *GLOBE* can find the source of the changes referred to or the betterment in their own methods in any other publication in the United States, than the *GLOBE*

REVIEW, the editor disclaims all credit; but till they can do this I advise the croaking and complaining idiots to walk and write a little more respectfully as far as this editor is concerned.

From the beginning until now the GLOBE has never had any capital worth naming ; has never offered any premiums for subscribers except for a week or two while it was nearly swamped by the ignorant imbecility of a scapegrace Catholic management in Chicago, seven years ago ; yet, for years past it has had and has to-day voluntary, that is unsolicited, subscribers in every state and territory, almost in every town of the United States from Alaska to Texas, from Maine to California, and for many years it has had voluntary and earnest subscribers in Ireland, England, Italy, France, Germany and Australia, while its trade sales at the book stores of our eastern cities have increased threefold during the last three years.

Being without capital I have never been able to push its business as I might have done, and having for the past three years been in very poor health which, now, thank God, seems on the mend, I have never felt that I could expect capital to invest under my management and under these circumstances. In fact I have never sought capital because I could not and will not be dictated to as to the editorial and other utterances of this magazine, by capitalists, who, having stolen their money from the poor would presume to be moral and intellectual dictators to myself; and why any millionaire or any priest on God's earth should presume that he knows better how to edit a magazine, founded for the purposes named, than its present editor, is a mystery to me far greater than the mystery of the Trinity.

We shall simply go on as we have been going, and once more we appeal to all those who love truth and justice among men and nations to aid us by their voluntary and generous subscriptions. The men who say that the editor of this magazine is trying to imitate the late Mr. Brann or the late Mr. Brownson are ignorant liars. The GLOBE has its own message for this age, and intelligent people quite clearly understand this.

* * * * *

During the month of last June, a person by the name of O'Malley, said to be the editor of a little weekly called *The Mid-*

land Review, published in Louisville, Kentucky, devoted two or three columns an issue to very highly colored and epithetical abuse of the editor of the *GLOBE REVIEW* for having expressed the opinion that said O'Malley had not intelligence enough to express an opinion on any serious subject. But indeed, I was sincere, and did not mean to be unkind.

The abuse heaped upon me by this tenth-rate poet—for an editor he certainly is not—while proving that with a good subject to write about, he can once in a while get his adjectives and adverbs in the right place and write grammatically, seems to me to be still further proof that he has not intelligence enough to express an opinion on any serious person or subject, and I now seriously advise the managers of the little sheet in question to send O'Malley abroad for a year, say to the lakes of Killarney, or the grotto of the Blarney stone, that there, in the wild-eyed eloquence of a tenth-rate poet, he may pour out the vials of his epithetical wrath against Anglo-Saxonism, etc. It would have such a Christian and unifying and soothing effect upon Irish and other jackasses like himself.

It seems that O'Malley "demands" an apology from me for having uttered the modest opinion that made him so mad.

I remember that when I was a boy my father used to have the Irish potato crop sorted and divided into three classes—the first for home or table, the second for seed, and the third, that is, the very small potatoes of the O'Malley size, were left for the pigs. These were boiled down, well cooked—not served uncooked, even to the pigs—and then, well mixed with bran or shorts, they eventually evolved themselves into fine and tasty spare ribs, etc. In these days the Catholics of Louisville seem to think that such small potatoes are samples of the field, etc., etc. God pity them for having no more sense as to the real grade and value of Irish potatoes.

This is my apology to the O'Malley man, and if he desires anything more to the point I advise him to come to my New York office, and I will try to accommodate him; that is, as well as an epithetically annihilated old gentleman can.

Meanwhile, I assure this conceited, poetic ninny that while I thought well of the earlier issues of the *Midland Review*, that

is, while the thing was a baby and pretending only to coo and crow, the paper during the last two years has convinced me that its editor has not wit enough to be sensible or sense enough to be witty, and I again seriously advise the directors to put the editorial management into the hands of the young ladies who write sentimental poetry for the *Midland*, and confine its present editor, so called, to Gaelic poetry and in straight jacket if need be. In one issue of his paper I noticed that this clown editor of the *Midland* whined to the effect that he had once or twice said kind things of the GLOBE and its editor and at a time when other Catholic journals were "treating us with silent contempt." Let him give thanks to Almighty God that he ever, even in his sanest moments, had sense enough to appreciate the GLOBE or its editor, and let him hide his brazen face in shame for having lost that little sense, probably at the dictation of some of his masters, and in consequence that during the last twelve months he has never mentioned the GLOBE except to "garble" and misrepresent it. As to his statement about other editors treating the GLOBE with silent "contempt," it is a lie, and O'Malley is a liar when he makes this statement. Perhaps he will take this as an apology. In his issue of June 22, O'Malley admitted to the pages of the *Midland* a letter signed John Alden, full of falsehoods and abuse as regards the editor of the GLOBE, and with this absurd comment upon O'Malley's previous billingsgate, viz: that it was "too severe," that is toward me. Nonsense! Did Prospero ever consider the ravings of Caliban too severe? Never. He simply looked upon them as the jabberings of an ill-born, coarse and bestial idiot. Precisely so does the editor of the GLOBE REVIEW look upon the scandalous abuse of O'Malley. Perhaps he will take this for an apology. Meanwhile I advise him to stop lest he go so far as to force me to treat him seriously. This is only an homeopathic dose. To the fellow "Jenkins," who in the *Midland* for June 15, was allowed to name the editor of the GLOBE "the grand dictator to the Catholic hierarchy, at least in the United States," I convey my heartfelt thanks. Many smaller men than "Hon. W. H. Thorne, Esq.," have filled and tried to fill that little niche, but Thorne is the first person who was ever publicly acknowledged as such.

I fear, however, that Mr. Jenkins was sarcastic in this, but let me advise him and O'Malley, as far as they have any serious sanity in their souls at all, to read the GLOBE in future for instruction, and not in order to butt their soft-headed idiocies against its solid truth.

* * * * *

There are various ways of manifesting Christian kindness, Catholic charity, saintly courtesy, of returning good for evil and showing forgiveness, gentleness, sweetness of temper, generosity, paternal feeling; in a word, of exemplifying the spirit of Jesus, and it has always been held that to show such kindness toward a rival under circumstances that render it unlikely that he will ever hear of your goodness added an element of the quietly sublime to your conduct, and the following letter from the Paulist and immaculate teetotal editors of the *Catholic World* is such a striking example of the opposite of all the virtues mentioned that I am induced to reproduce it here for their benefit and the enlightenment of all concerned.

The facts leading up to the writing of this letter are as follows: Rev. A. F. Simard of St. Hyacinthe, Province of Quebec, Canada, had purchased of me all the back numbers of the GLOBE that I could supply, with a view of making up a complete set and having it bound, as a thousand other priests and many intelligent laymen and women have done before him.

After doing my best to secure certain numbers from friends, and failing, Father Simard, it seems, wrote to the *Catholic World* magazine to see if the management could supply the needed numbers to complete the set, and here is the answer he received:

<p>EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.</p> <hr/> <p>Under the Supervision of the Paulist Fathers.</p>

<p>CATHOLIC WORLD MAGAZINE,</p> <p>Box 2, Station G. New York.</p>
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NEW YORK, July 20, 1899.

A. F. SIMARD:

MY DEAR SIR:—Am sorry we cannot accommodate you in

the matter of Thorne's REVIEW. A good deal of trash gets into this office one way or other, but Thorne's REVIEW has never got in yet.

Sincerely,

CATHOLIC WORLD MAGAZINE.

I wish first to call your attention to the polite courtesy of this letter toward Fr. Simard, who was trying to purchase something of *The Catholic World*. They do not even give him the title of Rev. in their reply. A man that could be sufficiently interested in the GLOBE REVIEW to have it handsomely bound surely could not be worthy of being addressed by the title of Rev. ; though thousands of nobler and better men than any Paulist that ever breathed have been so interested, and will be when the wretched crew that now sail that ship are sunk in disgrace and shame.

Second, please notice the delicate courtesy toward Fr. Simard in the general language of this letter. He was avowedly anxious to have the back numbers of the GLOBE and have them bound so as to have the complete set, and these scholarly and saintly and refined boors of the Paulist fraternity very promptly tell him that he is a crazy fool ; that Thorne's REVIEW is not worthy his trouble ; that Thorne's REVIEW is nothing but "*trash*" that they have not admitted to their office, all of which is an insult to Fr. Simard, a lie in itself, and an evidence of such low-born, low-bred and contemptible spleen and envy as one seldom finds in the words of Christian gentlemen.

Again, notice the vulgar and incorrect language used. "Thorne's REVIEW has never *got* in yet."

Even in writing a business note to a gentleman, it is well to use correct and proper language ; but it is all too evident that the writer of this scurrilous, splenetic, spiteful and vulgar letter was so mad that he could not be a gentleman in view of the GLOBE REVIEW. I am free to say that some ministers and priests have at first been greatly provoked with the GLOBE REVIEW, who have afterwards become its devoted friends and have written for its pages.

It has been flung against the wall in the wrath of other mild and pious clergymen, and has been flung into the fire by others, but in all such serious cases it has been when the gentlemen thus acting were veiled culprits and liars, sneaks of the lowest kind—that is of the pious kind, and, of course, they could not stand the straight truth of the *GLOBE REVIEW*.

But the Paulists are supposed to be gentlemen; gentlemen with a bee in their bonnets—gentlemen who wish the honor of having discovered and added to the great moral code of the Church its greatest and noblest law of teetotalism—gentlemen who, under a thousand ambitious disguises of selfishness and shrewd business quackery, tried to make the world believe that they, the Paulists, believed that they had a saint for a founder, when as the *GLOBE* has made clear, not only was Hecker not a saint, but that the Paulists knew very well that he was no saint, but were simply booming him to honor themselves.

And these are the stainless cowards who write such letters as the one I have quoted—that is, when there is no suspicion that said letters will ever reach the eyes or ears of the persons insulted therein. And all this when “Thorne’s *REVIEW* has never got in yet.”

In heaven’s name what would they do if Thorne’s *REVIEW* should get in and be read before the society—nay, in the refectory, at meals as is often the case in other Brotherhoods, Fatherhoods, colleges and assemblies of the Church. If Thorne’s *REVIEW* is such a red rag to these bulls of bestial and ungentlemanly conduct, when they have not seen the article, why it would not take more than one copy of the *GLOBE*, plus a single glass of beer, to drive all these soft-heads stark crazy and send them to such idiotic asylums as they deserve.

“More to come, brown the hash,” etc., etc., as they say in our restaurants, but, wait a little longer. I had resolved to let these pretentious humbugs—the Paulists—alone, but then came the Hecker controversy, and now again their sly and contemptible, underhanded and far away digs at the *GLOBE*, call for some sort of notice. How did I get this letter, etc.? Don’t be curious. It is not far to Canada.

The *GLOBE REVIEW* has more friends and admirers in Canada

alone than the *Catholic World* has in all the world. The next time the Paulists want to write a low-bred, vulgar letter about Thorne's REVIEW, let them send it to California, to Texas, to Rome, or to Australia, and I will guarantee that it comes back to me and that it kicks back on the cold water simpletons who run the *Catholic World*.

* * * * * * *

It seems that Mr. W. T. Stead and other untaught lackeys of royalty and the affairs called republics, who went to The Hague crying peace, peace, when there was no peace, but bloody war everywhere, after having shot off their various imbecilities, have broken up in utter failure, bursted as a windblown, vaporous bubble, and are all now returned to their respective employments.

Many months ago the GLOBE pointed out the fact that this would be the outcome of said conference. A very respectable body of people—mostly Quakers—have had their peace society for the last one hundred years. They have their annual conferences, and send petitions to emperors, kings, presidents, etc., and however we may see the futility of these conferences and petitions, we can but respect the people in question. They are Christians at heart. They see clearly enough that war is the negative of Christianity, a contradiction of its principles and life, and as they try to believe that the United States is Christian, and that some European nations are Christian, they have some reason for their action, and some ground of hope. But the world really laughs at these peace conferences of the Quakers, its instincts telling it that a peace conference to-day is like shooting Niagara with a boy's pop-gun. But when the Czar of Russia proposed a disarmament of the nations, that is, the placing of modern civilization upon a peace footing, the leading nations of the world have had to take some notice of this suggestion, and among other infelicities of the event was this, that it gave such shallow-pated cranks as Stead & Co. an opportunity to come to the fore and show what fools they really were and are.

If, as has been claimed by some Catholic papers, Pope Leo XIII. was really the proposer and originator of this conference at

The Hague, it only shows that in this, as in some other matters, he has undertaken a work entirely too deep and profound for his understanding, and for the credit of his venerable intelligence, I hope that this report is not true.

I am a Christian. I hate war as a barbarism and an infamy. That men should allow themselves to be trained by drill sergeants, captains, or what-not, into mere fighting machines, for the very purpose of shooting down their fellow-men in cold blood, at the dictation of this or that colonel, admiral, or what-not, is a monstrous shame; an insult to God, to humanity; a stain upon Christian history; a blot of foul blackness on what should have been the white flag of peace floating over the last nineteen hundred years. But that men do so train, that armies counting up to scores of millions, and navies scarcely less numerous or expensive are so trained to-day, that the two standards of wealth and of fighting quality are uppermost everywhere, how much money is a man worth, and how well can he shoot down his fellow-men being everywhere the only standards of value recognized, and this being so, I repeat and repeat, your peace conferences are the silliest humbuggeries under the sun.

What you train for, prepare for, live for, that will you accomplish—have to accomplish. There is no discharge in this war. As I have said in this REVIEW over and over again, this training for war, this preparation for fighting and killing, in itself argues a moral weakness in the race, a moral blindness, a moral incapacity for anything but fight and corruption, and hence, as this universe is governed by a moral Being whose laws are pure, true and exacting, the condition of the world to-day argues certain and almost world-wide war and war to the death of nations now proud in their ascendancy, alike as a natural consequence of the training named and as a natural punishment of heaven—a thrashing by the Eternal God—for the well-nigh universal blinded and hellish condition of the race to-day.

To have a Peace Conference at The Hague or elsewhere on this earth to-day resembles very much a moral conference by a band of robbers, during which the virtue of honesty and the Golden Rule might be held up for the emulation of the thieves,

with a finale of—"but let every thief among you steal all that he can lay his hands on." "Remember the Maine," you murderers, and kill all within sight.

Indeed, our own war with Spain and our war now with Aguinaldo and the Philippines are the latest instances of civilized, Christian warfare, and may God crush and destroy the nation that could go into such infernal and inexcusable brutalities.

Peace, gentle peace, O spread thy wings above all hearts that love thee, but dream not that the nations love thee. They are pledged to war and damned to hell.

Nothing was more laughable in this great international conference at The Hague than the pedantic and idiotic attitude of the American commissioners. They wanted to make war respectable and mild, and gentle, wanted to have the nations agree that they would not use explosives in future warfare, wanted a mild sort of war. To the devil with such dreams! And all this while McKinley, Otis & Co. were murdering the native patriots of the Philippines and destroying and burning churches built by a purer civilization than McKinley, Otis & Co. ever have known or ever will know.

War is butchery, murder and crime. You cannot make anything else of it. You never can make it respectable, not to say gentle, in the eyes of any sensible, Christian man, but the nations being what they are to-day, you can no more escape this unnatural butchery than you can escape the damnation of hell. It is the damnation of hell. We are surrounded by hell fire. Washington is built over the crater of a volcano, is one of the great, hidden, veiled respectableized mouths of hell.

It is not in the power of the Czar of Russia or the Czar of the United States to stop war. You cannot train for a century to the tune of the "Star Spangled Banner" and in a day fling all that to the winds and sing "Peace, troubled soul," or shape your existence to a peaceful life.

Fight out your bloody battles, like the savages you are, but do not hold any more Peace conferences until the day of reckoning comes, when all your wars are over and your tattered flags are furled. Then try to listen to the words of the Son of God :

"As ye would that others should do unto you do ye even so to them."

* * * * *

As to the controversy between McKinley and Alger, I am on Alger's side, and utterly against the newspaper hounding that actually forced McKinley to force Alger's resignation.

The government crowded this nation into war when it was unprepared for war ; and Alger, as secretary of war, did all that any American could have done under the circumstances.

It is all very well to fight great battles and lead great armies on paper. Miles, in his *North American Review* articles, has it all down in figures, plain as the polish on his own buttons, but to purchase the equipments needed, to provide ample and pure provisions, to lead an army of raw recruits, with raw officers, in actual warfare is a very different thing.

We went through the very same experience in our civil war. Old Simon Cameron, as secretary of war, under Lincoln, was abused for every infamy and weakness. He might have been infamous, but there was no grain of inability in the man. And Stanton was also mercilessly riddled by the newspapers, but Lincoln held to him until he found also, Grant and Sherman—men of real brains and ability compared with which Major McKinley, Alger & Co., are all but pigmies. Alger did what he could, and the men of his own state seem inclined to stand by him.

As to the contest for the next presidency, between McKinley, Roosevelt & Co., I am with the little Major, though I think him one of the smallest potatoes ever grown in American soil ; but if it is to be a choice of two evils, let us take the least of the two. We do not want any rough riders in the Presidential chair. If we must have war, let us have it directed by men of experience, and who have years on their side, not men who are wildly eager for the butchery of war, and too young and too conceited to know their real places in this world.

As to the general question of American Imperialism, etc., the time to have fought that with all our power was when the GLOBE almost single-handed, fought it before our war with Spain, but in vain—not now, when the die is cast, and when the army and navy and financial power of the nation are pledged to it and when it is in truth an accomplished fact.

We have gobbled Cuba and Porto Rico, by intrigue and by bungling warfare. We have paid in hard cash, twenty million dollars to Spain for the Philippines, and have wasted far more than another twenty millions of money and thousands of precious lives to assert our imperial humbuggery in the Philippines—our character as a fighting, victorious, never whipped, Anglo-Saxon nation of asses, is pledged to the work of establishing a stable and so-called civilized government in the Philippines, and under these circumstances for certain Catholic papers, otherwise intelligent, to publish double-headed and screaming articles against Imperialism is as stupid as it is late in the day.

I grant that the whole warfare against Aguinaldo has been a treacherous and blundering folly. It is plain that Otis thought he could subdue the natives with the force he had, but the volunteers for the war with Spain were not inclined to serve in a war against independence of the natives, when Spain was already settled with. Here is the root of the difficulty. I think of Otis as of Alger, that he has done the best that could be done under the existing circumstances, and I have no sympathy with the Round Robin newspaper hacks, who have screamed their complaint across the seas, because the general in charge at Manila saw fit to suppress some of their sensational news. Otis has done all he could possibly do with the number of troops at his command, and the sick and dissatisfied condition of the same.

Of course, as General Miles is at the head of the armies of the United States, he ought to be at the head of the army in the Philippines, where the only fighting is going on at this time; but perhaps Miles, with a new army, might win, and in that case he would be the most formidable candidate for the next presidency, and McKinley would be nowhere. The Miles triumph in that case would be too complete, and the entire crew of double-dealing, plotting, and incapable Republican politicians would have to walk the Miles track. Hence, I suppose that Miles will not be sent to the Philippines unless it is first understood that sufficient men cannot be recruited in time for him to do effective work there before the next presidential campaign.

It was noticed in the last calls for volunteers that the president generously put in that naturalization or ability to read our

language was not necessary. There are over fifty thousand American tramps in this country, able to read and write the English language, but disinclined to work, and altogether too careful of their worthless lives to risk them in fighting Philipinos, and the respectable young men of the country have seen enough of this infamous warfare to prevent them from rushing into it; hence this appeal to the raw and unlearned immigrant. Alas for the glory of a nation of sixty million souls when it has to resort to such appeals for the salvation of its own honor. Honor! Would that we knew the meaning of the word.

The proposition to trade the Philippines to Great Britain for the Island of Jamaica is an excellent joke, which may yet take effect. It is funny enough for us to be willing to trade what we do not possess and are unable to conquer, but the deal, if made, would be a way out "with honor"—that is, to the eyes of the utterly blind—and I have no doubt that if favorable terms were offered England would take the islands, native rebels and all, and inside of six months would have the natives pacified with far less bloodshed than we have caused there during the last twelve months, but even then some wild-eyed, poetic and imaginary Gaelic editors would grumble and snarl in beautiful envy.

Another after date screaming of the Catholic press has been indulged in over the new laws of Porto Rico relative to marriage and divorce. A year and a half ago, the *GLOBE* pointed out that if the islands of Cuba and Porto Rico became independent or American the laws of those islands, which, since their finding had been Christian would be infidel, just like the laws of the United States, but the booby Catholic press did not catch on till special proclamation of the same was made by the United States authorities. Then the editors screamed as if their own throats were being cut. There is nothing new in all this—as far as any law is concerned, any religious sister or priest can lay off his or her garb of celibacy and obedience and become husband or wife in perfect good legal and social standing in the United States any day or hour.

We have simply made Cuba and Porto Rico infidel and damnable like ourselves, that is all, and that is what we call advancing civilization. Three cheers for our universal ignorance and conceit.

About a week after all was quiet in Greater New York, as far as the recent strikes were concerned, the following came to me in an up-to-date and pious funny Catholic Weekly. "Noon dispatches reveal a fearful condition of things existing in New York. The riot has grown to enormous proportions ; streets are torn up ; sidewalks barricaded ; the tenement population is aroused and missiles are being hurled from the roofs. May God avert the storm." On reading this I began to look about me for missiles and torn up streets, but found nothing of the sort and was told that the little affair over in Brooklyn, between a sweatshop railroad company and its employes, had been practically settled more than a week ago by the failure of the strikers ; that the cars were running all right, etc. In fact during the worst days of the strike ladies engaged in various positions in this building on Union Square, New York, came regularly to their offices from Brooklyn, and when I inquired of them how they got over they replied that only one or two of the railroad lines were partially tied up, not all of them by any means, and that while a few stones were being thrown, there was no such general row as yellow journalism represented. In truth it seems that the worst strike was in the newspapers and not on the streets to any extent.

As near as I can learn the men had justice on their side ; wanted simply pay for the hours they were on duty by direction of their employers, and this the employers refusing to grant, a strike was ordered by a fool masterworkman, who did not know his business—that is, he ordered a strike which was obeyed by less than one-fourth of the men—thus leaving three-fourths of the regular employees and as many new hands as could be roped in to run the cars, while the foolish one-fourth who obeyed their fool masterworkman took to hurling stones without any pay at all.

In the early morning of the first night of the trouble—which was expected to be much more grave—one thousand policemen were said to have been ordered from New York to Brooklyn to help the Brooklyn bluecoats keep order.

The next day the yellow journals of New York had illustrations of a famous, hypocritical, shifting and craven priest of

Brooklyn, looking as big as a house in his cassock and broad-brim, and as pious as condensed milk, with his hands raised in appeal to a squad of policemen, asking them to hit the mob gently with their clubs, etc., and so, by one laughable farce after another, the prayer of the western Catholic editor was granted a week before it was made, and "God did avert the storm."

But in Cleveland, Ohio, if the newspapers can be trusted, they have had a more serious and a more persistent and united trouble, and we advise the pious editor in question to level his guns of prayer on the walls of Cleveland.

There the honorable bishop made a manly appeal to the law-abiding portion of the community, and in that case also—though a few cars may be smashed and many foolish people be thrown out of work and experience and lose wages that they can ill afford to lose—the trouble will blow over, and the railroad companies be allowed to manage their own business in their own way.

Meanwhile, observation extending over fifty years has taught this editor that, while the strikers as a rule have justice on their side, they also have a fool masterworkman or a treacherous and purchasable masterworkman, like Powderly, on their side, and that justice in this case, as in most other cases of American civilization, is kicked into the streets, while the fool strikers suffer and the knave in the shape of a masterworkman or employer has his own way and pockets the profits.

What are you going to do about it? Pray to God to make his priests and parsons mad with justice, until they preach justice and truth from their pulpits and altars, until the golden rule is seen to be the law of life ; that to avoid it, sneak by it, or break it, is to break your own necks sooner or later, that capital and concentrated and incorporated capital is everywhere amenable to the laws of heaven. Let it be seen that his grace of New York is a friend of justice, of the laboring man, and not a mere schemer for petty gains in his own clique, but a genuine friend of humanity, and that all his priests are likewise, really servants of God, not mere time-servers and lick-spittles, afraid of their bishops, in fact afraid of everything except God and his truth,

and soon the rich of New York shall be rescued with the tides of justice that flow over their souls, and crazy up-to-date newspaper editors of the far West, will not be praying a week after time for the Almighty to avert the storm that does not exist, for men shall have learned justice and truth once more.

* * * * * * *

In addition to the illustrated columns and pages of fulsome gush that have appeared in the New York newspapers in exaggerated description of the glories and honors of Archbishop Ireland's recent "tour of Europe," and many articles on the same subject in my Western exchanges, literally scores of newspaper clippings, some critical, others laudatory, of his grace of St. Paul, have been sent to me by friends in the West, so that, at this writing, August 10, 1899, I have texts enough for a dozen sermons on the brilliant career of the gentleman named.

But many friends have told me that my frequent references to Ireland leave the impression on my readers that I am in the hire of that gentleman and his friends, hence I deem it wise not to elaborate on his recent parade, and I shall content myself with saying that, spite of all the honors shown him by those who had been tipped to do so, Archbishop Ireland did not accomplish the one object for which he went to Rome, that is he did not prevent the issue of the Pope's letter in condemnation of Americanism, and whatever newspaper honors he received, he is to-day one of the most disappointed and humiliated men in the United States. And knowing this to be the fact, it is not in my heart to further humiliate him by publishing facts in my possession going to prove this.

It is not what we get in this world, but what we are dying to get and cannot lay our hands on that ever lives uppermost in our minds, and his grace of St. Paul is a burning example of this ungratified desire.

Then, for him and for other ambitious prelates in the United States, there is wonderful food for reflection in the fact that of all the galaxy of new cardinals recently appointed by the Pope not an American appears among them. The Pope, doubtless, had his own reasons for thus cutting the noble army of American

prelates, and he may be right, though in such actions I do not understand that his conduct is considered infallible or above criticism, and I am inclined to think it a mistake in this instance.

At all events the college of cardinals is now pretty full—full enough for all practical purposes, as will be seen when the next Pope is chosen.

Meanwhile it is safe to say that Ireland, spite of the partial success of his great northwestern land schemes, will not be cardinal or Pope in this world, and as for the next, many that are first here shall be last there, where there are suffered to be no purchasable newspapers for the defense of knaves, and no lackeys to bolster up and participate in their knavish schemes, and so we extend a not unfriendly hand in farewell to Ireland and the most Wolsey-like ambitious schemes that have ever rocked almost to rending the Church of God in this great land.

* * * * *

At this writing, August 11, '99, it is still uncertain whether Dreyfus will be declared innocent or not. To me that is the least important feature of the case. He is probably innocent, and will be let off gently, so as to save as far as possible the reputations of his enemies who still live.

Other and better men than Dreyfus have suffered more than he, even unto death, lots of them during the last five years, but if you search the records of the most barbaric nations of the most barbaric ages, it will be difficult to find any corruption so low and mean as that exhibited by the Republican government of France in this Dreyfus case. The story is too familiar to need repeating here. But the utter rottenness of the French "upper classes" of republicanism, as exhibited in this and other recent cases, is enough to appal the vilest rascals and thieves, and herein lies the real interest in this case: guilty.

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In the passing away of Bishop Becker, late of Savannah, Georgia, the *GLOBE REVIEW* and its editor lose a generous patron and a valued friend.

Almost from the day that I was received into the Catholic Church—at all events, from the first issue of the *GLOBE* after that event—his noble and manly words in letters sent to me, and his generous subscriptions in hours of special pressure, have been among the most beautiful inspirations of my life.

I shall never forget his kind offers of hospitality to me, which my ill health alone prevented me from accepting.

God be praised for giving to the Church such a faithful bishop, and to the *GLOBE* such a generous friend. May his soul and the souls of all the faithful departed through the mercy of God rest in peace.

WILLIAM HENRY THORNE.

THE GLOBE.

NO. XXXVI.

DECEMBER, 1899.

ARCHBISHOP IRELAND ON AMERICAN DEMOCRACY.

As intimated in the GLOBE NOTES of the September issue of this magazine, I had intended to let Archbishop Ireland alone in the future, but the following speech which I quote in full as given in the *New World*, of Chicago, October 14th, of this year, is so full of unmitigated buncombe, of inexcusable bombast, of sophisms and rhetorical falsehood, that I cannot let it pass without protest and detailed contradiction. But here is the speech of Archbishop Ireland at the Marquette Club Banquet. Archbishop Ireland being introduced spoke on "The American Republic." He said in part :

"The American Republic ! We salute her in exulting pride ; we proffer to her the pledge of undying love and loyalty ; God of nations, we pray to thee that she endure and prosper.

"The American Republic ! Liberty's own creation ; temple of human right and of human dignity ; symbol and guardian of justice and of freedom ; inspiration of hope to all peoples of earth ; she deserves limitless admiration and limitless devotion.

"The American Republic ! The prize of valor and of self-sacrifice to our revolutionary sires ; the idol of the hearts of generations of Americans ; the embodiment of our own highest civil and political concepts ; she is ours to cherish and to defend, ours to transmit to distant future ages undiminished in power and grandeur.

"The American Republic ! May Americans never fail to know the fullness of her beauty and of her greatness ; may they

never fail to serve her with the fealty and the energy which her merits demand.

"The American Republic is the best form of organized democracy revealed in humanity's history. As such she claims homage from her own citizens ; as such she draws to herself the attention of the world. Her democracy and her organization of her democracy—behold the glory of the American Republic.

"Democracy, the sovereign of the people ! How oft in history the fair vision flitted across the minds of peoples ! Usually it was but a dream—a dream of an ideal condition too ethereal to be thought possible in societies of mortal men. Now and then vision did seem to unfold into something real ; men hoped that democracy was descending upon earth in living form ; they touched the hem of its garment, they heard the whisper of its voices. As centuries rolled by men were growing stronger in thought and act, and their souls were being more deeply leavened with the teachings of the divine prophet of Galilee, and they were going out farther and farther in quest of human rights. Democracy was, in very truth, coming to dwell with men. Her spirit was passing over nations. Her breathings were permeating their legislation, here less, there more, and at last when a new nation was born on the western continent, whose native territory had never been encumbered by the political traditions of an older world, Democracy wooed its favor, and incarnating herself in its life and fame stood forth upon the earth in all her force and majesty, the American Republic."

Archbishop Ireland described democracy as "civil and political liberty ;" liberty as "the possession of one's own being." He described democracy also as "civil and political equality," which made man what he is through the Creator's gifts and his own energy and wisdom, and again as "the recognition of the dignity and manhood in man." He declared that universal suffrage was democracy's fullest expression. Democracy, he declared, was the realization in social and political life of the gospel of Christ.

Referring to the task of forming the republic, he said it was required of its founders that they harness the hitherto untamed and supposedly untamable democracy. Scarcely had so momentous a task ever been assigned to man, he said, and yet they had made a government which was an ideal for other nations to emulate. He outlined the provisions of the constitution and showed how both liberty and the ends of good government had been conserved. After pointing out the plans of government in Great Britain and France he said :

"And thus so wisely did our fathers build, so providentially

were they counseled by the Almighty, that they have given us a form of government respectful of the sovereignty of the people as none other, and, withal, strong in the maintenance of national unity and of social order, potent in the protection of rights of individual citizens and the defense of the national honor, vowed to justice and truth, as are few of the governments of the most conservative nations upon the earth. This the American republic.

"During a century—a century noted through the world for revolutions and organic changes of governments—the Constitution of the United States retained in full force its original framework, the amendments made to it being few and such only as to embody in clearer words its spirit and intent.

"It is fortunate for our republic that it has a distinguished body, sitting in judgment upon the acts of Congress, the executive, and all of the branches of our government, and judging them by the standard of our great Constitution. France has no such body, and for us it provides an invaluable safeguard. Our Supreme Court is constituted by men without the jurisdiction of authority of the other branches of government and with the Constitution alone for their direction. They are responsible to nothing else, and they furnish one of the grandest examples of the wisdom with which our fathers builded.

"Meanwhile the population of America increased from three to seventy-five millions; the territory of America widened from the Atlantic to the Pacific; multitudes of foreigners, born under governments most dissimilar to ours, came hither year after year, to be made over into American citizens; wars were successfully waged with foreign countries; a gigantic civil war provoked by no defect in the system of government, due to a fatal social condition for which the republic bore no responsibility, rent the population in twain for four long years—the sole result of all such terrific trials being to reveal the latent forces of the republic, to bedeck her with fresh beauty, and endear her more firmly to her citizens.

"Material prosperity belongs to us as to no other people. The author of nature made the western continent so opulent that under any form of government the people of America would prosper. But not only did no barrier to our prosperity arise from a republican form of government; but this form, I am sure, has contributed to it, by the impetus it affords to individualism and personal initiative, by the sense of dignity and the consequent ambition it creates in every human soul, by the equal recognition of law given to aspirations and efforts from whatever social stratum they spring.

"There is no room to-day for the reproaches made to America a half century ago by a Mill, or a Carlyle—that her people know nothing of the higher life which finds expression in art and literature. Such men were too hasty in judging America. Already she has her poets and her orators, her historians and her philosophers, whose names other nations inscribe on the roll of fame. Her painters and her sculptors are winning plaudits in European salons. The cities of America are building up museums and libraries, to which are hastening the literary and artistic treasures of the world, and the generous benefactions of American citizens to those museums and libraries belie the oft repeated assertion that in a democracy art and literature lack patrons and perish from absence of encouragement. In an enlightened and progressive home of democracy, such as America, the people themselves become the patrons of intellect.

"There has been in America no deterioration of character, no lowering of the standard in public or private life, as the result of her democracy. I fear not to proclaim that the general tone of American life makes for honor and honesty, for truth and for cleanliness; that public opinion invariably condemns wrongdoing, public and private, and metes out unstinted approval to high moral ideas and virtuous conduct; that the typical American home is the guardian of purity and of peace.

"And, surely, there has been in America no lowering of the highest standard of patriotism. Where is the country, at whose call for heroes, citizens with such speed, with such forgetfulness of self, and in such numbers, rally around her flag? Defeat is unknown in America; defeat is impossible in America.

"It matters little to me what the difficulties are that are said to confront us, be they political, social or industrial—I have no fear. I trust the great good sense of the people; I trust the power of American public opinion; I trust the freedom of the republic, which allows healthful discussion; I trust American justice and American respect for human rights, born of American democracy, to solve in due time every problem and remove every peril. I fear only the effect of momentary passion and the rashness it occasions. Hence the motto of Americans should be patience and prudence, and meanwhile energetic and unselfish work for country and for humanity, for righteousness and for God.

"The American republic! She lives and liberty lives with her. The flag of the American republic means liberty wherever it goes. Liberty goes with it. With anxious eye and throbbing heart we watch to-day the journeying of the flag of America toward distant isles; we pray for its safety and its honor; we proclaim that in Asia as well as in America it means liberty and all

the blessings that go with liberty. Some say that it means in Asia the repression of liberty. God forbid! It means in Asia the institution of civil order, so that America, to whom the fates of war have brought the unsought, in duty of maintaining order in those isles, may see and know who are the people of the Philippines, who there have the right to speak for the people, what the people desire, and for what the people are fitted. Civil order restored, the flag of America may be trusted to be for the Philippines the harbinger and the guardian of the liberty and the rights of the people.

"The American republic! She will live, and with her liberty will live."

I have first to say of this speech that in all my reading and experience I have never known or read of a native American who could, under any circumstances, when sober, have been induced to give utterance to such extravagant nonsense.

Daniel Webster, in one of his maudlin after-dinner speeches, might have perpetrated something approaching it.

Certain verdant and immature graduates of American colleges may have been guilty of commencement addresses approaching this in its absurd apostrophizing of ideal and theoretic humbuggery. But no genuine, full-grown man, much less any public man or teacher of men or legislator from this side of the sea ever allowed himself to appear such a fool before his fellow men as this speech would force him to appear. Only a man of foreign birth, and one as it seems to me, who must have escaped from some abject poverty, from some domestic or other ignoble bondage, and who, on reaching these shores, where rogues prosper and thieves become rich, and by mingling with such to his own immense advantage, could possibly so exaggerate all the wildest theories of American democracy as to lead him to such utterances as this speech contains. But let us take it up somewhat in detail and see how false it is to the actual facts of human history.

Had this prelate of the Roman Catholic Church—as would have been more befitting his cloth—been smitten with some mighty vision of the New Jerusalem coming down from God out of heaven to dwell among men, he might have been justified in the use of such language as the opening paragraphs of this

speech. Indeed, in one of his later sentences it will be remembered that the archbishop speaks of American democracy as "the realization in social and political life of the gospel of Christ," but social and political life, in one sense, covers the whole of life and if our democracy as run by McKinley and Co. is the realization in political life of the gospel of Christ, then I say in God's name let us try the gospel of Bob Ingersoll or Brigham Young or that of any old fool, from Comte to Mrs. Eddy—anything to beat this ideal democracy of robbery and falsehood run by the rulers of the present American Republic and thus apostrophized and gloried in by this prelate of St. Paul.

If the American Republic is socially the realization of the gospel of Christ, in God's name I say again let us welcome that tyrant and ignorant old charlatan, Mrs. Eddy, and all the vagaries of her so called Christian science, or even those ignorant children of Abraham, the Mormons, and their gospel of prudence, cleanliness and a plethora of good housewives.

I admit frankly enough that there are said to be recent and pungent reasons why his grace of St. Paul should laud the present American Republic to the skies. He stood by McKinley & Co. and was hand and glove with the rascals that boosted the little major into the presidency. Public rumor declares that his grace of St. Paul did this for hire, and has since been rewarded handsomely by the *biased* and unjust decisions of the great American tribunals, which are said to have robbed a lot of poor but actual settlers on western lands, in order to make this meek and lowly prelatical follower of the gospel of Christ sole proprietor of said extensive lands.

No wonder he sings the praises of the American republic. He would be an ingrate not to do so, but he must not palm off his personal gratitude for a subtle and far reaching robbery of the poor, as the true gospel of Christ: nay, rather is all this a part of that national degradation which has made the American republic the synonym for every form of trickery and device whereby Christ's law and gospel are given the black eye in order that a few rich men, prelates and others, may prosper in their incarnate deception and deviltry.

Really these opening paragraphs of the archbishop's speech

were only a sort of low grade playing to the galleries for which fifth rate orators have always been famous, still must we hold the archbishop, as a professed servant of Christ and teacher of men, up to the actual standard of Christ's truth.

Is the social life of Chicago—the city in which this speech was delivered—a realization of the gospel of Christ? What, let me ask, has this prelate of St. Paul actually done to make the social life of the city committed to his care a realization of the gospel of Christ? Is the social life of this metropolitan city of New York—where its selected circle of four hundred was invaded and practically dominated the past summer in Newport by disgraceful divorces and a drummer from a large wholesale liquor house, a practical realization of the gospel of Christ?

Indeed, I wonder that this man from St. Paul does not blush with eternal shame when he uses the name of Christ to cover the iniquities of our national and social life. If his grace of St. Paul complains that he did not expect this application of his magniloquent words to the practical detail of every-day American political and social life, I remind him that these are his own words as quoted.

Had he gone into such rhetorical hysterics over the *theories* of American democracy as defined in Tom Paine's American Declaration of Independence, I would have replied to him on theoretic grounds, but his own words are that this democracy is as to social and political life a *practical* realization of the gospel of Christ, and his words viewed in face of the practical facts of life are little less than blasphemous. So much for the opening paragraphs and the concluding lines of a single paragraph in this speech.

Now let us examine the speech a little more in detail. In the second paragraph we have "The American Republic! Liberty's own creation," etc., etc., *ad nauseam*.

What are the facts in the case? Simply these, that various disgruntled demagogues, restless and ambitious, by various speeches of the archbishop-of-Ireland kind, and of similar disloyalty to truth, kept up their public proclamations until they actually made a large portion of the inhabitants of the thirteen

original colonies believe that they were being oppressed and wronged by the mother country, and without waiting for constitutional remedies, aroused the settlers to open resistance of lawful authority, which resistance, once begun, with the bull dog tenacity of the British race, and they were all Britishers then—held on and struggled on until help came from France, without which help this uprising of rebels at the instigation of demagogues would have been conquered by British arms and the “American Republic,” “Liberty’s own creation,” etc., etc., would never have been heard of.

England’s mistake in that hour was, not in being too severe or unjust, but in being too lenient and too slow to execute justice, and had she seized Sam Adams and a few of the earliest ringleaders at the first blush of their treason and hung them, as they deserved, France would never have interfered and this “temple of human dignity” and of infamous pretention and falsehood, filled with infidel robbers and spoilers of Catholic churches, etc., would never have been reared.

Regarding the leading acts of the British government which gave some excuse for the uprising of the demagogues referred to, I hold that England had precisely the same right to pass the Stamp Act and other measures complained of that the McKinley government had to pass the laws involving this land in her infamous war with Spain and involving the expenditure of millions of money in the execution of said war, and further in passing the stamp acts of to-day, whereby every check and express receipt, every bottle of medicine purchased, every bottle of champagne and almost every loaf of bread has a government stamp on it, to enable the McKinley government to meet the expenses of said infamous and rascally war.

But this blatant orator from St. Paul may say—this is our own government, and it is the will of the people. To perdition with such imbecile nonsense! But first of all, was not the British government of the colonies the people’s own government? Whence did they get their deeds to their lands, or the thousand and one concessions that made the colonies rich and prosperous but from the mother government? In a word the British government of the thirteen original colonies was just as righteously and truly

and a plagued sight more legitimately the lawful government of these colonies than the McKinley government is the lawful government of the United States to-day, and this American Republic was as truly the creation of treason, demagogic misrepresentation, rebellion, disloyalty and every form of low ambition and unprincipled and shuffling and infidel and atheistic scoundrelism as ever prospered outside of perdition, which moreover never would have succeeded had not France fought our battles for us when our rebel forefathers had as good as failed. Mr. MacMaster, author of the *History of the American People*, aping thus Mr. Greene in his *History of the English People*—a thorough hater of England, still admits and proclaims that to France and not to our own cravings for rebellion or liberty is due the actual fact of the American republic. I will refer to this again later on. So much for the consistency of this rhetorical outburst of his grace of St. Paul.

But why say these things? Would I if I could bring back British rule in this land? I care neither for British rule nor for McKinley rule. I am here to preach the truth, to denounce liars and scoundrels, and to leave the management of national and of international problems in the hands of Almighty God—who, however, is not hoodwinked by the sophistries of archbishops or other extravagant gentlemen.

In the sixth paragraph of this speech, as quoted, Archbishop Ireland revives the old chimera of "Democracy, the sovereign of the people," etc., and glories in it with all the glowing colors of Minnesota rhetoric. What is there in it?

Here again let us test his oratory by the practical facts. During the last presidential campaign, his voice and the voices of other recreant renegades from the true principles of democracy, were all raised by hellish compact with the oppressors and deceivers of the people, and for value received—as in Bourke Cockran's case—or for value to be received—as in Ireland's case, they and their ilk managed, by fair and by foul means, mostly by foul means, to persuade and induce some five hundred thousand democrats of the people's democracy to play recreant also, and so by a simple vote of five hundred thousand out of twelve million to turn the scales in favor of McKinley and the band of

plutocratic robbers who had and still have him in control. And a government so captured, organized and run is the sort of government that this unseeing or wilful ecclesiastic calls "democracy, the sovereign of the people," etc.

Again this same government of the most unprincipled and determined plutocracy on the face of the earth, once in power, proceeded to allow itself to be forced into the most uncalled-for and infamous war of modern times, not by popular sentiment but by a band of atheistic robbers that met at Washington a few weeks before war was declared, and this too, against a Catholic nation, equal in every respect to ourselves in every true form of civilization, but not in numbers or in fighting power—and all this at the dictation of a scheming, money robbing plutocracy, and this is what the prelate of St. Paul shouts over as "democracy, the sovereign of the people," etc., whereas the election was purchased by plutocrats, the government run by plutocrats, while the people are taxed at every pore to pay the expenses of the plutocratic extravagance and robbery. Nor does the last election, in which his grace of St. Paul took such a prominent and disgraceful a part, which he is already beginning over again—an exception to the average elections in the United States during the last forty years; and no intelligent man knows better than he that the people have been, were in his case, and are still the merest pawns which he and his associates in shameful schemes of aggrandizement are using for their own unjustifiable ends.

As a thing of theory on which to test the lungs of rhetoric, as a pugilist punches the sack to test his muscle, this theory of "democracy, the sovereign of the people," etc., is all very well, but for practical purposes, a round eighteen millions of dollars to be squandered among recreant orators, and impecunious and ignorant, raw and unprincipled voters, not to speak of promises of vast tracts of land, and desirable diplomatic positions, etc., etc., will hit the bull's eye every time, until the hoodwinked fools of idealized and degraded democracy are once aroused to the truth in the case, then let Ireland, Hanna, McKinley & Co. take to their heels, for their judgment day will have come.

The archbishop is no more accurate and makes no nearer approach to the truth when in paragraph ten he dilates on the perfection of the "Constitution of the United States (which) retained in full force its original frame work," etc., etc., while revolutions were going on in Europe—among European "savages," so to speak. What are the facts in the case? Simply these, that after the American revolution the framers of the Constitution, now somewhat tamed and thoroughly disgusted with the idiocies of their Declaration of Independence on the ground of which they went into the war, began to call to mind the principles of the unwritten constitution of the mother country, but still having this chimera of democracy to deal with, they framed what the old abolitionists used to call "a league with Satan and compact with hell." In a word, they framed a constitution which squinted at liberty while protecting by law a system of infamous slavery, and holding the growing millions of the negro race in bondage.

They framed a constitution which kept the best men of all sections of the country at loggerheads and enmity, alike on the question of States' rights and slavery, until eventually we were forced into the 'bloodiest war of the century—a war, compared with which, the revolutions that had been going on in Europe were as the play games of children. Then, after the war, we patched this same immaculate constitution so as to make a lot of animalized, low grade, untaught and unteachable negroes the masters of what had always been the most refined and civilized portion of our country; and to this hour have established a race war the first shots of which have only been fired up to this late day.

Finally this divine democracy as interpreted and run by McKinley and Co. for revenue only has adopted the Sultan of Sulu, the slave trade included, not to speak of the Hawaiian Islands, the thieving sons of missions and leprosy included, and by virtue of this same divine constitution, having kicked the Monroe doctrine inside out and made it tell in our favor on all sides of the world, this same ideal democracy run by McKinley and Co. is desecrating and robbing churches, stabbing liberty in the back, tyrannizing over innocent friars and choking the aspirations of freedom out of the

souls of as many Asiatics, Filipinos, etc., etc., as it dares lay its bloody hands on. And this is the idealized, apostrophized, and blasphemous constitutional democracy, "liberty's own creation," "symbol and guardian of justice," etc., etc., that his grace of St. Paul with a blindness beyond the blind, with a sophistry that would put the old Greek sophists to shame, with a brazen front that would out-Sullivan Sullivan and with presuming, unshrinking and constant overbearing insanity calls "a practical realization in political and social life of the gospel of Christ." Eternal shame on the prelate that has learned the gospel of his Master so poorly and to no higher or nobler ends.

Paragraph eleven of this speech as quoted, opens—"It is fortunate for our republic that it has a distinguished body, sitting in judgment upon the acts of Congress," etc., etc.

Now in theory the idea of a supreme court sitting in unbiased and righteous judgment upon all the legal questions of the land is beyond question a happy idea with its many antecedents in English law, but when one remembers that the Supreme Court of the United States was made the bulwark of the slaveholders before the war and that it has been made the bulwark of trusts and capitalists since the war, one cannot gaze upon it with that child-like and unbounded trust and admiration which seem to illumine the face of the archbishop of St. Paul in view of the same, and when one still further remembers that statements have been made and that they remain uncontradicted to the effect that Ireland gave McKinley and Co. his influence on the ground of certain promises that a certain man should be put in a position to determine certain questions involving the disposition of vast tracts of land in favor of said Ireland, and that as a matter of fact those questions have been determined within the last twelve months mostly in Ireland's favor, and I think, with an utter miscarriage of justice and greatly to his dishonor, though vastly to his pecuniary profit, one can readily see why this immaculate prelate of St. Paul should look up with child-like innocence and with unbounded admiration in the majestic face of this ideal tribunal of the United States, etc., etc., but the dispossessed original settlers on said lands who have toiled to give them what value they have and to build homes on them will hardly share in the prelate's unbounded admiration.

I pass the opening words of paragraph fourteen in which the archbishop reflects on Mill and Carlyle and lauds to the skies the artistic and other genius of the United States, with this remark, that there was more truth and wisdom in any dozen words that Carlyle ever uttered regarding this country than can be found in all the speeches that his grace of St. Paul ever has made or ever will make in this world. In the next world he may learn a thing or two that the fates have denied him here.

In paragraph fifteen his grace of St. Paul declares in the general tone of a special pleader afraid to go into detail that, "there has been in America no deterioration of character," etc., etc. What are the facts, palpable and open to the eyes of all men, except to the prelates and politicians whose eyes have become blinded by pride and by greed of gain? As I have been reading American history for the last fifty years and studying the physiognomies of men in public life in this country during the last two hundred years, the facts as revealed in both lines of study show that in the original colonies the men occupying prominent public positions under the mother government were almost invariably men of strict personal integrity, of sterling character, and of thorough reliability in their public capacity. Not only do the records show this during the fifty years that preceded the American revolution, but a study of the faces of these men, as far as we can follow this study in the portraits that have come down to us, also proves this fact beyond question. They were upright men and gentlemen.

Let the archbishop of St. Paul get at the archives of the thirteen colonies; let him make a careful study of as many of the portraits of their governors as he can find; let him ponder over these facts and faces, ridding himself as far as possible of the selfishness and conceit that lurks in almost every line of his Chicago speech, and unless he is stone blind to truth, and an ignoramus as to the study of faces for the character that is in them, he will rise to his utmost height and proclaim in his grandest hypnotic manner that those were honorable men and gentlemen, and that he has been deceived. Then let him read carefully the archives of the thirteen original colonies, now become great and powerful states, say during the last fifty years,

including in detail the whole endless muddle of secession and the millionfold murder resulting therefrom, the means for suppressing it, etc., etc., embracing the endless array of stupid and infamous state and national laws formed during the last fifty years ; then let him study in detail the personnel of both branches of the legislatures of these thirteen states, and their representatives in the National Congress ; yea, let him study carefully the physiognomies of these gentlemen as compared with the faces, facts, and characters of the leading men of the thirteen original colonies that were dragged into this idealized union of states, and if he does not find any deterioration of character he must either be so false or foolish a man that the Holy Father had better at once find a man of sense and justice and honor and truth and not a mere sophomoric rhetorician as the vice-regent of Christ and the caretaker of human souls in the archdiocese of St. Paul.

Let us take a more personal and up to date view of this matter. It will be remembered that George Washington and Benjamin Franklin and men of their stripe for a quarter of a century after the American revolution were all Englishmen, brought up according to English ideas, built on English models, and only under pressure of State action or of public sentiment or necessity ever became traitors to the mother country.

But, let us simply take the first President, the excellent and immortal George. He was not a handsome man. If history speaks the truth he had his little domestic and other troubles, such as most men are heir to. George was not an immaculate saint by any standard, Roman Catholic or Protestant, that is, as far as I have been able to learn, but he was a man of stern integrity ; a man of sterling unimpeachable character ; erect of bearing without pretense or needless mannerism, a man to be trusted utterly, implicitly in word and deed. His face is somewhat familiar to the American people.

Now with the whole life and bearing of this same George Washington, first President of the United States, and every inch an Englishman of the old school, let our braggart archbishop of St. Paul compare the life, the career, the bearing, the face, the manners, yea, the shuffling heart and soul of one William

McKinley, President of the United States, of seventy-five millions of mostly shuffling or noisy American citizens largely like himself, or mere bluffers, like the prelate of St. Paul to-day.

Does he see any deterioration? Let him compare the face and character of Alexander Hamilton, Secretary of State under George Washington, with the face, character and career of Mr. John Hay, author of *Little Breeches*, and now Secretary of State under William McKinley. Does he yet see any deterioration? Like President like people. William McKinley and General Funston are fair specimens of our modern Americans.

If these studies are not agreeable to the empyrical soul of the archbishop of St. Paul, or, if they are too difficult for him, let him take up a line of study in which he may be or ought to be more at home.

Let him study the faces and characters of the earliest French, Spanish, and Italian Catholic missionary priests to this country; later still the faces of the first Catholic prelates, French, or Irish, or German, appointed here, and compare them with his own physiognomy, and then, in the modesty of his august vanity, let him say whether he sees any deterioration or no. I have but one point more to notice in this wild-eyed speech.

In paragraph seventeen or the last but one, as quoted, his grace of St. Paul reveals to us the objects of his great and implicit trust in this world. Among these crazy utterances is the following, as the reader has seen: "I trust American justice and American respect for human rights, born of American democracy," etc., etc.

I do not know in what divine and exquisite peculiarity *American justice* may be supposed to differ from the old eternal justice of God and man these many thousand years, but clearly his grace of St. Paul has found a ray of light or of darkness on this matter, for it is not God's justice, which every man understands, but *American justice*, the recent developments of which neither the Spanish, nor the Cubans, nor the Filipinos seem able to understand. It is this justice, "born of American democracy," which keeps and has kept for a hundred years the Catholics' righteous and just share of the school tax out of the pockets of Catholic educators, and used the whole of it for

teaching secular vulgar lies in our public schools; it is this justice, born of American democracy, which for a hundred years, while proclaiming liberty to all the land and all the inhabitants thereof, held millions of negroes as slaves; this justice, born of American democracy, which robbed the original owners and settlers of the land of these United States, shut said owners up in vast reservations, then picked quarrels with them through immaculate and thieving Indian agents, then sent the army to murder them, and which has gradually murdered most of them off the face of the earth, except a few expert football players at the Indian football university of Carlisle, Pennsylvania.

It is this justice born of American democracy, which, with no more resemblance to the justice of the eternal than the blackest face of hell is like the stainless and shining face of God—it is this justice, which, while proclaiming this the land of the free and the oppressed of all nations, has made the most unjust and infamous laws discriminating against the Chinese and other would be immigrants—this justice born of American democracy, blacker infinitely in all its acts than the French justice that condemned Dreyfus and against which the universal American voice of condemnation has arisen—this justice that in its chaste, sweet and honorable gratitude to the land that won us our independence has never yet paid to France some \$300,000,000 due that country for monies and labor expended on our behalf, this “American justice born of American democracy” that forever kicks the little under dog while it courts and pats the big and bloody mastiff on the back—this is the new kind of despicable and execrable justice that robs the poor of the lands they have settled on and gives said lands to scheming and unprincipled churchmen and politicians; this is the American justice, born of American democracy, that has won the heart and mind and tongue and eloquent words of that mountebank of modern ecclesiastics, the archbishop of St. Paul.

May God forgive him, and impart to him understanding and a better mind.

WILLIAM HENRY THORNE.

THE FRENCH CHURCH AND ITS ACCUSERS.

THE French Church is governed by seventeen archbishops and sixty-seven bishops. This does not include Algiers and other colonies ; nor the six canons of the first order of the Chapter of Saint-Denis, who are retired bishops. By the Concordat of 1802, the number of archbishops was fixed at ten, and of bishops at fifty ; but in 1817 the ancient sees were restored, but not, of course, the ancient dignities and emoluments. For instance, the archbishop of Paris, whose salary has been reduced to \$3,000 a year had, even before, only \$9,000. It may be fancied, the difference between that income and the income enjoyed by the great prince, the archbishop of the *ancien regime*. In cathedral chapters as great a difference is seen. At Tours in the old days there were about fifty canonries endowed at the cathedral. Now there are a dozen or so, almost, if not altogether without income attached. The Concordat assigns \$300 a year to *curés* of the first class, and \$200 to those of the second. Those of the *vicaires* or curates who are paid by the State, get, I think, even less. The parish clergy before the revolution were poor—though the bishops and religious orders were rich—and now these *curés* are passing rich on forty pounds a year.

A French priest writes to me about this matter of incomes. "Our position is not a lively one ; for money has undoubtedly lost its value, and yet the republicans want to insist on bringing back the Church literally to its exact condition under the Concordat. Since that agreement was made, the different Governments had increased by a little the salaries of the clergy, and had granted them the favors of some furnishing for their houses, and some small exhibitions at the *séminaires*."

These exhibitions have now been abolished.

The Church does not receive a large return, then, from the State who declared to be national property, what the Church thought her own, and the clergy I have seen do not fare very sumptuously. There are many doubtless who live even more poorly. In the words of one (1) whom I shall quote again : "When

(1) Maxime du Camp, *La charité privée à Paris*.

you diminish an archbishop's salary or punish a priest by seizing his goods, it is the poor and the unfortunate whom you harm." (p. 534.) M. Du Camp continues : " I have seen how some of these 'princes of the church' live, and I have been surprised. Always plain living and abstinence, and a fare with which an under clerk in an office would not be content—but by so living there is more to give to those in want, more orphans can be cared for and the aged can find a refuge and a home. That goes on at our very doors; and I think I can say for certain that it is the same all through France."

The whole book from which these words are taken is very interesting. It is not the less so from the eminent position held by its author, a French academician honored for his literary power and personal worth. "With us no one of anything like his literary power devotes himself to anything like his subject." (*Saturday Review*, Feb. 28, '85.)

"I speak," he says of himself, "disinterestedly, for though I believe that in the labyrinth of life, the best guiding cord is faith, this faith I have not been able to seize. It is not given to all and I have in vain studied and admired its works. In spite of myself, something hides it; but if I knew where it was to be found, it is in that way I should direct my footsteps." (pp. 5, 538.)

None of the foundations for good works of which M. Du Camp writes, are older than fifty years. He has wished to show that the France of our time has been fertile in devotion, self-sacrifice, and faith. "The men and women of whose deeds I have spoken in describing the wonders of the charity of the religious orders in Paris, have had before them this aim—the aim of a noble life—to carry on a work without self-seeking and with a pure intent."

This charity unknown to the ancient world—by its exercise Christianity has moved men's hearts; an instance of it in the relief of the sick, the sorrowful, the dying, the bereaved, I might quote from France as from any other country where faith, the strongest and most unwearied exciting cause of this charity, is strong. The faith which causes them is what cannot be overthrown by attacks on the Church, which she, in trying to rule the world

may through her imperfect servants, have deserved. "When she finally gives up trying to do this, the Church will find herself invincible . . . and the ill-will shown her to-day may cause her material harm, but will surely be of good to her morally." (p. 541.)

The priest and the religious if judged with others only by the comparison of devotion and good works, would surely be acquitted. But political antagonism or religious hatred forgets the good work done, in the multitude of real or fancied political crimes charged against the clergy; and "though medical science has protested against paid service in hospitals taking the place of the charitable devotion of the nuns, its voice has been drowned in the applause raised by atheism and intolerance." (545.)

Brutal and stupid and utterly inconsistent with the preaching of liberty are these attacks on what may be called the *soul* of Paris, as of other great towns, these homes of sensuality and of folly. What would they be without the breath of purity from time to time breathed on the misery, physical and spiritual, of the victims of the world, the flesh and the devil?

Writing from England, one notes that here, we put out of sight much misery by shutting it up in the work houses. The failure of religious charity in a country where, perhaps happily, they do not do this, will not certainly be of less importance than here, or the well-being of the great town populations and their position in the State. "Man does not live by bread alone," most certainly if the Church and its charitable works fail, there is no other ready to give religion in any sense, nor to satisfy the spiritual and moral wants of men: none to *educate* in fact; to speak sternly and nobly, knowing that human nature may be pure and sincere and strong and deep. The world opposed to the Church in France is for gratifying the material and grosser part. Bishop Butler could as truly say of this world as he said of his own country, that for it the self mastery of the religious life was a lost art.

But Bishop Butler spoke of the *church* of his time and country. And that suggests that I say *this*: Religion is much less easy-going in France than here.

Englishmen, they say, love compromise ; they certainly do in religion. Their religion, according to them, ought to be rational and not too exacting, and moderate in outward expression, and not too extreme in doctrine, and not ridiculous, nor opposed to the spirit of the age. And yet the strange thing is they like their religion ; and though the foundations of it are so illogical and so unreasonable, and they know not how they got it and will not accept certain consequences of their belief, they often believe up to a certain point, and are influenced by this belief to the point of being ridiculous and unreasonable. "How can anyone believe such a doctrine?" you hear *believers* say this here—and honestly. But I think you will hear few ask the question in France; except those who know that to object to a doctrine because it is mysterious or incomprehensible is to strike at dogmatic belief, and is intellectually absurd in one who accepts the fundamental doctrine of the Christian faith.

Modern religion in these countries has exacted very little from men and has made itself, in its outward form, an easy matter. It is patronized therefore by those who do not care to patronize it in France.

The class whose "astonishing common-place half-and-halt religion is orthodox even in its gaiety" (1)—those whose religion is *le bon Dieu*, is just so far as this orthodox in France and does not go to church ; is in no sense anyway good Catholic, for it does not frequent the sacraments. But respectable and much sought-after church members, the people composing this class are with us. I fear to say this further, but I think it true, that with us many more of the vicious class go to church and are thought well of than in France. There, things are more clearly defined. Catholics and non-Catholics know what are the intellectual consequences of belief, and what the consequences in moral practice.

Hence unbelief is much more rough and aggressive in France. It is seen that a man's whole nature and view of things in heaven and in earth must be changed by his *submission* to Christianity. Needless to say how much inconsistency abounds ; but it is much more boldly recognized as inconsistency.

(1) M. Renan.

I cannot exactly give evidence why, but I have with me strong impressions from French sermons as contrasted with English and Irish ones:—That religious life must be something positive and is incompatible with the ordinary life around; that the people to whom the words were addressed were supposed to have made advances in a stern rule of life, and were spoken to in terms much more particular and precise than is customary with us in Protestant churches; that the preacher and his audience understood that these words were spoken with authority and were agreed on by others than those present, and were absolutely true and applied generally. And nothing struck me, then a Protestant, so much as the thought evidently before all that they formed part of a corporate life of a society which had a work to do publicly also in the world; which had beliefs to which the changing condition here had to fit in, not the belief to them, and that a view of life was here presented, which had its consequences for all public life as well as private. That this view of man's position here, and of modern society, was not the fashionable one, they knew. Some, I believe, knew what they were saying when they repeated, that God's work in the Church is eternal and He can afford to wait.

To the fact that, roughly speaking, only those go into the churches in France who want to pray, is partly due one altogether delightful thing connected with them. You find yourself among men and women, unconscious of your presence, forgetful for a moment of the unreal world, striving though with others present to live for an instant in the real world of the spirit, unlimited by sense. The spontaneous devotion, the unstudied gesture, reverence in the very carelessness, I never saw these before; and I have never felt anything more restful to the weary, or of more power to spread that calm, when the soul may see into the life of things.

I copy here words written fifteen years ago; and now, as no new convert, I take the warning, lest we Catholics forget. *Noblesse oblige*. And further, do Catholics in America justify Paul Bourget's indignation at our ushered-in carpet congregations daring to patronize the Catholic traditional devotion abroad?

And out of church what manner of men are the clergy? This is just one of those questions to which the answer of an ordinary traveling mortal is of very little value. I have seen few priests to know, and cannot judge.

The French clergy are generally, I think, of the more or less well-to-do *bourgeois* class; few of the aristocracy, and few of the peasantry. Some work hard and some amuse themselves much as men of quiet tastes here do. One I knew had a fancy for rearing pheasants and another for teaching French to foreigners, not very quietly, it is true. Some doubtless, are like the kind little gossiping Birotteau in *Les Célibataires* of Balzac, and some, I have heard, are like the ambitious and cruel plotter Tourbet. Jealousy and scheming may be rife there, as Protestant clergymen tell me it is rife elsewhere. There is more piety, and quite as little charitable feeling and generosity; there are more faults of the cloister and more seriousness; of course less to do with amusements, and an ideal of a life much more apart from the world than is the life of an Anglican clergymen, an ideal to some extent lived up to. As to amusement and the fashionable world—a priest at the theatre would probably lead to an uproar; one riding would find his fittest place in Bedlam, as would without doubt one playing cricket or lawn-tennis or any French equivalent for those games. Football could not have any equivalent; and a football devotee, layman or ecclesiastic, would have to go to some madhouse for a brutal type of fool. That is a prejudice at any rate; but one in which Irish parents would often join with French.

French ecclesiastics do not appear at full dress entertainments with ladies. What do they do? my Anglican curate contemporaries would ask.

They are educated from an early age in the smaller, and then in the greater *séminaires*.

As to their education, when we—I speak still as if a Protestant to Protestants—can look at their position—not from our point of view, but from that of those who wish for an unmarried clergy who shall not mix themselves up at all with worldly affairs, and who will frequently hear confession and say Mass—when we look at the matter thus, we shall agree with a nobly

just statesman, Burke, who saw the fitness of a very special training apart, for those whose ideal of life was to be so far removed from that of their fellowmen.

As an example of how hard will be the effort for us to place ourselves here in the position of French Catholics, notice this. I believe it is absolutely impossible for us to realize the feeling of most Frenchmen about a married priesthood, and almost impossible for most of us to understand how the saying of Mass is apart from and above everything else, is that which gives a character to the priest separated by a gulf from every other man—as the church where the rite is performed must differ from every other place on earth.

I think a French priest when he fails or misses his vocation is more spoiled in all his nature—becomes more occupied with the poor trivial details of every day, poorer every way, than the ordinary, not very spiritual clergyman in England. The latter has not been false to his ideal as has the other ; and being generally married and freer in the world has altogether more noble occupations, has more affections, and is more generous.

Not that, from what I know, the French clergy look upon clerical marriage as devoutly to be wished for, as a state of bliss.

One, whom I have the honor to know, cannot but reflect with horror when the inevitable squabbles come with the inevitable faithful domestic of a French priest's house: "Oh and what if I were married to her, think then, that no matter what occurred I *never* could send her away."

The ideal of a spiritual life is placed before a French ecclesiastic ; this we must not forget—a life which neglects worldly concerns, and sacrifices itself for the people to whom it ministers. Such an ideal is fallen far short of. But it strikes you how much the ideal is before the mind of the most materialized. An easy going priest is less content, and has less reason to be content, than his unknown gay-minded Protestant Episcopal brother. The ideals of the two are quite different as they are generally understood, and this even by those who do not believe the creeds of the two professors.

As to the learning and reading of the French clergy, what Mr. Arnold has said of the French nation may be true of them.

He says that the scholarly class is larger than in England ; but that below this class, there is a much larger fairly serious reading class in England than in France. And finally, the sins to be laid at the door of the French clergy are those of omission. Balzac's portraits of men whose lives are unspiritual, except in a routine fashion, given up to petty and trivial concerns and even mean in practice—these find their counterparts nowadays. But what are called by the anti-clericals "clerical moral" we may say confidently with M. Renan have no existence except in the minds of radical fanatics. "I have known many priests," M. Renan continues, "I was brought up by them, and lived among them, and I never knew any priests who were not good. To them I owe all that is best in me, whatever of good there is in me, whatever is worth preserving, they drew it out, and taught me. I owe all to them."

Even to judge the anti-clericals by themselves, I have distrusted their reports since I saw often in the same issue of a journal attacks on the immorality of priests, and then attacks on their ridiculous old-fashioned morality, curbing human nature, neglecting the good things of the world, and so on.

Even the *Republique Française* protested against the attacks on the country clergy—men who went to live among the rural population, the only men to give this population thoughts of anything higher than the cares and gains of each day ! men who are mostly poor and might easily in other positions be richer: for even with gifts the priests received little. Better educated, with larger and more generous ideas, representing wider interests, more intellectual, more spiritual, more self sacrificing than those around, these country priests devote themselves throughout France to raise the people's thoughts, to be kind to and sympathetic with the young, to comfort and to console the suffering and the aged. That is from a hostile witness. They are sometimes too idle, and so fall into bad ways, I have heard from themselves. And yet though their work is generally one of charity and benevolence, the influence of the clergy and the Church is attacked in the vigorous way you know. How that is we shall try later on to explain. On no question has the

battle raged more fiercely than on the question of education. Let us see the condition of things in this and other matters to-day. It will show how the war is carried on. The great church agency of primary education is the institution of the *Frères des écoles chrétiennes*—commonly known as the Christian Brothers, a congregation dating from the 17th century.

They are spread over France and are vowed to obedience, celibacy and poverty. They are all laymen. In 1878 the Christian Brothers in France numbered 11,640: they had 1249 establishments and 390,607 scholars. (1)

Their success in really educating—in training the nature of their pupils, in treating them with courtesy, and in gaining their pupils' affection is great and noble. And their success in examinations is undoubted. They carry off the greater part of the *bourses* or exhibitions offered by the city of Paris to elementary or primary schools. From 1847 to 1877, out of 1445 exhibitions gained 1148 were gained by the pupils of the Christian Brothers and 297 by the rest. Even in the years from 1870 to 1877 when the greatest efforts were made by the government to encourage the lay schools, of 490 exhibitions the Christian Brothers' pupils took 364. And the majority of the children go still to these schools, though thus the people have to pay twice—once for the state school, and then for the one their conscience approves.

The certificate gained by the Christian Brothers' pupils—"the test of the average," the words of M. Gréard, director of primary education, as the *bourses* may be of the clever few—show that from 1869 to 1878 nearly double as many were theirs as were their opponents.

Comparing the expense of employing the self-sacrificing labor of these religious we find that in Lille in 1873, the schools being under the Christian Brothers, cost for the seventy-five brothers 60,000 fr.—\$150 a year each. In 1883 sixty-five

(1) *The Tablet*, February 22, 1896, quoting the last quinquennial report of the Minister of Public Instruction—gives 114,439 fewer children educated in French primary schools of the State than five years before. During the same period the number of children in the Christian Brothers' schools had nearly doubled, and in the year of the report, the Frères were teaching 1,365,886.

school-masters and other assistant professors cost 158,075 fr. In Paris the charge on the public fund for primary instruction was in 1873 nine and a half millions; in 1882 twenty-three millions. And the difference throughout the country is as great or greater.

Is all this money well bestowed? But note the large sums raised for free schools by those already taxed.

The following praise of the Christian Brothers from a Protestant, H. Rigg, principal of the Westminster Training College, is borne out by fact. "The remarkable history and really wonderful achievements of that great Roman Catholic educating order, the Christian Brothers, who have done almost all for France that has been done in the way of true educational science and inspiration serves impressively to teach us that it is to moral influence, and therefore to spiritual convictions and experience that the educational inspiration and progress of the world are due."

There is the secret of their success, as of the Jesuit among a higher class—I do not mean even in imparting knowledge. Kindness and love, courtesy and justice—there is a secret by which these, with firmness, but without rough repression, can at Nîmes change the nature of convicts full of hate before, and at Mettray can give confidence to criminally brought up youth, at first only suspicious of those over them, and brutal among themselves.

The Christian Brothers have learned the secret; and though not all is *couleur de rose* with them, the personal relations established between their pupils and themselves are a foundation for a real *education* which has a principle, and a measure of the world and of the proportion of things and would make even a less intellectual success more than bearable. Mr. Arnold has noticed this in comparing the schools of the nuns with others in France.

"The tendency," Victor Hugo wrote [1850], "to make this life everything is the misfortune of our times. If earthly life, material life, is made the only end and aim of man . . . that which by the ordinance of God is only suffering becomes despair. . . . Hence arise deep social convulsions.

"I desire with an inexpressible desire to ameliorate the material lot of those who suffer . . . but the first amelioration is to give them hope. How do finite miseries diminish when there is mingled with them an infinite hope ! Let us say it out, death is a restitution, God is the end of all things, let us never forget it, and let us teach it to all ; there would be no dignity in life, life would not be worth the trouble, if death were an end of everything. That which alleviates suffering, sanctifies labor, makes man good, brave, wise, patient, and strong, is to have before him the perpetual vision of another world shining through the dark clouds of this life."

These are the thoughts at the foundation of a systematic Christian teacher's thoughts on life and education. And in France his principles are opposed by principles.

During the war of 1870-1 small-pox added to the misery of the army. As a Christian Brother was dressing a patient in a loathsome state of disease, one standing by said : "I would not do that for one hundred francs an hour." "No more would I, nor for a million," was the answer, "but I would do it for the love of God." Here is seen the fountain of their actions.

Yet under the Commune the wounded preferred to have no assistance than to have that of the Frères. And all their schools but one were closed. The principle of their opponents' action is as clearly expressed as the opposite principle of their own. "As long," said the leading Communist, Raoul Rigault, "as there shall be a single individual who pronounces the name of God, all will yet remain to be done : there will always be shots to be fired."

"By clericalism," says Louis Blanc, "we mean not only Catholicism, but all religion and all religious notions (*religiosité*) of any disposition whatever."

A Frenchman has protested against the tyranny of catching for your ideas generations beforehand. But there can be no truce between these parties, and I have no doubt the Christian Brothers do their best, though less violently, to early influence the young. Their opponents, by the mouth of a Senator, have said that the object of the new legislation is "to rescue the chil-

dren from the clutches of the Catholic Church, and in order to do so, to snatch them from the hands of their parents, lest they should be given up by them to the priest."

And to speak from the present time. They tell us now that we may expect a fresh persecution of the Church in France. Dreyfus gives a chance. What French government anti-clericalism is, we may judge from even M. Jules Lemaître, writing in the *Echo de Paris*, during last October. "The tyranny of a too powerful clergy would assuredly be insupportable, but it is no such tyranny which I perceive when I look around." Are Jews banished? But Jesuits are banished. Yet Jesuits are the tyrants. Is it the wolf and the lamb indeed? "What I do see is the tyranny of pretended 'Free Thought,' and what has been well dubbed as Masonic clericalism. . . . I doubt whether for twenty years we have had a single Minister who was a practical Catholic; and I don't think that one of our Prefects goes to Mass. . . . In my own district I have noticed *dozens* of little cases of Masonic and Radical terrorism: one servant of the State is disgraced for going to church (though he could have gone to a Protestant place of worship or a synagogue without molestation); another is struck at because his brother is a friend of a reactionary Deputy; a country postman is threatened for having sent his little girl to school in a convent where his sister is a nun, etc."

Yet Jules Lemaître, poor man, confesses that he has never known a Jesuit, and has an instinctive prejudice against the unknown Jesuits. If he now were to abuse them cruelly, and the whole French Church, our English papers would suffer him gladly. Like the *Daily Chronicle*, some months ago, they would probably give the attack large and full, and the humble Jesuit's reply condensed in smallest print. How un-Jesuitical.

And is Halévy, author of *l'Abbé Constantin*, under a black gown when he tells us that Mademoiselle Marbeau, the post mistress, was more or less of a musician, and would very willingly have played the harmonium in church; but she dared not, being in dread lest she should be set down as a clericalist, and denounced by the *Maire*, a free-thinker. And that might have hindered her getting promotion. (ch. i.)

"Yves le Querdec's" schoolmaster has a certain respect for the Church ; but he begs the new curé not to come to see him too often nor to expect his wife too often at Mass ; for though she has religious intentions, and sometimes hears the school children their catechism, it would not do for either master or mistress to be thought *dévo*t.

If our eyes are turned again to France, we shall do well to try to see things as they are. Mrs. Browning judges that "the English have a way of calling the French light : the lightness is in the judgment."

The home of missionaries in the Catholic sense, and of martyrs of to-day, both at home and abroad, is the land where if you see into the life of things you will find causes—great in the natural order, still greater in the supernatural—why its inhabitants whom you may misunderstand are what your own poet wishes we were :

"Without hardness sage,
And gay without frivolity."

Frederickton, N. B., Canada.

W. F. P. STOCKLEY.

BRITISH VERSUS BOER DOMINION.

THE war between Great Britain and the Boers in South Africa, even more than our recent war with Spain and our present war with the Filipinos, has aroused the editorial and public sentiment of the whole civilized world.

In this review, I shall present the strange phenomenon of British subjects and citizens uniting in defense of the Boers, and of various American citizens apologizing for and advocating England's claims.

It is almost too much to ask or expect a calm, dispassionate and unprejudiced judgment of the case at this stage of the war. Race hatreds and race predilections are so rampant among us, spite of our Christian and Catholic and humanitarian faith and dogmas, that it sometimes seems as if in very deed Christ had died in vain. Nevertheless I shall try to unravel some of the difficulties, to meet some of the prejudices, and to leave all the

issues involved in a little clearer light than they are to-day. Touching the comparative population of Southern Africa, the proportion of blacks to whites, etc., the following from *The Toronto Sun* via *The North West Review*, will be of permanent interest and value :

"If two or three points are kept clearly in mind by our readers, they will help to a more intelligent understanding of the news which comes from South Africa from day to day.

"The first of these is that there is still a vast native population in all the territory affected by the present war. The blacks of Africa have not disappeared before the invading whites, as have the red men of America. In the British African colonies directly concerned in this struggle, there are perhaps two and a half million blacks, and in the Orange Free State and Transvaal there are about three-quarters of a million more. The total white population of all South Africa is under three-quarters of a million, of which about a quarter of a million is in the Transvaal and Orange Free State. This, then, is the first fact to be remembered—the preponderance of blacks over all the whites.

"Another point to be kept in mind is that the first white population of practically all the disturbed territory was Dutch. Cape Colony was first settled by the Dutch in 1652, and did not become British territory until 1806. The Orange Free State and Transvaal were organized by Dutch (or Boers), who quitted Cape Colony because dissatisfied with British rule. Thus we find to-day not only an almost solid Boer population in the Transvaal and Orange Free State, but a large Boer element in Cape Colony and Natal, which was formerly part of Cape Colony, as well. The Transvaal to-day has a white population—now that the Uitlanders have left—of a little over 100,000, practically all Boer, or Dutch. The Orange Free State—there never were many Uitlanders there—holds about 100,000 Boers. In Cape Colony, according to the latest figures available, there are about 250,000 Dutch and 130,000 British, and in Natal there are 5,000 Boers and 45,000 British. The white population of Rhodesia and Bechuanaland is scarcely enough to count either way. Here, then, is the second important point to note : The Boers have an almost solid population in the Transvaal and Free State, and their blood relatives in Natal and Cape Colony largely outnumber the British population in those British colonies. Moreover, in all the colonies there has been a good deal of intermarriage between Dutch and British. It is thus really a civil war affecting all South Africa.

"A few more facts of general interest may be added. The area

of the Transvaal Republic is a little over 119,000 square miles, or about one-half of the Province of Ontario. The Orange Free State, which has entered into an alliance with the Transvaal, has an area of 48,000 square miles, or equal to that of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick combined. The principal British colonies bordering on the allied republics are Natal, Rhodesia, Bechuanaland and Cape Colony. Cape Colony has an area of about 221,000 square miles, or a little more than that of the Province of Ontario. The area of Natal is a little over 20,000 square miles, or just equal to that of Nova Scotia. If the Dutch sympathizers in Cape Colony actively assist their blood relations in the Orange Free State and Transvaal, the situation will be exceedingly serious. If in addition to this about three and a quarter million blacks take a hand in the game, the condition of affairs will be still much more serious."

From these as well as from many other facts, it must be taken for granted that the Boers and the British, though both interlopers, had a perfectly equal right in South Africa; that the one had no more right than the other, and though the Transvaal and the Orange Free State may have been within the zone of anterior British claims or designs, as a matter of fact it would be difficult to light upon any spot in the uncivilized domain of this earth without running up against some prior British claim. They are a ubiquitous crowd and have probably been ahead of you.

As a matter of fact the Dutchmen have been in the Transvaal for a good many years, and they have gradually grown to feel quite as much at home there as the English are at home in Cape Colony. Moreover whatever may be said of President Kruger, as a tyrant, an unwashed, tobacco-stained tyrant, and whatever may be said of his government as an absolute monarchy, dominated by a limited oligarchy, and given to extremes of unjust tyranny, and all under the name of a republic, the same may be said, has been said, and with equal application, of our own government and of the government of Great Britain, and especially of the methods of Joseph Chamberlain.

So, that, cut to the quick, and looked at with seeing eyes, even without the aid of X rays, the question made so much of in English conservative journals, as to whether it is to be constitutional and up to date British methods or antiquated and

tyrannical Dutch methods of government that are to prevail in Southern Africa seems to be a sort of Hobson's choice, after all.

Perhaps I am overstating the matter here in favor of the Boer, but the British and their American apologists must understand that to call a government republican and then to run it according to the absolute dictation of a few oligarchs is no worse in the Transvaal than it is in the United States, or in any portion of the British Empire.

Again, whatever the theoretic and the actual methods of government in the Transvaal, the palpable fact that the little isolated republic, so called, can raise, has raised a well-equipped, fighting army of fifty thousand men, which, together with twenty thousand from the Orange Free State, gives Kruger an army of seventy thousand men, seems to imply that the citizens of the Transvaal are well pleased with their form of government and ready to fight for it to the bitter end, especially against the British.

I say it seems to imply this, for the army may not in any case prove anything in regard to the justice or popularity of the government. Somehow or other the citizens of the Transvaal have been made to believe that their homes and lives were threatened by the British, and in such cases men will fight for their homes, regardless of the merits or crimes of the government under which they live. I have no doubt, however, that the Boers as a whole have as much intelligent faith in their government as the British soldiers have in their government, and from my standpoint the government in each case is an absolute oligarchy run for revenue only, without principles enough in either case to command the modified respect not to speak of the enthusiastic support of an intelligent Christian man. Boer or British, it is six of one and half a dozen of the other.

In simple justice one should further note that the merest casual study of physiognomy reveals the fact that as to every essential characteristic of mental and moral force the generals of the Transvaal army are the equals if not the superiors of the generals and officers of the British army; and if that government is good which breeds good men there are arguments in favor of the Transvaal.

We are all branches of the same great race that is dominat-

ing the world to-day. The original German type is in its dominating quality a little more scholarly and a little more secular ; the Dutchman a little more stolid and solid, and the British a little more commercial, shifting and versatile ; but Joubert and his men are equal to the best and bravest blood of England, and if they are overcome eventually it will be precisely on the same principle that the North conquered the South in our civil war and precisely for the same reason that the United States conquered Spain, namely, by force of numbers, and not at all by force of genius, bravery or heroism.

Coming to the concrete question which the British claim to have been at the root of this war we still need to walk with judgment rather than with enthusiasm on either side.

Perhaps there is more in the British claims of constitutionalism and in Mr. Kipling's poem in defence of the same than we have admitted. The poem, in speaking of the "old King," plainly has reference to the days of the Stuart kings of England, and its plausibility is in the assumed fact that Kruger and his methods are like unto these, but by our criterion, as indicated, there is not so much difference between the actual methods of Victoria and Kruger as Mr. Kipling and the British public would have us believe.

In general the position of England is that the subjects settling in the Transvaal should be treated with justice, should be granted the rights of citizenship equally with other citizens of the Transvaal, and among them the right of suffrage, and though I have very little respect for the mooted question of no taxation without representation, it was nevertheless the principle or so-called principle on which the war of the American revolution was fought, hence no true American can withhold his sympathy from Great Britain in her attitude toward the Outlanders—outsiders—in the Transvaal, to-day. Their rights should long ago have been conceded by Kruger, still there are reasons enough why they were not conceded.

Of course I am familiar, as every one is familiar, with the influence of the gold mines underlying all this talk of the right of suffrage for British subjects, etc. But there is to be said on that head—*first*, that the English to a very great extent

have made the value of the gold mines of the Transvaal what it is to-day; *second*, that the patriotism of the gold mine is doubtless just as palpable and effective in all the thoughts and purposes of Kruger & Co. as it is in the schemes of Cecil Rhodes & Co.—including the entire British Empire. So we may leave the gold mines out of the argument as equally coveted by both parties, and turn to the constitutional and other principles involved in the controversy.

Henry Labouchere, editor of London *Truth* and a member of Parliament for a lot of British soreheads with socialistic tendencies, is quoted by the *Literary Digest*, via the *Philadelphia Press*, a rabid Protectionist organ, and a hater of England, as follows :

“As Mr. Labouchere says, there are more than 1,000,000 citizens of England who are permanently deprived of the franchise owing to the absurd registration law, while many other citizens have several votes each, and a few hundred peers have the right by inheritance to veto or emasculate any measure passed by the people’s representatives. No foreigner can by right secure a vote in Great Britain. The Home Secretary, at his pleasure, may give or withhold his approval. But under the British naturalization laws five years is the least time in which a vote can be obtained, and generally it requires seven years. The demand made on the Transvaal is that foreigners shall be allowed to vote after five years’ residence. The Transvaal Government has expressed its willingness to make that concession if Great Britain will agree not to interfere further with the internal affairs of the republic. Great Britain refuses to make such an agreement. . . . The Boer Government is not what it ought to be. But it satisfies the Boers, and there is no sufficient reason under the circumstances for interference by force on the part of the British Government. Mr. Chamberlain declared in Parliament a few years ago that it would take half a century to wipe out the stain on the British escutcheon of such a war. That is as true now as then.”

This is the British sorehead opinion as interpreted by high-tariff and anti-English American stupidity, and one does not take much stock in it.

It is about what Michael Davitt would have said if he had had sense enough when in his unutterable folly he resigned his seat in the English Parliament in protest against England’s attitude toward a matter that he never understood..

Mr. Wm. T. Stead, England's crazy journalistic peacemaker, is quoted by the same paper as follows :

"In the opinion of our continental neighbors the Briton is just as insufferable as the Boer. He is the modern Pharisee, who has looted the world, and for a pretense makes long prayers. He never ceases to boast that he whipped France at Waterloo and Trafalgar, and bested the whole continent in the game of grab. But we should hardly regard these things as sufficient justification for an onslaught on Britain by a European coalition in order to teach us a lesson in humility and good manners. . . . I am no extreme partizan of peace at any price. I am certainly no eulogist of the Boers. I recognize the sacred right of insurrection. I believe that taxation without representation is tyranny, and I have defended and excused Mr. Rhodes and Mr. Chamberlain for their preparations to secure the success of the anticipated insurrection in Johannesburg, and which were so lamentably marred by the rash precipitation of Dr. Jameson, but I can not, I dare not, I will not, follow their lead on the present occasion. With all my endeavors to force my conscience to acquiesce in the policy which Sir Alfred Milner recommends, I can not do it. Sore at heart, and with deep regret, I feel myself bound not merely to sever myself from my old comrade, but to do my uttermost to evoke such an expression of public opinion in this country as will peremptorily bar the way to war. For the war with which we are threatened has no justification in the laws of God or man—a war impolitic, unnecessary, and unjust."

That is, England was right—when Cecil Rhodes and Mr. Chamberlain and their British forces were prepared to stand by the Johannesburg miners in their proposed uprising against the Boer government, and this crazy editor was with them even unto war, but now that the Boer government has refused all just arrangements with England looking to the permanent protection of the rights of the miners, and has flung in England's face an ultimatum that no first-class power on earth would stand, and has precipitated this war, Mr. Stead in his immaculate and halftaught conscience, so-called, swears that the whole business on England's part is unjust and criminal. So criminal that Mr. Stead cannot stand by the British government, which from force of the shock of Mr. Stead's withdrawal must, it would seem, fall into a million shreds. Poor Stead !

The simple truth is that the mining Outlanders of Johannes-

burg have made the Transvaal of whatever importance it is in the world. They created the immense wealth of the country and to tax them and rob them and ride them like slaves, without giving them any voice in the government, was as unreasonable and preposterous as it was impolitic and tyrannical, and whether our sympathies are with England or the Transvaal, President Kruger and his oligarchical advisers in this matter have acted like fools and will have to pay the full penalty of their folly.

Touching certain points involved in this controversy, Bourke Cockran, late hireling of the gold-bugs, who robbed Bryan of the last Presidency, made a speech in Carnegie Hall, New York, during last October, in which he stumbled and snorted around like a bull in a china shop, and in his fervid and sophomoric utterances came about as near to the truth as he has ever come in his life on any subject whatsoever. Fortunately he was called down by an Englishman, and wilted like a shot puppet. I quote from the *Evening Telegram* :

“Bourke Cockran says he was mistaken. Attention being called to a statement in his latest speech, he corrects it. Mr. Joseph Lawrence, of London, who is connected with branches of several large American companies in England, and who is at present a guest of Sir Thomas Lipton, when asked for an opinion to-day on Mr. Bourke Cockran's plea for American intervention in favor of the Boers, said :

““Mr. Cockran's speech is characterized by some errors of commission and many and signal errors of omission. In fact, it is a distortion of the whole case. He said, in dealing with matters of religious disability in the Transvaal, that Catholics are not allowed to hold offices in England or, according to some versions, in Ireland.

““This is quite untrue. Ireland years ago had a Roman Catholic in the person of Lord O'Hagan as Lord Chancellor, which was the highest legal office in the land. In England the Marquis of Ripon, late Cabinet Minister under Mr. Gladstone ; the present Lord Russell of Killowen, Lord Chief Justice of England, and Lord Llandaff, late Home Secretary under Lord Salisbury, are Roman Catholics.

““Mr. Cockran states that the Outlanders number 35,000 as against 150,000 Boers. It is almost the other way about. Of the British subjects alone more than 26,000 male members re-

cently signed a petition to the Queen asking for the amelioration of their condition.

"I am sure your government will not follow the advice of Mr. Cockran any more than our government and our people were diverted from their loyal support of Americans during their recent struggle with Spain by the noisy harangues of a few Irishmen in Dublin, who then sought to sow dissension between England and America, and who would have been only too glad to create a breach between the two countries by seeing England join with Continental Powers in a hostile attitude toward America."

"Mr. Lawrence lived in South Africa for two or three years, and is acquainted with many prominent men there.

"In his speech in Carnegie Hall on Wednesday evening Mr. Bourke Cockran made the statement that 'in England Catholics cannot hold office.' It was thus generally reported in Thursday morning's newspapers.

"Naturally there was much discussion during the day, and Mr. Cockran's attention was called to it.

"'It is possible I said so,' he said, 'for all the newspapers appear to have caught it in that way. Obviously it is incorrect. What I intended to say was "In England Catholics cannot hold certain offices."'"

In many of my Catholic exchanges this speech of Cockran's was lauded to the skies—as a "terrific arraignment of England," but I did not happen to notice that any one of those exchanges pointed out the flaunting errors of the speech. Then the absurdity of the whole affair, as if the loudest braying of an animal like Cockran could be any sort of an arraignment of England.

Any school boy knows that Irish Catholics have held high and important offices alike in Ireland and England during the last fifty years. But when an American Irishman, like Cockran, wants to annihilate England, he will lie like Lucifer, and the more religion he has the worse he seems to be afflicted with the disease that destroys his reason, his religion, and sinks his manhood to the lowest depths of scurrilous falsehood.

Here is another chip of the old block, clipped from one of our western Catholic exchanges:

"London dispatches admit that the Queen's action in calling out the reserves indicates that England scents danger ahead from

some great foreign power. The reserves are to be sent to garrison Ireland, while the 40,000 Irish soldiers are to be sent to the front at once. No sooner shall they have won a victory over the Boers, however, than some of our editorial snuffers will dub them Anglo-Saxons. And it will serve them fairly right. The Irishman who voluntarily fights under the British flag can scarcely be called anything too indecent."

From this and other sources we gather that there are forty thousand Irish soldiers in the English army. In fact it is well known that some of the very highest officers in the British army for years past have been Irishmen, and according to this highly cultured, pious and poetic Catholic editor, they cannot, all of them or any of them, "be called anything too indecent."

But let us leave the asses and return to the Boers.

The *Times-Democrat* of New Orleans, as quoted by the *Literary Digest*, gives the following somewhat novel view of the situation :

"For years Great Britain has been tyrannized over by the Boers of the Transvaal, who have had nothing else to protect them than their weakness. They have been oppressive to the British residents in the Transvaal in direct violation of the clearly expressed terms of the 1884 London Convention, which guarantees equal rights to the British residents with the Boers themselves ; and they have been insulting to the British Government. It is well enough known that Great Britain would not have tolerated such maltreatment of British subjects and such a violation of treaty rights from a big nation ; France, for example, had to knuckle down very quickly over the Fashoda business when Marchand and his men had infringed Great Britain's rights in the center of Africa. But here we have had the Boers oppressing British subjects and treating them as if they were an inferior race in the Transvaal for quite a number of years, and giving 'sassy' replies to the British Government whenever the British Government has remonstrated with them. And all this Great Britain has borne, only because she did not care to coerce by force of arms a state so much inferior in power to her own. . . . But Great Britain has endured this tyranny of the weak until it has become absolutely intolerable ; and now she proposes to compel the Boers by force to fulfil their treaty pledges, which she has failed to induce them to fulfil by gentler diplomatic methods. It has been a genuine tyranny through its weakness, but even such a tyranny can not be allowed to go on forever."

And the *New York Tribune* is quoted as follows :

"Americans will not fail, moreover, to observe that the British are contending for much the same principles that they themselves and their ancestors have contended for in more than one war. The Outlanders have been protesting against taxation without representation, and Great Britain is backing them up in it. It was to enforce that identical protest that this nation fought its first war. Again, the British are contending that a British subject, wherever he be, is entitled to British protection. Was not that what the United States was fighting for in 1812? Again, it is said Great Britain has refused arbitration and has insisted that the dispute must be settled between her and the Transvaal without alien intervention. Would we have accepted alien intervention in 1861? Or would this country have submitted the settlement of its dispute with Mexico to the arbitration of a European power? Nor, finally, will it escape notice that there is a similarity between the Boer courting of war with Great Britain and the Spanish course toward the United States. The Boers declare that Great Britain forced the war upon them. So the Spanish complained of the United States. This country can scarcely admit the Boer complaint to be well founded without equally admitting that of Spain. In brief then, Great Britain is acting precisely as the United States would act in her place, precisely as this country would have to act if it did not wish to repudiate its principles and its record. That is the great, salient, fundamental fact which is likely, as it seems to us, to determine the direction in which the overwhelming mass of American sympathy will be given."

I do not quote these utterances as containing the inspired wisdom of the gods, but certainly by the common consent of the intelligence of the age England has to-day and for a long time has had a genuine grievance with the Transvaal Government and its ultimatum as quoted everywhere was enough to provoke any modern nation to declare war.

As things have turned there was no need of a formal declaration of war. Taking the bull by the horns, the Boers rushed into the conflict, seeing, doubtless, that a quick blow and a hard blow was their only possible chance, but even in this, while proving their courage and undoubted skill in war, they have also shown their folly, for, with such an array of grievances back of them, with such early losses to be retrieved, and with prov-

inces to draw from, all over the world, the British Government, having engaged in this fight, cannot withdraw till she has retrieved her losses, avenged her slain, and righted the wrongs that the Outlanders have endured for many past years.

As to whether other nations will interfere or not time alone can show. The rumors to the effect that America and Japan will unite with England in any serious emergency, while having some basis of reason in them, are premature at this date, November 9, 1899.

If there is any interference it will probably be by Russia taking advantage of England's distress in South Africa to make demands on England for concessions in Afghanistan or in the Dardanelles, which England not being willing to grant, war might ensue, and a war in which France would be the ready ally of Russia, in order to punish England for her long successes in various parts of Africa and corresponding failures on the part of France herself. But in that event the Triple Alliance would probably throw its entire weight against France and Russia; so it would be the world-wide war I have long predicted and that must sooner or later certainly come.

Meanwhile, the *Philadelphia Record*, as quoted by the same paper, has the following clear and able word to the effect that mediation is impossible and that any interference would be illegal:

"International mediation is allowable only between absolutely independent sovereign states. Intercession by a foreign power in a controversy between the Federal Government and Pennsylvania would be regarded by us as impertinent. Moreover, the status of the Transvaal—whether it be a limited or a complete sovereignty—is the very substance of the dispute. An offer of mediation would be construed by the Boer republic as a recognition by the mediator of its claim to be 'an independent, international state'; and the acceptance of the offer by Great Britain would involve a tacit confirmation of this claim. We are having considerable trouble ourselves with an institution calling itself the republic of the Philippines. The issue between the Filipinos and the United States is exactly the same as that between the Boers and Great Britain. We are asserting our rights as the paramount power in the Philippine Archipelago, just as Great Britain is proclaiming her paramountcy in South

Africa; the Filipino Republic, like the Transvaal, insists upon its status as a 'sovereign international state.' The merits of the two controversies are, perhaps, not to be compared; but in their legal aspect they are identical—and governments proposing mediation are bound to take cognizance of the legal point of view. Would this government regard a proposal to mediate between it and the Filipinos as a friendly act, or as an impertinence? The answer to this question would exactly define the attitude of any power which should intervene in a case of disputed sovereignty or suzerainty between the imperial Government at London and its quasi dependency in South Africa."

For my own part I take the general American and English view of the case. I think that with thirty or forty thousand of British subjects in the Transvaal and these constituting the wealth-producing portion of the community, England had and has some rights in that locality, but especially the right to demand for those subjects justice and a fair share in the Transvaal Government, had in fact the right to make whatever demands on Kruger's government that she has made, and that having made those demands repeatedly and having been repeatedly refused, and having at last been attacked by an army of seventy thousand men, the least she can do is to fight the Boers until every cub is killed or made utterly submissive to British civilization.

As I view the case, the Transvaal's only hope was in making the best terms possible with England by diplomacy without appealing to war at all. I do not believe that England wanted war, though Chamberlain might have desired it, and I hate every man who forces war upon mankind as a slave of perdition and a child of hell. But when a man or a nation is forced to fight, that breaks all peace propositions, and defers civilization till men will learn and practice justice without the arbitrament of the sword.

WILLIAM HENRY THORNE

OLD DAYS IN HABANA.

SAN CRISTOBAL DE LA HABANA was the last of seven cities founded in Cuba by the *Adelantrado* Velazquez, who took possession of the island in 1511 in the name of Spain, with three hundred followers.

The first site of Habana was laid in 1515 near the mouth of the River Guines on San Cristobal's day, which was the reason that the place was called after the saint, as well as in honor of Cristobal Colon (Christopher Columbus), and the cathedral in Habana has an image of the saint, with a ponderous body and short legs which were shortened without due regard to proportion, in order to allow of the image's periodical outings, when carried through the city in the yearly procession on St. Cristobal's day.

Owing to the unhealthfulness of the location, the town was removed to the banks of the River Almandares, and later to its present site on account of the excellent harbor and fertile soil, which enabled the early settlers to have fruit orchards near their dwellings. This change was carried out in 1519, and the first Mass was celebrated that same year under a *ceiba* tree—a tree which became historic but finally was cut down in 1753 by Captain General Cagigal, who erected the *Templete* to mark that historic spot. The *Templete* contains a large painting of the first Mass, in which figure some of the ancestors of well-known Cuban families.

The streets of Habana were laid out in accordance to the laws instituted for the Indies. People did not consider that sea breezes tempered the tropical heat, so they built their houses after the fashion of those in southern Spain, considering that shade was more desirable than ventilation.

It appears that in Seville and Malaga in olden times the streets and marble and tiled floors were sprinkled at mid-day, and the houses were closed to shut out the light and air.

Habana was built around a public square, after the usual Spanish fashion. In 1532 it had already become the most important town, second only to Santiago de Cuba, which was the capital at that time.

Finally in 1607 Habana was made the capital of Cuba.

In 1584 the town possessed four streets and *Oficios* Street was the main business thoroughfare. At that time the houses were all frame buildings with thatched roofs and hard pressed earth for flooring. Not until the administration of the Marquis de la Torre, in 1776, were improvements in building introduced and thatched roofs abolished.

Owing to the fruit orchards near the houses, myriads of mosquitoes buzzed around, much to the annoyance of the inmates.

Furniture was very primitive and consisted of cedar or mahogany benches and camp stools without any backs.

Poor people slept on beds of undressed hides, while rich town folks imported handsome bedsteads of ebony or other valuable wood from Spain. And some of these heirlooms are still to be found in old Cuban families.

Pictures of the saint of their devotion were hung in the parlors. At nightfall tapers were lit below these pictures, and at the *Angelus*, people said their prayers.

Tallow or wax candles or else lamps fed with olive oil, were used, according to people's means.

Everybody staid in the house after dark, and if anybody were obliged to go out of doors, he was accompanied by servants carrying lanterns, for proper protection from stray dogs and runaway slaves.

Kitchen utensils were made of iron, although the natives manufactured earthenware, which they preferred for their own cookery.

Crockery from Seville was in general use, as well as wooden platters and dishes. Richly carved cups of *guayacan* were highly prized on account of the medicinal properties of the wood of which they were made, and the water put in these cups acquired a bitter taste.

Food was prepared in a peculiar way which became more toothsome after a person got accustomed to native cookery.

Salt and fresh beef were cooked together, highly seasoned, and served in the same dish. *Easabe*, which was used instead of bread, was very insipid. Corn meal mush was a favorite dish, seasoned with crabs.

The Cubans adopted the Spanish national dish, *olla podrida*, but owing to its richness and addition of a larger variety of vegetables, it is called *ajiaco*, and still retains favor in Cuba.

Workmen and craftsmen were lacking in Cuba in 1598. Tailors used to charge ten gold doubloons for making a satin suit. There were only two apothecaries in town at that early period, and their drugs were musty. Cupping, leeching, and bleeding were commonly practiced for yellow fever by Spanish and Cuban physicians up to the middle of this century; and even nowadays these remedies are used by some old fashioned practitioners.

Until the end of the past century *volantas* were the only carriages used, or *calasles*, *calesas*, from which springs the word *calesero*, applied to the coachman or driver. And his equipments were gorgeous, his jacket richly embroidered with silver, his high boots as well, and he wore a broad brimmed hat, *sombrero*, while he was mounted on one of the horses attached to the *volanta*, and guided the other horse, which was harnessed to the one he rode. These carriages were imported from England. Coaches came into use in 1846, but at first they were only used by the captain-generals.

Until the commencement of this century people dined at twelve o'clock, had a collation during the afternoon, and took supper at eight or ten o'clock at night. People breakfasted on chocolate and rolls, and coffee was not used until a later date.

Until a short time ago water for daily consumption was brought from the country in kegs, and the cartmen sold it for five cents a barrel. Many houses were provided with wells or tanks. Nowadays the supply of water from the Vento Aque-duct is excellent and abundant.

MARY ELIZABETH SPRINGER.

New York.

PHILADELPHIA BY A PHILADELPHIAN.

Extracts from an Address delivered in New York before the Merchants' and Manufacturers' Board of Trade.

MR. CHAIRMAN AND GENTLEMEN: Some years ago an authoress of national renown wrote a book with a startling and impressive title—a title that might be said to be in two parts; the first part you citizens of New York, with your usual self-complacency, and with pleasing unction, appropriated to yourselves; the second part you kindly and considerately bequeathed to your neighbors, the citizens of Philadelphia. What was the title?—"The Quick and the Dead." You of course—yes, of course, are the "Quick," and we, of course, are the "Dead." It matters not that we of Philadelphia own most of your street railway lines—and operate them too—it matters not that we own every Transatlantic steamer that flies the American flag which sails from your port; it matters not that we build most of the battleships that protect your port; it matters not that our manufactures, our locomotives form the principal part of your export cargoes (outside of the products of the field and farm)—we are still the "City of the Dead," and you are the "Quick;" but does it not strike you as being strangely inconsistent, this blind belief of yours in your wonderful superiority—your belief that you are the very "salt of the earth" in fact? When you see sitting before you on my left the distinguished members of a distinguished Commission—the "Commerce Commission of New York"—a Commission created by your State Legislature to find out what has become of your vanishing commerce, and when that has been located to advise the Legislature as to the best methods of getting it to come back again to you as of yore—did you ever hear of such a Commission sitting in Chicago or St. Louis, or Baltimore, or even in the city of the dead? No, no, my friends, while you men of New York have been sitting in your offices watching only the money flow in and taking no thought of improving your conditions, or of keeping up with the progress of the times, and of the pace set you by your neighbors, Chicago has been alert,

and so have St. Louis, Baltimore and Philadelphia, and hence the creation of your Commerce Commission. Nowadays, gentlemen, cities have to bestir themselves as well as men, and it does not do sit with folded arms and say, "No matter what other cities do, we are the City of the Quick. Let other cities reach out for trade by building railroads, canals, hotels, steamships, deepening harbors, building docks, etc., we are big enough and strong enough to defy them all."

In the light of our recent foreign conquests when we are for the first time confronted with the problem of governing subdued territories with their teeming millions of people, we are apt to forget that there are many things right at our very doors, particularly pertaining to the cities New York and Philadelphia, which need our most careful thought and watchful consideration.

We make a loud demand for an "open door" for our trade with China, and years ago our old smooth-bore cannon spoke sharply and effectively for an "open door" with Japan.

European nations are plotting and planning for an "open door" for their products in our new possessions in both the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans. Canada is seeking for an "open door" to the United States for her lumber and fish; we seek an "open door" into Canada for our multifarious manufactures, and so in all parts of the world the restless tide of commerce and of business is surging against the barriers which custom, prejudice, language and hostile tariffs have erected against a liberal trade intercourse between different nations and different races, resulting in the almost universal demand for an "open door" policy,

I may shock your feelings when I say to you that you men of New York need an "open door" into and out of your city more than any other equally large community among civilized cities. You will smile at this statement, but unfortunately there is nothing to smile at. It is too, too true.

"Oh, wad some power the giftie gie us
To see oursel's as ithers see us;
It wad frae mony a blunder free us
And foolish notion."

Within a radius of one hundred miles of your city there is clustered around you a highly cultured and wealthy population

of at least one-eleventh of the United States; larger by untold millions than that of any other equal-sized portion of our land, many, many times over.

At a little less than one hundred miles from our borders you have in your nearest big neighbor, a city of say one and one-half millions inhabitants, whose large manufacturing interests make it a national market for textile fabrics, and other classes of manufactures, a great "City of Homes," where, in a period of but twelve years, we have erected over 89,000 new buildings, at a cost of \$305,000,000: where the poor weaver, the poor mechanic and the poor laborer are housed comfortably, as in no other city in the world. This city has a deep water front of thirty-three miles, and in this particular it is without a rival anywhere. It has a channel to the ocean not longer than that possessed by smaller cities with much greater commerce; a channel now well lighted and buoyed, and which by the expenditure of \$5,000,000 can be made superior to any river channel in Europe. It has a colossal business of its own. It is the greatest of all manufacturing centres, and the mills, which annually make \$600,000,000 worth of products, which are mostly sold and sent away, are the buyers of hundreds of millions of dollars worth of crude materials, which must be brought to it to undergo the process of fabrication.

Near to and tributary to the city are other industrial communities, some of them having the proportions of cities, which, altogether, not improbably use as much raw material, and produce and sell as great an amount of goods as are used and produced within the limits of the city itself.

Philadelphia stands as the port of shipment for a Commonwealth of 5,000,000 people, who mine more than one-half the National product of coal; produce more than one-half the petroleum, and who make more iron and steel than all the rest of the country.

In natural wealth and in extent and energy of its productive forces the State of Pennsylvania probably surpasses any other portion of the globe of equal dimensions outside of the British Isles. Only one other state of the Union touches the Great Lakes with its western border and has a tide-water for its eastern

boundary. No other state in the Union has upon one side direct communication with the Atlantic Ocean and on the other navigable water connection with the river systems of the Mississippi Valley. Philadelphia has within the city limits 1,000 miles of track belonging to the steam railways.

Back of the city and of the state stretch to the Pacific Ocean 3,000 miles of the richest territory upon the earth, inhabited by over 75,000,000 of the most prosperous people, and in the near future probably to contain 150,000,000 of such people.

To produce friction in business is to give facility, and facility means attraction for commerce. What may not be done with traffic in New York and Philadelphia when a carload of export goods may be placed within a few feet of the side of the steamer and when the steamer may empty its cargo directly into the car?

As the margins in commercial operations grow narrower may it not be expected that that city will do most business where first hands can buy and sell in a general exchange and where costs of hauling and lighterage are eliminated?

In a word, our prosperity means in a reciprocal sense your prosperity, and your prosperity means ours. Where anything that will enable the men of Philadelphia to deliver to you our manufactured products at a reduced cost for transportation, that is a benefit to you, and it will likewise benefit us to have the purchases which we make from you laid down at fair rates within our warehouses and our stores, and bear in mind that any freight schedules that are not fair between these two great cities act as a "closed door" to your business and to ours, and cannot be an "open door" for trade.

"What is a fair rate?" may be asked.

Would you consider it a fair rate where it costs as much to move a ton of freight from Philadelphia to New York or vice versa as it does to move a ton of the same class of merchandise from New York to Chicago? The distance in the first case being ninety miles, and in the second nearly one thousand.

Is it a fair rate which costs as much, with your cartage added, to transport a ton of merchandise from New York City to Philadelphia as it does to carry the same class and weight of goods

from Amsterdam, Holland, to the wharves of Philadelphia? And yet these illustrations are nearly practically correct, for you can ship goods to Chicago for the same charge that it will cost to ship them to Philadelphia.

But it is not alone in freight charges that you men of New York sit behind "closed doors." It is said that "time is money," and if it is money in any part of the world, it is surely so right here in New York. Realizing this, one of the two railroads which stretch from New York to Philadelphia built only a few years since six splendid locomotives of extra speed and strength with which it was intended to reduce the time between the two cities to ninety minutes in place of two hours, as at present, but for some reason the fast schedule has not yet been put into force, although I have been assured that there would be no unusual difficulty in either of the lines making the journey in ninety minutes, and as this would mean a saving of one whole hour of the round trip to the man from New York who wants to buy or sell in Philadelphia, and to us who come to you for the same object, it is an item of tremendous importance.

The engineers of the Pennsylvania railroad used to say that the late Frank Thomson laid awake at night to see how he could shorten time schedules.

I am of the opinion that a rate of \$75.00 for a fifty-trip book would, within a year or so, so largely increase the traffic between the two cities as to make it a profitable departure for the railroad interests. The round trip rate is now \$4.00, or \$90.00 for fifty trips, which is \$1.80 for a single passage.

What an impetus to increased travel it will be when we can have a round trip between the two cities in three hours for a round trip fare of \$3.00, and yet there are other things which must be considered.

It is an outrageously extortionate charge to be compelled to pay \$1.00 for a five minutes' talk over the long-distance telephone between you and me, who are but ninety miles apart, and in no other civilized country of the world do such charges exist between two such great cities. A rate of twenty-five cents

would be more in keeping with European charges for such service.

The telephone is now a necessity, and its charges ought to be regulated by an amendment to the Interstate Commerce law, which would give you an "open door" for telephonic communication between you and your Quaker City friends.

Do you know how much it would cost to build an independent long-distance telephone line to connect the two cities?

I have figures before me showing the cost of poles, wire, cross-arms, pins, bolts, braces, glasses, nuts and washers, together with labor and incidentals for a line of twenty wires (ten circuits) constructed with the best materials and in the best manner, at a total of \$1324.75 per mile, or about \$119,000 for the whole line outside of the cost of switchboards and exchanges, and the cost of tearing up streets, laying conduits, building manholes, etc., at the terminals. An independent line would not only cause a reduction of the present arbitrary and extravagant rates by at least one-half or more, but it would be an immensely profitable investment.

The growth of a city in commercial importance is closely controlled by recognized physical conditions. Before the utilization of steam for land transportation, a location either upon the seacoast or upon a navigable river was almost essential to great commercial prominence. In ancient times, it is true, places which were on the lines of great caravan routes, such as Damascus and Palmyra, were prominent commercial centres, and in the Middle Ages the same conditions gave wealth and importance to some of the inland cities of continental Europe ; but, as a rule, the world's history shows that the great commercial cities have been those that have had access to navigable waters, especially the sea, and have been those also peopled by men who were alive to the natural advantages they possessed, and were enterprising enough to make the best use of their opportunities.

It was easy access to the water, and the disposition of their people to profit by this, which gave wealth and fame to such places as Tyre, Athens, Carthage, Venice, Genoa, and other great but less noted cities.

In modern times it is the development of the facilities for

reaching trade centres by deep water avenues, that has made London, Liverpool, Glasgow, Hamburg, Antwerp, New York, Philadelphia and Chicago great and prosperous communities.

Chicago, by means of her so-called Drainage Canal, will soon have access to the Illinois River, and the speedy deepening of that river will give an outlet to the Mississippi, the "Father of Waters," down whose broad bosom millions of tons of freight that otherwise would, perforce, come to eastern seaboard cities, will find a shipping point at New Orleans, and that means another closed door against New York and Philadelphia, and Baltimore and Norfolk, and a very serious one it will prove to be.

But you ask, "How can we help ourselves?" "How can we check the 'Star of Empire' from ever rolling westward? How can we secure and hold our vanishing commerce?"

My good friends, listen. A ship canal can be built that will connect the waters of New York Bay with the limpid Delaware River, which would be only thirty-one and four-tenths miles long, and the cost of its construction might be paid by the savings upon your coal bills, of one-half dollar per ton in freight charges for ten years, for you use six millions of tons of coal annually, and with this waterway the saving would be at least one-half dollar per ton, and possibly more.

The canal now connecting the Delaware River with the Chesapeake Bay, which is ten feet deep, and fourteen miles long, could be enlarged to a depth of thirty feet, so that vessels of the largest tonnage could pass through it, for a sum not exceeding \$5,000,000.

"And what good would that do New York?" you ask.

It would bring the cities of Norfolk, Baltimore, Washington, Wilmington, Philadelphia and Trenton right to your very doors by the cheapest and easiest mode of transportation, the mode of least resistance—interior waterways.

The products of the territory south of you would reach you at a cost so low as to stimulate existing manufactures and create new ones that are now impossible because of the present cost of transporting the raw products.

On the other hand we in Philadelphia would be able to have

our purchases which we make in your city carried to Philadelphia at rates which would mean a tremendous increase in the volume of business between the two cities.

Did you ever know that when the Suez Canal was opened the freight from London to China was \$190 per ton and that upon the opening of this waterway the rates immediately dropped to \$17 per ton, and without this canal, in all probability the tolls would not be much less at any rate than \$190 per ton, even at the present time?

Do you know what a magical effect upon the prosperity of our great northwest the Sault Ste Marie Canal has? Do you know that without it the cost of our living would be greatly increased? The reduction in freight between New York and Philadelphia, while it would not be on such a startling scale as that caused by the opening of the Suez Canal, still would be of such importance that at the present time can hardly be conceived.

In time of war such a system of inland navigation would be New York's surest defense: for your harbor might be another Santiago, with a hostile fleet in front of you, and the mouths of the Chesapeake and Delaware Bays might also be closed with the enemy's fleets, but were this interior waterway completed it would enable us to pass from the North to the South and from the South to the North with men-of-war as well as merchant marine in safety and with celerity.

If occasion demanded, a fleet at anchor at League Island in the evening might sail up the Delaware River and through this canal and be anchored in front of your city in the morning. We could thus "laugh the enemy to scorn," and we could defy the combined navies of all Europe to do us mortal injury were this system of waterways completed in its entirety.

And, gentlemen, this is no new subject. It was advocated by Gallatin in 1807, by Calhoun in '42, by General Grant in his second message to Congress, by Governor Beaver in his message to the Legislature of Pennsylvania, and by numbers of other far-sighted, patriotic and long-headed men, most of whom have gone through the great "open door" that we all will have to pass through.

Gentlemen, if you want an open door to New York you must

not only have lower dock charges, deeper water, quicker time between your important neighbors, cheaper telephone and telegraph charges, cheaper railroad fares and express rates, with some new system of saving serious outlays for lighterage and drayage in your city and harbor, but above all you should grasp the opportunity which a kind providence has placed within your reach and encourage and help in every way this grand project to connect four great cities together by a broad and deep interior waterway, which can be completed at an expense so trifling, compared with the advantages to be derived from it, and with such slight physical difficulties in the cutting of the canals, that the wonder of wonders is that it has not been done years ago.

The city of Philadelphia has shown her interest in the enterprise by the appropriation of \$10,000 to pay for a careful survey of the proposed route and its probable cost. The survey is now completed and a copy of the report may be had by anyone for the asking, but it remains with you to take hold with us and see how soon we can remove the restrictions to an "open door" to both cities when we pull together and do not pull apart.

"This is all true, and it is strange.

"No, it is ten times strange, for truth is truth to the end of reckoning."

THOMAS MARTINDALE.

Philadelphia.

IS THE BIBLE INFALLIBLE?

THE human mind craves for truth; it is but natural that we should all desire to have truth, without any admixture of error; hence the subject of infallibility must command the attention and serious reflection of all men. Over twenty-five years ago, that subject agitated the whole of Christendom, and disturbed the minds of all leading European statesmen. The word infallibility became a scare, and at the same time a word of reproach. This not because of the true meaning of the word, but because of the false nature which the imaginary conception of theologians and other studious minds ascribed to it. At that time the discussion

of infallibility had relation to the Pope of Rome ; at the present time, it is the infallibility of the Bible which is the vexed and vexing question in the Presbyterian and Protestant Episcopal Churches, two large and most influential denominations in the country.

"The Bible is a perfect guide of doctrine and morals," was the battle cry against Dr. Briggs, which resulted in his expulsion from the Presbyterian ministry, and the case of Dr. McGiffert, which is so soon to engage the attention of the General Assembly, will be fought upon the same ground.

The subject of Biblical criticism, involving thorough knowledge of the Oriental languages and minute scholarship, and hence a most delicate one to treat, even by the most learned and wise, is confused and befogged from the fact that it is often discussed by reporters of the public press, who are neither born metaphysicians, trained philosophers, nor disciplined philologists, and are, therefore, not very precise in "writing up" their interviews.

Another misfortune, which has been thus far detrimental to the discussion, was that those who are least competent, are the very ones who either voluntarily enter the arena of debate, or are called upon by sensational newspapers to participate in it. All those who have thus far discussed the subject from their respective pulpits or in pastoral conferences, are men who though well-known in the community as public teachers and distinguished orators, but, either by training, habits of thought, or disposition, are not sufficiently equipped to speak with any authority.

The proposition of the inerrancy of any written document always seemed to us incomprehensible. But the claim of inerrancy made for the Bible either in the so-called original text or as translated, contains such an absurd and preposterous proposition, that it is only an act of charitable disposition to say that it emanates from gross ignorance and abnormal pious sentimentality. That such a question should become the subject of a heated debate in a gathering of clergymen, is a poor testimony of the knowledge which these divines have of the book upon which they base the salvation of the flocks intrusted

to them. Even the Roman Catholic Church, which, through the Council of Trent "ordains and declares that the said old and Vulgate edition, which, by the lengthened usage of so many ages, has been approved of in the Church, be in public lectures, disputations, sermons and expositions, held as authentic," never intended that any infallibility should be attached to that translation. The same Council directed that "henceforth the Sacred Scriptures, and especially the said old Vulgate edition, be printed in the most correct manner possible," which indicates that there were errors then to be corrected. If any translation of the Bible has any claim to infallibility, it certainly would belong to "the old Vulgate edition," which, in point of age and hence also in correctness, more truly represents the Hebrew and Greek copies than any of the manuscripts of which our versions pretend to be translations.

The early Hebrew text, from which the Septuagint was translated, no longer exists, and the text used by St. Jerome is lost. The translators, who, in 1611, gave us the King James Bible, commonly known as "the Authorized Version," refused to consult the Septuagint or to profit by the Vulgate, and pretended to translate from the Hebrew text, known as the Massorah. Of that text, the scholars who were engaged in the work of the New Version, in 1881, say that "the received, or, as it is commonly known, the Massoretic text of the Old Testament Scriptures, has come down to us in manuscripts, which are of no very great antiquity, and which all belonged to the same family or rescension. That other rescensions were at the time in existence, is probable from the variations in the ancient versions, the oldest of which, the Greek or the Septuagint, was made, at least in part, some two centuries before the Christian era."

The Massoretic text, "of no very great antiquity," is also biased, full of glaring mistakes and manipulated in the interests of anti-Christian teachings, and is therefore, most unreliable, and of no value as a text, for the translation of which some claim infallibility. Here are a few instances which will, at once, convince the intelligent reader of the fallibility of that manuscript itself.

In Genesis, chapter iv, verse 8, the Hebrew text reads "and

Cain said to Abel, his brother . . . and it came to pass, when they were in the field." The reader at once feels that there is something missing in the text. The translators of the King James version tried to supply the want by reading "and Cain talked to his brother Abel." But the word *Vaiomar* even if it were in the original cannot well be translated "talked," and even then the text is not restored. But both the Septuagint and the Vulgate read "and Cain said to Abel, his brother . . . let us go out." In the edition of Kennicott and de Rossi we find that the Samaritan text reads: *Neilcha Sada*, "let us go out into the field." Here are two words left out in the Massoretic text, which destroys its meaning, and which is not remedied in King James version by their not consulting the older texts.

In Genesis, chapter xxviii, verse 9, the Hebrew text reads . . . "then went Esau to Ishmael and took unto the wives which he had Mahalath, the daughter of Ishmael . . . the sister of Nebojah, to be his wife." Now according to Genesis, chapter xxxvi, verse 3, 4, and 10, the daughter of Ishmael, the sister of Nebojah was called Bashemath and not Mahalath. In Genesis, chapter xxxv, verse 7, the Massorah reads "and he (Jacob) built an altar, and called the place El Bethel." The Hebrew word "*Lamakom*" indicates that something must follow. The Vulgate reads "*Loci illius*" which is the same as the rendering by De Rossi, "*Lamakom Hahu*." According to this Jacob called that place El Bethel. But from the preceding verse we know that this place was already so named by Jacob. Therefore, verse 7 would be mere repetition, if it were correct.

The eminent Biblical critic De Vette translates . . . "and he called the place (Altar) of God at Beth El," which is an improvement. The correct text very probably did not have the word "*Lamakom*," and instead of the word "*Misbach*," it read "he called the altar, the altar of God at Beth El."

In Genesis, chapter xxxvi, verse 6, the Massorah reads, "and went into the country from the face of his brother Jacob." In this text again, some word is left out. In that view we are supported by the Samaritan text, which reads "went into the land of Canaan" and also by the Vulgate which reads with 226 k.

"Went into another country," or in Hebrew, *El Arez Acher*.

In chapter xli, verse 56, the Hebrew text is again defective. It reads, "and he (Joseph) opened all that was in them," which, of course, makes the text meaningless. All translators usually ignore the Hebrew text altogether, and read, "and he opened all the storehouses." The Septuagint translates "and he opened everything that contained corn." The two great Rabbis, Doctors Phillipson and Fuerst, who otherwise kept close to the Massorah, follow the indications of the Septuagint in this instance. In Numbers xx, 1, the Hebrew text reads, "then came the children of Israel . . . into the desert of Zin, in the first month." Here the year is unmistakably left out, and should read "Baschana Haschlichis bachodesch harischon, in the third year and the first month."

In the first book of Samuel, chapter xiii, verse 1, the Massorah reads Ben schana schaul bomolcho, "Saul was one year old when he begun to reign." Undoubtedly a word is missing between Ben and Bomolcho. The translators were all aware of the difficulty and labored to supply the word, but without success. The learned Rabbis, Phillipson, Landau and Kompf, translate . . . "it was one year after Saul commenced to reign," and in a footnote "and . . . year was Saul old when he became king." Thus indicating that the number of years are missing in the text. The Rabbis Zunz, Arnheim, Fuerst and Sachs, read "when Saul was one year king, and he ruled two years," which obscures the meaning of the text. De Vette begins the chapter thus, " . . . year was Saul when he became king." The footnote in the Rabbinical translation and the remarkable timidity of that keen critic De Vette in commencing that passage . . . is very significant. It is a clear admission of the corruption of the text and of the helplessness of the translators. The commentators are in no better condition in their efforts to restore the text.

The Allioli as well as the Douay version affords no help whatsoever. That Saul was not one year old when he ascended the throne is evident from verses 2 and 3, which state that in the second year of his reign, he already had a son old enough to take command of one-third of his army. Such glaring mistakes in the Massoretic text are by no means an exception, as we shall see hereafter.

In the second book of Kings, chapter xv, verse 30, the Hebrew text tells us "that Jotham was king for twenty years." In verse 33, of the same chapter, we are told that "Jotham was twenty-five years old when he commenced to reign," and, "he reigned sixteen years in Jerusalem." There is no ground to assume an interregnum lasting to the fourth year of Ahaz. But even in this case, it is impossible to protract four years of Jotham's life after his death.

In chapter xiv and verse 6 of the same book, the Massorah reads, "and the Syrians came back to Elath," evidently the word Aromim is incorrect, and the word Adomim was originally in the text. This conjecture is supported by the renderings of the Septuagint, Vulgate and the Jewish translation which read "and the Edomites, came back to Elath." Again in the 22d chapter and 1st verse of the same book, Josiah is reported to have been eight years old when he became king, but the word "year," *schana*, in the singular, instead of *schanim*, in the plural, is an indication of the incorrectness of the text, and leads to the conclusion that a word is missing between *schmona* and *schana*.

In the second book of Chronicles, chapter xxviii, verse 1, we are informed that Ahaz was twenty years old when he commenced to reign, and that he ruled sixteen years, at the end of which time, namely, at the age of thirty-six, his son, Hezekiah, ascended the throne, and he was then twenty-five years old. If that text be correct, then we must assume against all oriental customs, and especially against the unalterable code for the guidance of a princely house, that Ahaz begot his son at the age of eleven years.

Such and similar corruptions in the text, and of a more serious nature, can be found in plenty. The Messianic prophecies in Isaiah, especially, are so mutilated, that the commentators find themselves in a most embarrassing position, and as far as we are informed, the new version now already published under the editorship of the brilliant Dr. Haupt, of Baltimore, will afford but little relief. Suffice it to say that the Massoretic text which the "Westminster Fathers" used for the King James version is "of no very great antiquity" and unreliable, and has, therefore, no claim to infallibility.

When one comes to examine closely the translation of the King James Bible, one is constantly confronted with and amazed at the blunders, and almost unpardonable mis-translations, especially when one remembers that this translation was made for the people, and proclaimed to be the only authority and guide in all matters of dogma and ethics. The translators not only had a corrupted text before them, but they were also incompetent to use their text properly, and too stubborn to be benefited by the Septuagint and Vulgate, and other texts of antiquity and reliability.

In Genesis xxxvi, verse 24, the King James version reads, "this was that Anah that found the mules in the wilderness." No one who has studied the Hebrew language for the period of three months, will translate the word "Hajamim" by "mules." The Vulgate correctly translates "Aguas Calidas," or "hot waters." The Jewish translators give the original word "Jemim." The Samaritan text reads "Hemim" instead of "Iamim" and it may be that the Rabbinical translation follows the Samaritan. If so it has the meaning of "giants," as in Genesis, chapter xiv, verse 5. De Vette translates it, "warne quellem," or "hot springs," as do also the more modern translators.

In Deuteronomy iv, 16, the Hebrew word "Pesel" is translated by "graven image." The word "image" is put into the text without any excuse. The Jewish people who understand the jealousy of Jehovah against any form of idolatry, translate it more correctly by "Goetzenbilder," as does the Septuagint by "Eidolon," and the Vulgate by "Sculptile." The same wilful interpolation is to be found in chapter ix, verse 12, chapter xxvii, verse 15, and in Habacuc, chapter ii, verse 18. In Numbers, chapter xii, verse 8, the Hebrew text reads, "with him will I speak mouth to mouth, plainly, and not in riddles and figures will he behold the Lord." The King James version clumsily translates the Hebrew word "Marah" by "apparently," and further mutilates the text by separating the word "Bchidas," from the word "Vtunnas," and reads arbitrarily, "and the similitude of the Lord shall he behold." The word "similitude" in the mouth of King James translators sounds very awkward to say the least.

In Exodus, chapter xx, verse 5, Jehovah undoubtedly forbade any adoration to any "graven thing," or any creature. The Hebrew word for adoration, used in this text, can be translated "to bend" or "to bow down in reverence." But in reference to God, or to idols, the meaning of adoration is always attached to it. Luther correctly translated "*Bete sie-nicht an.*" The King James reads "Thou shalt not bow down thyself to them." In Genesis, chapter xlvii, verse 31, the same Hebrew word is again translated "bow down," but in the Epistle to the Hebrews, chapter xi, verse 21, the same word is translated by "worship," which indicates that at a certain time the translators well knew that that word includes the meaning of adoration.

That the translators of the King James Bible had a particular aversion for the word "adoration" is fully attested from the fact that this word is not to be found anywhere in their translation, and the word worship was constantly substituted. As we have already seen, Jacob "worshipped" at the top of his staff, whatever that may mean. In Psalm lxxix, 5, the same Hebrew word is translated "worship," and also Psalm cxxxii, verse vii. But the word "worship" may mean any courtesy or honor shown royal personages and superior authority, but it does not express the meaning of adoration, which is the highest honor due to God only. In the marriage-service of the Anglican Church, the bridegroom is made to say to his bride, "With my body I thee worship," which, according to the King James Bible, would be an act of idolatry. Here again the Septuagint and the Vulgate, which Luther sometimes follows correctly, translate "adore" and "adoration."

The most glaring and inexcusable blunders, having almost the appearance of wilfulness, are to be found in the New Testament version. In the Sermon on the Mount delivered by Christ, this law-giver of a new dispensation recalls to the mind of the people the laws given to them by Moses, which he would supplement by his own more perfect teachings. In Matthew, v, 21, 27, 33, the Greek, the Vulgate and some of the more able modern translators render these passages . . . "ye have heard that it was said to them of old." The King James translators, here, as in many other places, ignore all the

old manuscripts, and translate in violation of language "by them of old," which treats the commandments of Moses as mere sayings of some unauthorized person. The Greek dative should have made it impossible for them to commit such an error.

In Luke, chapter i, verse 28, the angel greets Mary, saying "Hail full of grace." The Vulgate "*Gratia plena*," De Vette "*Du Begnadigte*," Doctor Ginzburg "*Bath R'Chumah*." Luther thought that "full of grace" was not good German, and that to the ordinary German mind it will call up "a barrel full of beer or a bag full of money." He first wanted to translate the greeting of the angel by "*Du liebe Maria*" (Dear Mary), but finally made a concession and translated "*Du holdselige*" (Thou gracious one). The translators of the King James version followed Luther in this respect, and translated "Hail thou that art highly favored." Yet in John, chapter i, verse 14, the same Greek word "highly favored" is there correctly rendered "full of grace."

In Col., chapter i, verse 12, the Apostle gives thanks to God the Father that he was "made worthy to be partaker in the inheritance of the Saints." The King James version reads "which has made us meet," somewhat following Luther, "*Uns Faehig gemacht*." Yet this same Greek word "*Ikanos*," here rendered "meet," is correctly translated by them in Matthew iii, 11, Mark i, 7, Luke iii, 16, by "worthy." In Romans, chapter xi, verse 4, "have not bowed their knees before Baal," the word "image" is again put in without any warrant, as that word is not to be found in any manuscript, or in any of the codices.

In the first Epistle to the Corinthians, chapter ix, verse 5, the Apostle says: "Have we not a right to lead about a woman who is a believing sister?" Without any precedent the King James mutilates the text and reads: "Have we not the power to lead about a sister, a wife?" The Greek word "*Adeleson*" may mean a wife, and may mean an unmarried woman. If it was the desire of the translators to indicate that the other Apostles were married men, and if they further intended to be commentators in the disguise of translators, then they should

have cut the Gordian knot, and translated, with Luther, "Eine schwester zum weibe" (a sister as a wife); but, a sister, a wife, rather reveals the timidity which they felt in their wilful work. But what will these translators do with the opinion lately advanced by the present Dean of Westminster, who, claiming that St. Paul was a member of the Sanhedrin, infers that he himself was a married man?

In I Cor. xi, 27, the Apostle Paul says: "Wherefore whosoever shall eat this bread, or drink this cup of the Lord unworthily, shall be guilty of the body and blood of Christ." The authorized version, however, changed the Greek word "or," and substituted the word "and." Dean Alford remarks: "The meaning of this ϵ is not to be changed to *kai*, as is most unfairly done in our English version, and the completeness of the argument thereby destroyed." Dean Stanley, in his candor, betrays the partisan spirit which controlled the translators of King James, when he says: "Probably from the wish to accommodate the text to the change of custom, or from hostility to the Roman Catholic practice of administering the bread without the cup, the English translators have unwarrantably rendered ϵ , and *kai* for ϵ occurs only in A and three cursive manuscripts." The revisers of 1881 have recognized the inexcusable rendering of the King James version, and translate "whosoever shall eat this bread or drink this cup," following the translation of the Vulgate.

In the Epistle to the Hebrews, chapter x, verse 38, the Apostle, quoting the prophet Habacuc, says, "the righteous man shall live by faith, but if he withdraw my soul shall have no pleasure in him." Here again without the slightest reason or excuse, the King James version reads "the just shall live by faith; but if any man withdraws," etc. The words "any man" are wilfully put into the text. The translators evidently had no regard for the text before them, and were acting the commentators, and thus mutilated the text.

In the Acts of the Apostles, chapter xx, verse 28, the Greek word "Episcopos," is translated "Overseers," while in the first Epistle of Timothy, chapter iii, verse 2, the same word is rendered "Bishop." In the same book chapter xiv, verse 15, and in

the Epistle of James, chapter v, verse 17, the King James translators represent the Prophet Elias and the Apostles to be "men of like passions." Luther, in his effort to write good German, translates "Elias war ein mensch gleich wie wir" (Elias was a man as we), and in Acts, chapter xiv, verse 15, he is more happy in his "sachseschin stiel" and reads: "Wir sind auch sterbliche menschen gleich wie ihr" (we are also mortal beings like yourself), evidently following the Vulgate, which reads "et nos mortales sumus similis vobis homines." It would indeed, seem that good taste and reverence for the Apostles should have prevented Christian men from ascribing "passions" with all that this word implies, to the Apostles and to a prophet especially when the original text neither warrants nor demands such a translation.

These are but a few instances of the many hundred which could be cited to show that even from a literary standpoint, the King James version—and the other translations are not much better—is not only imperfect, but unreliable, abounding in glaring mistakes, and clumsy reading, arising partially from a corrupted text before them, partially from the ignorance of the translators, as well as from an arbitrary and stubborn spirit. Can any scholar with a reputation to guard, or any man with intelligence enough to peruse the Scriptures, without bias, claim infallibility for such a work?

Those who do not agree with the view herein taken may reply by saying that after all the Bible is infallible in spite of an unreliable text, and an imperfect or even bad translation, in all the essential doctrines therein contained. Those who are inclined to reason on these lines usually ignore two very vital points. One is that the distinction between essentials and non-essentials, in a supernatural revelation, is purely fictitious and an invention of superficial theologians, as a means of relief from embarrassment. It is the act of a child who imagines that the ghosts which he believes to be in the house, will not detect him when he covers himself with his bed clothing. To speak of God as condescending to divest himself, as it were, of his eternal glory and habitation for the purpose of revealing to his creatures something which is not essential, which is a matter of in-

difference, is equal to saying that he revealed himself, and said certain things which he might as well have left unsaid. Such a revelation is unworthy of the most high and does not deserve the name.

But even if that argument were accepted, then it would only prove that the Bible is infallible objectively, and not subjectively, and hence it is not infallible at all. In other words, the Bible as a book containing God's revelation to man, through His Prophets and Apostles, and finally through the incarnate Logos, Christ, is certainly infallible in itself, that is, it contains the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth. It is in itself absolutely harmonious, absolutely eternal, not subject to any change or variations, and absolutely certain and free from any error.

But it should be borne in mind that the truth contained in God's revelation was given for the instruction, edification and guidance of man. In order to be saved, the individual must believe in it, and it must reach him as harmonious, as immutable, and as free from error as it left the mind of God. If this be not so, then what is the purpose of inspiration? For what purpose should the writers of the written revelation be guarded against error, if after all it cannot reach each individual in its original and pure condition? Revelation would, therefore, be superfluous and hence inconceivable. We do know, however, that the objectively infallible revelation contained in the Scriptures, ceases to be harmonious, unchangeable and free from error when viewed by the fallible mind subjectively. That is but natural, for it is not possible that the finite, changeable, and fallible mind, uninspired, should grasp the truth in its perfection, as it came from the infinite mind through channels which for the time being were infallible, as they operated and communicated under the restraint of divine inspiration.

The revelation contained in the Bible, as it came from the source of truth, perfection, harmony and beauty, from God, delivered to and written down by man, whose personality, learning or ignorance could have no effect upon the truth while they were under the influence of a divine impulse, which directed, assisted and guided them and thus prevented them

from committing any error, is certainly in itself infallible. That same truth, however, viewed by the subjective, fallible mind depending upon the learning, the religious bent of mind, the temper and disposition of the one who reads and interprets it, can no longer remain infallible.

"Divine revelation," says the brilliant and learned Mallock, "in so far as it professes to be revealed, it, of course, professes to be infallible ; but if the revealed parts be in the first place hard to distinguish, and in the second place hard to understand, —if it may mean many things and many of these contradictory —it might just as well have been never made at all." In other words, if the revelation which is objectively infallible cannot remain so subjectively, it might better never have been made at all.

According to the eminent Biblical scholar and commentator, De Vette, a revelation which though infallible in itself, does not reach the individual in the same condition, leads to confusion, contempt for religion, and hence to immorality and atheism. For, says he, "within the compass of a square mile, you may hear four, five, six different gospels. The people, believe me, mark it well; they speak almost contemptuously of their teachers, whom they hold either for blockheads or knaves, in teaching these opposite doctrines; because, in their simplicity, they believe that the truth is but one, and cannot conceive how each of these gentlemen can have a separate one of his own. Growing immorality, a consequence of contempt for religion, in many places occurs also, as a cause to its deeper downfall. The multitude cut the knot which galls them, march boldly forward, and fling themselves into the arms of atheism in thought and deed."

Is the Bible infallible? If by that is understood the revelation as given by God to his prophets and apostles, and as written down by holy men under divine inspiration, then the answer must be in the affirmative. Once the possibility and necessity of divine revelation is admitted, the doctrine of inspiration naturally follows, and then nothing but infallibility can be attached to anything coming from God through instruments safeguarded against error. Is the Bible infallible? If

by that is understood the Bible as we know it, either in what is called the original manuscripts or in the various translations, the Vulgate not excepted, the answer must emphatically be in the negative. To make good the claim of infallibility for the Bible in that sense, one would have to assume inspiration for the translators, which is unwarranted in reason or in Scripture, and is most improbable, judging from the ignorance, as well as from the arbitrary and partisan temper manifested in their work, the Vulgate excepted. And even inspired translators will not suffice. One would be driven to assume that each individual reader and interpreter of the Bible is also inspired. The Dean of Canterbury calls it : The verifying faculty of the Christian consciousness. Luther : The indwelling spirit in the word. All of which is but a refined paraphrasing of Quakerism. This then would be the result of the much boasted of progress in modern theology. What about the "open and free Bible?" It would practically result in substituting in the place of the Pope of Rome, a Pope made of paper, with millions of little Popes to twist and deform the paper Pope, who can neither speak, explain, nor resist any attack.

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New York.

LUTHER AND HENRY VIII.

IN the great ecclesiastical revolution of the XVIth century, misnamed the Reformation, two figures stand out in bold relief from all its attendant disorder, riot and bloodshed. Not that these two characters were united by any bond of spiritual kinship, for one despised and hated the other for his heresy, and both were mutually antagonistic in religious belief. One tie alone drew them to each other, and that was their unceasing hatred for Rome, and their persistent effort to destroy the Papacy. The proud monarch of Britain had little sympathy for the ecclesiast of Wittenberg, and he persecuted and massacred the latter's followers. Luther, after abusing the English King to his heart's content, crawled like a worm of the earth before him, when Henry's rupture with Rome was imminent. There is no blacker spot in English history than the ignominious reign of

Henry VIII., and Luther's self-degradation before power and lust is a picture that ought to sicken the hearts of his most devoted admirers.

Like all heretical coryphaei, both were false to God and their people, hollow and hypocritical of heart, and eaten up by the excess of pride and ambition. One searches in vain for anything lofty or uplifting in their lives. There is not one healthy impersonation of humanity in them. Everything is earthly for earth's sake, everything redolent of baseness and degradation, everything the offspring of avarice, sensuality and ambition. When we strip both characters of the halo of unmerited adulation and reverence, which three centuries of hero-worship have thrown about them, and resolve action and word into plain realities, we wonder that their miserable, false lives do not provoke universal contempt. But the last critic is posterity, and its voice has not been by any means favorable to the fair fame of Henry VIII. nor to the mighty heroism of the apostate monk. To-day when the boasted services of the British monarch and the German monk have been submitted to the test of historic criticism, and rational consideration, nothing can be discerned save the fatal strength of their intensely selfish passions. In them all is vanity. They fostered what was false and faithless; they weakened what was strong and healthy; they originated what was destructive to religion and humanity. An unhallowed ambition led the one in Germany and the other in England to grasp the headship of religion, and in their mad quest for their object, they flung faith and law to the winds; they became morally and spiritually paralyzed; in plain terms they sacrificed God to individual interest. They did irrevocable injury to the cause of truth and humanity, and when they passed from their cruel and terrible work here, their hearts, if but a qualm of conscience were left them, must have been wasted with self-indulgence and their souls racked with self-torment. In life these daring spirits defied God and man; their ungoverned passions over-leaped the barriers of all law, human and divine, and when they departed the scene of their wretched labors in this world, they left behind them the track of spiritual death and the ruin of immortal souls.

The intense theological battle waged by Henry VIII. in the happy days before he separated from Roman authority against the heresiarch Luther, will always find interested readers who inquire into the sombre events of the great ecclesiastical upheaval in the XVIth century. Those were indeed halcyon days in the life of the English king, when at peace with God and his conscience, he felt urged by faith and loyalty to do yeoman's service in behalf of the Church which was bitterly assailed by an unscrupulous and frantic monk. The literary labor of the royal defender of the faith is commendable not only for its wealth of doctrinal knowledge, but also for being one of the few intellectual glimmerings that flashed out from the night of years wherein no literary activity is discernible in England. A century and a half had passed since Chaucer, "the morning-star of English poetry," had arisen in the eastern sky of English literature and nearly two hundred years elapsed before another poet arose worthy to take place beside him. The fierce and lurid flames of civil strife, the worst form of war, had thrown men's minds into a lethargy, and the appearance of a work penned by the royal hand, on a subject deserving the learning and skill of a master-spirit, was like the light of day breaking through the dense gloom of a long and dreary night. That was a desolate and protracted interval between the death of Chaucer in 1400 and the birth of Spenser in 1553. The premature day in spring, as Wharton styles Chaucer, was followed by the gloom of winter, and the buds and blossoms which had been called forth by a transient sunshine were nipped by frosts and scattered by storms. A few writers like Sir Thomas Wyatt, Anne Boleyn's lover, and the ill-fated Surrey who died for the crime of being a Howard, le during this lengthy interval some marked impression on English verse, but the best exposition of masculine thought and deep learning was undoubtedly Henry VIIIth's "*Assertio Septem Sacramentorum*." The work disclosed genuine ability in its royal author and awakened the admiration of the English people and the appreciation and sympathy of the learned abroad. A French translation of the *Assertio* was published in 1850 at Angers by the Abbe Manpoint, Vicar-General of the diocese of Rennes. Even to-day, in the light of our great progress in culture, its

perusal excites interest, if not for its theological value, at least for its connection with a historical period which is chiefly associated in our minds with a great upheaval of governments and religion and the dark destiny of bloodshed. At the epoch when Henry VIII. wrote this apologetical work, everything gathered about him to dignify his position as a royal author and to endear him to his faith and people. Rank, wealth, talent, beauty, virtue—all were his. There was little to annoy or harass his peace. His father had bequeathed him an absolutism as extreme as ever Russian Czar enjoyed, a Parliament that was a pliant tool in the hands of himself and ministers, wealth wrested by continual extortion from the people and boundless when we consider the state of the times; in a few words, Henry's was a legacy of riches, avarice, despotism and blood. When the first of the Tudor line died, there were few to say a requiescat for his soul's repose, and when Henry VIII. ascended the throne, his subjects entertained great hopes for the speedy amelioration of the tyrannical conditions that weighed so heavily upon them. And for a while at least their confidence was not misplaced. Henry VIII. at the beginning of his reign did not violate the rights of liberty, property and conscience. He entered on a round of pleasure that endured for two years; he displayed a liberality that was in striking contrast with his father's meanness; he was endowed with all the physical strength and grace that could make a young sovereign the idol of his people. He patronized literature and gathered about him men noted for their goodness and wisdom, and, what was better, men beloved by the whole nation. He had now forged another chain on the affections of his subjects by becoming the defender of the Church, which had not yet lost its beneficent hold on the loyalty of the English people. The young king confirmed the amnesty which his father had granted on his death-bed, and the joy of his people at this act of good feeling and sympathy towards oppressed innocence broke out into passionate and affectionate demonstrations whenever Henry appeared before the populace. He went forth the king of a rejoicing nation, surrounded by cohorts of devoted nobles and multitudes of a contented people, and greeted by the prayers, the shouts, the

tender words and uplifted hands of his subjects, and while many bade "God save your Grace" and "Long live the King," there was nothing but gladness and comfort visible on every side. His splendor in these public displays was so dazzling that we are reminded of Milton's Seraph, "another morn risen on midnoon." But, alas, the seraph was destined to become a "grizzly terror," and before long, dominated by selfish passion, Henry VIII. would far outstrip his father's vices and create a despotism in which religion was rent "as a vesture," lives nearest and dearest, highest and holiest sacrificed to hatred, ambition and lust, and the people ground down to a slavery the worst that has ever been recorded in the pages of Christian history. "Blood and tears," as such Shakespeare presents Henry's reign to his readers.

While England was yet enjoying the delights of peace and the tranquillity and freedom from the servitude imposed in the preceding reign, granted by its youthful sovereign, Germany was convulsed to the very depth of its national life by a mighty political and religious revolution. Schism, heresy and rebellion seemed to have been Germany's lot for centuries. Scarcely were the errors of Huss and Jerome of Prague suppressed and their authors led to punishment, when another heresiarch appeared to continue the turbulent and depressing drama. Luther, a monk, with innovating tendencies, caused a commotion in Germany which shook to their foundations the religious and political institutions of the country. Bold, aggressive, ambitious, Luther spoke with a masterful strength and homely diction that attracted the common people to his cause. His powers of scorn, irony and ridicule surpassed in effect the logic, learning and skill of powerful opponents. He touched the popular heart by his audacity and frankness; he captivated prince and peasant by his appeal to their passions, and he wielded an immense influence with the multitude by his advocacy of the cause of the poor against the rich. Luther was the idol of his times, and his times afforded him vast opportunities for the propaganda of his nefarious doctrines, which were subversive of faith, authority, and morality. His primary scheme was to cut Germany away from allegiance to Rome,

from obedience to bishops, popes and superiors, and then to install himself at Wittenberg as "Summus Pontifex" of a new religion which he was secretly and gradually evolving and giving, as circumstances directed, piecemeal to his deluded followers. To enlist power on the side of his mighty labor, he elevated the State above the Church, Germany above Rome, and instead of proscribing vice, he gave men the occasion to deify their passions and erect altars to them.

A consummate hypocrite, he pretended to preach Gospel-truth, while he inculcated principles from which infidelity, immorality and revolution proceeded, and from which have been derived most of the social evils that afflict us to-day. Luther substituted private judgment for religion and lawful authority, and from this rallying point men started to form as many modes of belief and unbelief as there were individuals to form them. In Luther's day, the sects were many, and in our day they form a shapeless mass of divergent errors that are as many as the stars in the firmament.

The historical student may easily follow, despite his ever recurring inconsistencies, the different stages in Luther's development of his false creed. After startling Germany with his protests against indulgences, Luther began to deny doctrine after doctrine as taught by the Church and to inculcate falsities, some of which he borrowed from the sectaries of earlier days and others he fashioned in the workshop of his own feverish brain. In his work, "*De Statu Ecclesiae Emendando*," he inveighs against the Pope whom he calls the Antichrist, and the opprobrious name rings throughout Germany. At Leipsic, he denied the divine origin of the Papacy, and this new discovery had but added weight to his denial. In 1520, he preached a sermon on the Eucharist, and it was denounced by Duke George to the Elector of Saxony as being only a revival of the doctrine of Huss. Then Luther launched his "Manifesto to the German Nobility," in which after calling the attention of the German princes and nobles to the necessity of reforming the Church, he indicates the way to do it, by destroying all kinds of priestly hierarchy. He declares that baptism, in making men children of God, confers on them ecclesiastical powers,

and he calls on all who have Teutonic blood in their veins to arise and put an end to the Papacy, the Antichrist of Daniel. Having thus attacked the Papacy and the priesthood, Luther in his book ; "*De Captivitate Babylonica Ecclesiae*," questions the number and the validity of the Sacraments. He reduced the number at first to three and again to two. He declaims in this book against the sacrifice of the Mass, and implies that it is simply a commemorative ceremony. The work is filled with characteristic Lutheran declarations. He repudiates the teachings of the schools, and in doing so he rejects the teachings of the Church. Everybody, be he the king, burgher, or peasant, is a priest. It was the ancient doctrine of a universal priesthood. We have no need further of a ministry. The teaching was carried out to its fullest meaning, much to Luther's disgust. Men, most illiterate and certainly without vocation, mounted the pulpit and harangued in vile language the people. The believer is the freest judge of all teachers, because he is inwardly instructed by God alone. Human cooperation is entirely unnecessary. Men, drinking in such outrageous and novel principles, soon concluded that the conversion of man's will is the exclusive work of God. To what a fateful issue such reckless ideas might be brought. Again, Luther denied free-will in man, but strangely gave him the greatest ecclesiastical liberty. In making man his own priest, he rejected the necessity of a visible Church. To uphold his contention, he was compelled to cast aside all historical and traditionary guidance, and as he could find no warrant for his innovation in the Apostles, he appealed to his own inner consciousness as illuminated by the Holy Spirit. As we have said, a host of preachers sprang up, thick as flies on a summer's day, and to this uncalled crowd of ignorant, but peace-disturbing haranguers is mainly attributable the terrible War of the Peasants.

All the force of Luther's scorn and ridicule was brought to bear in this ultra-radical and heretical book on the sacraments. With his favorite doctrine of salvation by faith, he robs the sacrament of its meaning, making it a sign or seal of the divine promises to excite faith. He holds that the sacraments of the New Law differ in no way from the sacraments of the Old Law,

that the words by which they are administered are only exhortatory, not consecratory, that they do not confer grace "*ex opere operato*," and that the character impressed is a delusion, a sort of magical incantation. He is so liberal in the matter of the minister who administers the sacraments that he claims if the devil was the minister, the sacraments would be validly administered. Luther rejects confirmation, and denies the truth of the Eucharistic Sacrifice, calling it an "abomination," and in another book, "*De Abroganda Missa Privata*," he stigmatizes the Mass in which the priest alone communicates as singular, solitary and angular. Luther denied Transubstantiation, and claimed to have found in the Bible his doctrine of impanation or companation, which Leibnitz, a Protestant, could not tolerate, preferring to follow the voice of universal tradition. He places the whole work of repentance in a newness of life or change of mind, without any need of hatred for past sin or sorrow of soul for evil committed. He admits the benefit, but not the necessity of auricular confession. Luther cast the sacrament of Extreme Unction contemptuously aside, calling it *nonsense*, and he denied entirely the truth of the sacrament of Holy Orders. The sacrament of matrimony he degraded so manifestly that afterwards in union with Melancthon and other disciples, he gave permission to the sensual Landgrave of Hesse, Philip, to take another wife while his lawful wife was living. Erasmus was amazed at Luther's audacity in thus attempting to revolutionize the whole body of Catholic dogma, and he said: "Who ever could have believed that the Reformation, at the first bound, would come to clash with the morals, the dogmas, and the faith of fifteen centuries?" But before the Reformation was three years old, it began to reform itself at the hands of Carlstadt, Calvin, Zuinglius and other would-be leaders of religion, who breathed the fury of hell itself at one another, and who, according to an English Protestant Bishop, carried with them into the reformed churches "that very spirit of persecution which had driven them from the Church of Rome."

The alarm excited by Luther's anti-Catholic and revolutionary tirades against faith and authority affected not only the true children of the Church, but also princes and rulers of peoples.

In an incredibly short space of time, his doctrines had spread to several countries, among which we may mention particularly England. There is no doubt that a large number, probably whose minds were leavened with Lollardism, much akin to Lutheranism in rejection of the Sacraments of Penance and the Eucharist, espoused the new theology. The spirit of revolt against Church-authority would necessarily draw with it in the course of time rebellion against civil authority. Kings were right in fearing this new religion and its wonderful development. Henry VIII., who had attempted to repress the spread of these new doctrines by severe restrictions, resolved to enter the lists with Luther and refute his heretical teachings, as embodied in the work on the "Babylonian Captivity of the Church." The royal author was well fitted for his task. In his early youth, before the death of his brother, Prince Arthur, he was destined for the Church, and his education was therefore mainly ecclesiastical. He had been an ardent student of St. Thomas and the Fathers, and had devoted years to ecclesiastical and scholastic studies. He could not brook the insult and abuse which Luther had heaped on his favorite teacher and resolved to give the German monk a castigation which he well deserved. He had certainly the sympathy of Blessed Thomas Moore, Fisher and Wolsey, his chief advisers, who were all fervent admirers of the "Angel of the Schools."

Henry began his task of replying to the apostate monk of Wittenberg by declaring the regret he felt at seeing his aged and venerable mother, the Church, insulted and scorned by one of her unworthy children. "Oh, what happy times were those when holy Church wanted no defenders, since she had no enemies to contend with. But, alas, nowadays has one appeared, who, concealing his satanic malice under the cloak of zeal for truth, and urged on by hatred and anger, vomits forth his viperous venom against the Church. Would to God that every soul, renovated at the life-giving waters of baptism and redeemed by the blood of Christ, the old man and the child, the priest and the king, could arise to combat this ungrateful and impious wretch."

Henry calls Luther to task for his disobedience, quoting

against him the book of Deuteronomy which prescribes the sentence of death against every man that dareth to disobey a priest, his master. What punishment ought to be meted out to him that has disobeyed the Pope, the priest of priests? When the English monarch speaks of the majesty of crowned heads, he waxes very eloquent, and he uses skilfully as arguments history, law, philosophy, theology, and tradition to uphold the Papacy, against the irrational and heretical animadversions of the proud monk. Henry then takes up the sacraments "seriatim," and demonstrates from the Fathers and Doctors of the Church and also from Scripture their truth, nature and validity. He avails himself of every source of knowledge, and even of a happy wit to weaken his opponent's position. He touches very sorely Luther's pride, and bestows contemptuously on the monk such cutting names as "*sanctulus, doctorculus* and *eruditulus*." Luther is not to have all the ridicule, sarcasm and laughter, to himself. The royal author is as fine a rhetorician as a deep theologian. "There are no doctors," however celebrated on earth, no saints, however resplendent in heaven, none versed in the science of the Scriptures, whom this fellow (*doctorculus*), *eruditulus sanctulus*, "hath not rejected with proud disdain. What good then, can result from a contest with Luther, who agrees with none, who understands not himself, who denies what he at first asserted, asserts what he has but just denied. If you buckle on the armor of faith to resist him, he runs to reason; if you appeal to reason, he flies to faith; if you quote the philosophers, he appeals to Holy Writ; and if you follow him there, he loses himself in the labyrinth of the sophisms of the schools.

"An audacious writer, who puts himself above all law, despises our doctors, and from his pinnacle of greatness laughs at the living lights of our Church, and insults the majesty of our Pontiff's traditions, dogmas, morals, canons, the faith, and even the Church herself."

The royal theologian did his work with credit to himself and benefit to the Church. His logic, erudition and ridicule were all used with skilful application. Letters and messages of congratulation poured in on him from Germany, Italy, France, the Netherlands and

Spain. So elegant was the diction of the book, so plentiful its store of patristic and scholastic knowledge that it was the general belief that England's best scholars had co-operated in its composition. Erasmus, then at the height of his fame, was mentioned as having assisted Henry, but he indignantly denied the assertion, and gave good reasons for Henry's similarity of style to his own in that the latter had always been a constant reader of his books. Blessed John Fisher, Bishop of Rochester, was also named as Henry's co-laborer, but he declared that such a charge was "a calumnious falsehood," adding, "Let Henry enjoy his meed of praise without any participation in it."

Two magnificent copies of the "Assertio" were sent to the Holy Father, Leo X., and the Pontiff rewarded in a Bull the royal author by conferring on him and his descendants the title of "Defender of the faith,"—a title which all the sovereigns who have ever since occupied the British throne have added to their other official titles.

Luther, as was to be expected, was furious at the castigation administered to him and he wrote a pamphlet in reply in which scurrility competes with rage and hatred. It is too indecent for public light. Blessed Thomas Moore and John Fisher took up the pen in defence of their King, but they did not convert the wayward monk.

Two years later, when Luther saw that he could make no headway in perverting the English people and all things foretokened Henry's withdrawal from loyalty to Rome, he wrote a solemn recantation of his former insulting letter and on his knees implored Henry's pardon. The King, however, spurned the sycophant's overtures and did his utmost to stir up all Germany against the false teacher. Till Henry's dying day, he was merciless towards those who embraced Luther's creed.

Time, the great arbiter of human destiny, brought these doughty disputants into common ground. Luther remained till the close of his life a persistent enemy of Rome and the Pope, doing destructive work to religion and humanity.

Almost in his last moments, he gloried in what he considered inevitable : the destruction of the Papacy.

"Pestis eram vivus, moriens tua mors ero, papa."

In the Church at Wittenberg where he once ruled, his teachings have been all rejected save one; the Pope is Antichrist. Henry VIII. fell from grace almost as suddenly as Lucifer from glory. He drove his people into schism by force and murder, and in a long and odious reign, trampled on the rights of religion and his subjects. His end was as frightful as his life had been lawless, teeming with hate, remorse and blood. But we shall leave to Forster a description of it:

"It is fearful, but not unsalutary, to cast a parting glance at the vicious body of Henry VIII., after its work on earth was done. It lay, immovable and helpless, a mere corrupt and bloated mass of tyranny. No friend was near to comfort it; not even a courtier dared to warn it of its coming hour. The men alone it had gorged with the offal of its plunder, hurry back in affright from its perishing agonies, in disgust from its ulcerous sores. It could not move a limb nor lift a hand. The palace doors were made wider for its passage through them; and it could only then pass by means of machinery. Yet to the last it kept its ghastly state, descended daily from the bed-chamber into the room of kingly audience through a hole in the palace ceiling, and was nightly, by the same means, lifted back again to its sleepless bed. And to the last, unhappily for the world, it had its terrible indulgences. Before stretched in that helpless state of horror, its latest victim had been a Plantagenet.

"Nearest to itself in blood of all its living kindred, the Countess of Salisbury was, in her eightieth year, dragged to the scaffold for no pretended crime, save that of corresponding with her son; and having refused to lay her head upon the block (it was for traitors to do so, she said, "and she was none"), but moving swiftly round, and tossing it from side to side to avoid the execution, she was struck down by the weapons of the neighboring men-at-arms, and while her gray hairs streamed with blood, and her neck was forcibly held down, the axe discharged, at length, its dreadful office. The last victim of all followed in the graceful and gallant person of the young Lord Surrey. The dying tyranny, speechless and incapable of motion, had its hand lifted up to affix the formal seal to the death-warrant of the poet, the soldier, statesman and scholar,

and on the day of the execution, according to Hollinshed, was itself 'lying in the agonies of death.' Its miserable comfort, then, was the thought that youth was dying too; that the grave which yawned for abused health, indulged lusts, and monstrous crimes had, in the same instant, opened at the feet of manly health, of generous grace, of exquisite genius and model virtue. And so perished Henry VIII."

(Forster's Treatise on Popular Progress.)

REV. M. P. HEFFERNAN.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

NINE HUNDRED SAVAGES.

THE following article from the *Ave Maria*, of Notre Dame, Indiana, was sent to me in the early part of last September by a correspondent in Philadelphia, with the request that I would notice the same. The September GLOBE was nearly all printed at that time, and I was not then able to undertake any new work. I now propose to treat it and its author as I think they deserve.

"A practical suggestion in answer to a ridiculous charge.—On one of the great steamships that lately arrived in New York there were 930 Italian emigrants, mostly from Southern Italy, and, truth to tell, mostly savages. What their destination was is unknown to us, but we do know that as a body they are a disgrace to the land from which they hail, and will be no credit to ours, at least not for a long time to come—until they are civilized, and have been Christianized by our devoted clergy; until the children have learned what was never taught their parents.

"Two American priests, both of whom speak Italian, were passengers on the same boat with these people, but they could do nothing with them. The officers were obliged to adopt the strictest discipline in order to guard against riots and to prevent the destruction of the ship's property. As it was, these persons destroyed all the food they could not consume, and when the voyage was ended threw the dishes overboard. The priests thought it would be vain to remonstrate with them. Indeed, they had no use for priests, though professing our holy religion and hailing from a Catholic country.

"An eminent ecclesiastic in Rome lately accused us of being a Liberal, asserting in print that we have strayed from orthodox

paths and joined hands with those who are declared to be in opposition to the Holy See, etc. The charge is too ridiculous to be refuted ; however, we have this much to say in reply to it : The hunt for heresy can now be suspended with perfect safety, since it has narrowed down to our orthodox hedges. Our eminent critic and his associates may as well throw away their pens and empty their ink-horns. A change of occupation is what they need, and it is needed badly. We would suggest that, instead of combating evils which have no real existence, they devote all their energies henceforth to the improvement of the unfortunate people at their very doors, so many of whom are sunk in ignorance and steeped in vice. The general interest of the Church, we are confident, will not suffer meantime, and we shall endeavor to preserve our orthodoxy.

"Although there are a great many most estimable citizens of Italian birth in every part of the United States, it is an admitted fact that of all the foreigners that come to our shores the Italians, as a class, are the least desirable. It is also true that where they are thrifty and law-abiding they often cut no figure whatever as Catholics. In every instance where their religious condition has been improved it was necessary, first of all, for the clergy to make extraordinary efforts to gather the children together for catechetical instruction. Only through them could the parents be induced to attend Mass and listen to explanations of Christian doctrine. We have been assured over and over again, by those in a position to know and who are best qualified to judge, that the most indifferent and ill-instructed Catholics in this country, those least disposed to live up to their religion and least concerned about dying with its helps and consolations, are the natives of Catholic Italy, especially Southern Italy.

"But this is a touchy subject, and we shall not enlarge upon it. It ought not to be necessary to tell any unofficial representative of the Italian clergy, whether secular or regular, that until they have done incomparably more than has yet been done to improve the morals of their own people they should leave to American bishops the work of extirpating heresy on American soil."

Of this article I have to say *first* and in a general way that there is not a true or a manly line or word in it. It is false in spirit, in sentiment and in expression. Under the guise of being concerned about the morals of the Italians and with a smirking pat on the shoulders of "our devoted clergy"—for

that will help Notre Dame University—this article is as full of smooth hypocrisy as the devil is of lies. In a word it is full of velvet-clawed falsehood, a kind of falsehood which has been the curse and ruin of more ecclesiastical institutions than the world will ever know. How do I know this? How do I know that I have two eyes? There are mirrors and mirrors in this world.

It is a great pity that the author did not give the name of the steamship in which these nine hundred Italian savages arrived. At all events he might have given us the name of the steamship line or company, in which case I would have visited the offices of said company and thus have gotten at the real facts in the case. But in fact, the steamship or the savages did not worry the Notre Dame man to any extent. He was after larger game, as we shall see directly.

In the second place I have to suggest that to call those nine hundred Italian emigrants, savages, is stating the case a little strongly and especially for such a smooth-tongued and mild-mannered man, as our friend from Notre Dame evidently is. In brief this also is a concrete falsehood.

Many years ago I was crossing the ocean, as second cabin passenger, in one of the Red Cross line of packets sailing between Liverpool and Philadelphia. In the steerage there were about four hundred emigrants from the Emerald Isle, and when these smarmed on deck after the little infelicities incident to a sea voyage, it seemed to my verdant observation that they looked more like savages than anything I had ever seen. But I had not seen much in those days. In the same state-room with me there was an Irishman who was every inch a gentleman, and whose kindness to me was like that of an own brother or father.

“ But we’ve wander’d monie a weary foot,
Sin’ auld lang syne.”

I have since then seen real savages, red, yellow, and black, in their own lands and have learned to make clearer distinctions than when I was a boy. I have no doubt that scores of those four hundred swarming Emerald Islanders that impressed me so strangely forty-five years ago are now millionaires, or the wives of prosperous “merchants,” “distinguished politicians,” “statesmen,” etc., in this very city where I am hardly able to keep

the wolf from the door. And let me advise this man from Notre Dame, that in a world like this, so democratic, prosperous and damnable, it is never safe to dub a lot of emigrants as savages because they cannot speak our language even with a brogue, or because their back hair may not be smoothly combed "the first thing in the morning." It is not commercial equity to speak that way, neither in fact is it true.

What if those nine hundred Italians were a little hilarious on reaching these shores? They are an emotional, expressive and demonstrative race at best. They would not have been the choicest artists, poets and musicians of the race these last five hundred years if they had not always had more clear soul emotion than our friend of Notre Dame.

Suppose they did fling their tin plates and cups and platters into New York bay on first sight of our tall buildings. Surely there would be no use for such common things in this land of endless wealth and humbuggery. Has the Notre Dame man ever been in a crowd of joyous foreigners just reaching these shores, or was he born and reared in the western woods? Doubtless the foot-ball teams of Notre Dame University when well at it would look like savages to those same nine hundred Italians. It is simply a difference in point of view and in sensible comprehension.

Would the Notre Dame man like to know what those nine hundred Italian savages are doing to-day? I will tell him. The stronger among the women of the ship's load may be seen early every morning in this city of New York going from place to place where waste paper has been thrown out overnight—early birds that catch the worm—and before the rest of us have wakened from the night's dreams of our civilized indulgences—these dumb but industrious Italian women have gathered and packed their enormous bundles of rags or waste paper bundles twice as large and twice as heavy as themselves and are wending their way through the respectable quarters of the city, with their bundles poised on their heads, to such depots of concentrated rags and waste paper as will purchase the same from them. In a word, they have earned their breakfast before they eat it, which is more than can be said for some people at Notre Dame.

And the men among that ship's load, what are they doing? Many of them, literally scores and scores of them, have already become fruit venders on our public streets, where they may be seen every day in the week—except Sundays—with push carts on two wheels well filled with beautiful and brilliant fruit, which they are trying to dispose of at moderate prices to any and all that care to buy. Other scores of the boys are swarming the city as bootblacks and newsboys; still other scores of the younger men are selling flowers on our sidewalks, and I consider any one of these vocations superior to that of vender of pious falsehoods. Perhaps a few of the prettier girls of the nine hundred are already in some of the dangerous sweatshops of New York's civilization waiting their ruin, still others have already learned the art of fine dressing, down to twelve-inch waists, from some of our Catholic newspapers—and are on their way to the *demi-monde* and the real savagery of our modern Christian civilization.

Last Sunday morning I went to get my boots blacked or polished at the stand of a couple of Italians, and while they were at work I said to them, "You boys ought to be at church this morning."

The younger one of the two was disposed to treat my pleasantry with a degree of facetiousness, but the elder one remarked with a good deal of gusto: "I neber was in church in my life."—These might have been among our friend's nine hundred savages, and to give his remarks a pious turn, etc., he would speak of them as "professing our holy religion and hailing from Catholic Italy."

What queer ideas some of these western Catholic editors have of mankind and of "our holy religion" anyway.

In the *third* place I have to remark that it is not just or fair or manly to hold the hierarchy of Italy or the Italian Church responsible for the low swarms of the scum of the land that have long ago fallen into the ways of infidels, atheists, and worldlings the same as among ourselves and elsewhere or who may never have enjoyed Catholic faith though "hailing from Catholic Italy."

In various places in this world where the Christian Church

was once triumphant and all-powerful, there are to-day but few evidences of her once victorious sway. In the most civilized nations on earth there are vast multitudes who, as regards religion, are almost as low as the beasts of the field. We have millions of them in the United States. Take, for example, the smart and gifted and patriotic American plunderers of the churches in the Philippines—spite of all the efforts of “our devoted clergy.” In truth there are more thousands of degraded white men and women in a half a dozen of the leading cities of England, France, and America than there are in the whole of Italy. But will our man from Notre Dame blame or cast pious reflections upon “our devoted clergy” on this account or hold them responsible? Even though they may in fact be responsible?

It may be granted that some of the Italian clergy are too worldly-minded, too ambitious for riches and high positions and too unspiritual, may not the same be granted in regard to many of our own “devoted clergy?”

As a class I believe that our American priests try to do their duty up to the measure of their sight and ability. Will any man with a grain of charity in his soul presume to say that Italian priests as a class are less faithful?

There are devoted clergy in every land, and it is a crime of injustice to blame these men for what the devil does with his own.

It is not fair or just I say. There may be some blame attached to us all on this account, but God alone, and not any pious hypocrite from Notre Dame or elsewhere may draw the lines on such matters.

In the *fourth* place I must remark that even if the hierarchy of Rome were responsible for those nine hundred savages, the use the Notre Dame man makes of the assumption is alike inapplicable and grossly impertinent. That is, you cannot argue from the fact of wholesale degradation in Italy and the assumed fact that the Roman hierarchy are responsible for the fact to the conclusion that therefore the hierarchy of Rome have no business to oversee or correct or interfere with heresy or tendencies to heresy in America; and it is grossly presuming, nay, and very unbecoming for the mere editor of a flimsy publication

in this country to make any such application or argument. I speak of the *Ave Maria* as a flimsy publication because it must be plain to everybody that it is only because said publication is the organ of a leading university that it has any weight or influence whatever and not because of its own merits at all. But leaving this point for the present let us look at the argument itself.

Because there are immoral people in Italy, at least in southern Italy, the hierarchy of Rome must abandon all concern about growing and dangerous heresy in America till they have made perfect saints out of the savages in southern Italy.

As well say that until the hierarchy of America have made all our savages, white plunderers of churches, black chicken thieves, Chinese opium eaters, Indian football players, Irish whiskey drinkers, in a word the forty million unwashed, unbaptized and ungodly Americans generally—they need not bother about the dogmas of the Church—but let Americanism, liberalism, Protestantism, and every other accursed ism of unbelief have unmolested sway.

In fact the argument of the man from Notre Dame is worse and more silly and more senseless than this. Rome is the central head of the Catholic Church. She is by virtue of this headship, as concentrated in the Pope, the master mind of the faith of the world.

Above all things, it is her first duty to see that the faith of the Church in any of her most distant provinces suffers no shipwreck, and for this nameless nobody of Notre Dame to sit on his editorial tripod and modestly tell Rome to mind her own business and let the Notre Dame people and other American people mind theirs is about the coolest and most unblinking piece of western backwoods impudence that has come under my observation for many a day.

That some people of Notre Dame did not or could not mind their own business as far as Catholic orthodoxy was concerned may be gathered from the rebuke that set the Notre Dame editor to his injudicious writing. That Notre Dame time and again during the five years that preceded the Pope's condemnation of Americanism, harbored and encouraged the most

notorious representative of that heresy to orate in its academic halls is matter of well-known history. So it would seem that after fair trial, in the judgment of the Holy Father himself, it was not considered entirely safe to "leave to the American bishops the work of extirpating heresy on American soil."

It is a well-known fact that for one reason or another they did not do it. And the editor of the *Ava Maria* had a great deal better be apologizing to Rome and the rest of us for his failures in this respect than at work upon such hypocritical and impudent editorials as the one here quoted. As to the general question of the comparative morals of the Italians, the Irish, the English, the French, the Germans or the Americans, that is clearly a more difficult problem than the man from Notre Dame begins to understand. If it were simply a question of the numbers of baptized persons, in proportion to the whole population, the Italians would probably have the best of the comparison; if it were simply a matter of what is called the duties of practical Catholics, may be the Irish would get the better of it, but as it is, as I hold, a question finally, of essential, spiritual and truthful morality, then perhaps the English and the Germans might have some show; but no man dare raise this question. Wait till the books of God on the judgment day are opened, and meanwhile judge of other nations and the inhabitants of those nations as you would like the representatives of your own nation to be judged.

I look upon this constant belittling of the piety of the Italians, the Poles, the Germans, and this constant nagging at the selfishness of the English, etc., as so much narrow-headed and idiotic impudence on the part of various Catholic writers in this country.

Is selfishness or any other vice in the entire calendar of vices the exclusive or peculiar property of any nation under the sun?

Is the shirking of religious duties practiced only by the Italians? O mouthing hypocrite, where are the ten million of Irish Catholics that have been lost to the Church in America during the last forty years? Silence and reverence for the true here and elsewhere.

They were tempted beyond their strength and fell, like thousands in France, in England, in Italy and elsewhere.

Quit your mere two-by-four estimates of mankind. Watch the sources whence your own thoughts and purposes rise, and let us all try to be decent and truthful and charitable men.

When I think of Raphael, Michael Angelo, and their splendid peers in the realm of art; when I remember the immortal Dante, Petrarch, Tasso and the master singers of Italian melody; when I recall the long category of beautiful and saintly Italian lives that have adorned the Church in ages past, and the array of scholarly and gifted Italians that have occupied the papal chair.

Yea, when I remember that many of the most heroic and devoted missionaries of the Catholic Church to this benighted land in the early days were Italians, though I have not a drop of Southern blood in my veins, and though my ancestry for centuries is of the north lands, and though I appreciate with all my heart and soul whatever is good in the Irish or the American, I feel as if a personal indignity were flung in my face, and I despise with all my might the men in this land of cosmopolitan settlement and heritage, who harbor and write in favor of such race prejudices as this Ave Maria paper contains. Let us cease to be children. Let us try to be Christian and Catholic men.

WILLIAM HENRY THORNE.

NEW BOOKS, AND MEN OF THE HOUR.

BEFORE us is a volume entitled "The Reaction from Agnostic Science," from the pen of the author of "Disunion and Reunion," the Rev. W. J. Madden, published by Herder of St. Louis. The author seems to have been satisfied with the success of his "Disunion and Reunion," which was intended for those who still adhere to the fundamental principles of the Christian religion, and hence he now enters into discussion with those who while Christian in name "renounce all belief in Christian dogma."

There is a freshness and vigor in the book which will be charming and delightful to the intelligent reader. Any intel-

lectual effort coming from the pen of a priest in this "missionary country" deserves hearty encouragement and commendation. All through the neat little volume there is an agreeable vivacity, a touch of good humor coupled with a sincerity of purpose to "lead kindly" and to persuade gently, which brings the reader in sympathy at once with the author and his subject.

That the author does not claim for his book accuracy from a scientific point of view we take for granted. The author seems to regard every form of unbelief as agnosticism, and any reaction from it as reaction from agnostic science. Why Renan or Brunetière should be called agnostics we cannot understand. Why the present policy of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, or the last act of Cavour before his death should be cited as instance and proof of the reaction from agnostic science is not quite clear. It is certainly not historically or psychologically true that the reaction commenced with M. Brunetière. The terms "agnostic socialism" and "real socialism" are certainly inaccurate unless as a mere play upon words, nor is it more felicitous to choose Mr. Bellamy as an instance of "agnostic socialism."

The "real socialism" is most graphically and forcibly described. Chapter XI. on "Present day dangers for believers" is an excellent chapter, full of truth and well expressed, and so are the chapters "Statio Bene Fida" and the chapter "Important and Practical." There is plenty of information in the book to make it valuable to the readers for whom it was evidently intended. This kind of literature, in our judgment, is most needful for the intelligent laity in and out of the Church.

We would wish that all those to whom the book is dedicated, "those whose hearts are troubled by the burden and mystery of life, and those who say they cannot believe" may become the readers of this work.

* * *

The author of "Clerical Studies," has again published a neat little volume of about 200 pages entitled, "Daily Thoughts for Priests," published by Marlier, Callanan & Co., Boston. The Reverend author is justly impressed with the detrimental effects of the hurried life of the parish priest and he is anxious to aid

those of his brethren who either by their surroundings or by natural disposition stand in need of just such help as is offered in the volume before us. We trust that the book of the very Rev. Dr. Hogan will have a large sale among priests. We are sure that some of the clergy will not relish very much the words in the preface: "Some are so restless by temperament or by habit that, even when entirely undisturbed from without, they find it difficult to settle down quietly to anything of a purely mental kind." And we hope that some will say *Pater becaui* while reading it.

Why the author deemed it necessary to have a text at the head of each thought in order to carry out his plan or to accomplish his purpose is not quite obvious, unless it be that these thoughts are intended as outlines for sermons and are to serve as homiletical hooks. The explanation of the meaning of the word Beatitudes in a work of this kind is not a compliment to the clerical readers for whom it is intended. The exegetical hints to be found here and there may prove quite helpful to young priests, if they can "settle down quietly," to "purely mental" work. To define humility by what one thinks one finds in the saints (p. 12) is a novel procedure, and to define it as self-contempt is quite startling indeed. From a homiletical standpoint the author's choice of texts and his method of treating them are not very happy. The exegesis is very often at fault and somewhat strained. The heading: "The saving power of the priest," preceding "Ye are the salt of the earth," is very far fetched indeed.

The thirty-fifth chapter entitled, "Preaching," is the most valuable in the whole book and furnishes the key to the character and sympathies of the able author. It portrays the most priests of this land in a truthful manner, in a spirit of calmness prompted by brotherly love. It should be read by every priest in the country and should be printed in letters of gold and nailed at the study-door of every priest. The educated laity will bless Father Hogan for having giving utterance to sentiments which often agitate them when they hear their priest "talk merely—to say something—to fill up time." Somebody attempted to Americanize Catholic preaching by inventing "five minute ser-

mons," which is most harmful to both priests and laity. We always thought with the Reverend author that "preaching is one of the fundamental duties of the priest in charge of souls," but some priests tried to persuade us that this is a mistake and that the chief function of the priest is to have "executive ability" in financing and in giving out contracts to builders and in scolding the parish to furnish the money for the contractors. We are grateful to Dr. Hogan for confirming our views. For this chapter and many merits in other pages we will recommend it to all friends even among the laity. It may be a very useful and salutary weapon when the parish curate honors us with a call.

* * *

The Rev. P. Cuthbert, O. S. F. C., is responsible for an article in the *New Era* (No. 44) and quoted in *The Review* of St. Louis which would be of some interest both to Catholic journalists and readers. Anything touching Catholic journalism coming from the pen of the Reverend clergy is heartily welcomed by Catholic journalists as well as by Catholic readers generally. Much more so is this the case when the subject alluded to is treated by the regular clergy. As a rule anything written by a member of an order, is more accurately and carefully written, because these fathers have more time, and if they are at all inclined to mental pursuits and speculations, outside of their own sacred calling, they will spend more care upon their work, for the pressure of the time and of business is not crowding upon them as is the case with the secular clergy in charge of a parish. Then again there is something attractive in the production of the monk, there is that odor of sanctity attached to it. The life of the cell accompanies it into the world. It is therefore with profound regret that we take issue with the Rev. Father Cuthbert on his article discussing the question, "Has a Catholic journalist any right to criticise the clergy, or more especially the bishops of the Church?"

The Reverend Father approaches his subject with a feeling of awe, as if he had to treat of a very fine metaphysical distinction. He regards the "question of extreme delicacy" and as if to guard against heresy he touches upon it "with all submission to weightier authorities." But why? If it is merely a question

of "right," then he can easily decide it by the standard of moral theology and give his authorities.

The "right" pertaining to Catholic journalists is the same right as regards all of the children of the Church. We are not aware that moral theology provides for the rights of journalists specifically. But is the question of which Father Cuthbert treats a question of right? If it is, then he might have to decide it in the confessional where he will not be able to "touch upon it with all submission to weightier authorities." But as a matter of fact the word "right" is here misapplied. One cannot possibly answer the question in that form satisfactorily. And that is the trouble with the whole article of Father Cuthbert. It is confusing and misleading. The question as to the "right" of Catholic journalists is modified by another question, viz., as to whether the "right" which the people in this "democratic age" claim for themselves, namely, "to pass judgment upon those who represent authority," can be admitted "in respect to ecclesiastical authority!" But what bearing can the "claim of the people" in a "democratic age" or any other age have upon a right? The whole article is so loose at all ends and so inaccurate that we know not where to commence and where to end. The Reverend Father feels compelled to recognize "as we must that the democratic spirit is but an historic evolution of the human spirit." What the Father means by "democratic spirit" is not clear at all nor what he means by "human spirit." Hence it would be safe to say that the revolution of France was a "historic evolution of the human spirit," and what bearing would it have upon the question at issue? And what did the Reverend author have in mind when he penned these words: "And I can admit no essential antagonism between the human spirit and the Church?" Has the human spirit never been antagonistic to the Church?

Now what is the answer of the Reverend Father to his own formulated and modified question? First it must be observed that the word "right" is not even mentioned in the answer. The author used the word carelessly, indiscriminately, unphilologically and hence he did not even become conscious that he omitted the word in his answer. And here again the same confusion stares us in the face.

The Reverend author declares that the Catholic journalist "may (?) critically consider the actions of the hierarchy" excepting in the cases where "decisions in regard to faith and discipline"—morals are here left out—"given by an ecclesiastical superior within the limits of the jurisdiction determined for him by Canon Law." In the last named cases a Catholic journalist "may" not even "critically consider it," whatever that may mean. But it can only mean that a Catholic journalist may not criticise the bishops of the Church when they declare that there were seven sacraments instituted by our divine Lord and not two, or that the Pope is infallible, and so on *ad absurdum* because the same is true of all the faithful and is binding on all men. The reason for all this is because "a bishop may (?) rightly claim the personal loyalty of the faithful." Does Father Cuthbert mean that "the faithful" is synonymous for "Catholic journalists?" If not how does he draw any conclusion from the above statement as to the "rights" of Catholic journalists?

The Reverend Father finally comes to the conclusion as to what is, not the "right," but what is becoming a Catholic journalist under certain given circumstances, and he decides that Catholic journalists may make loyal suggestions.

Now the reason why we took the trouble to take notice of Father Cuthbert's article at this time, when half of *THE GLOBE* is already set up in type, is because we feared the mischief of such indefinite and inaccurate remarks upon the minds of Catholic readers and some Catholic journalists, and we did not wish to wait three months till the next publication of *THE GLOBE*. Catholic readers would only too readily use Father Cuthbert's remarks to decry some editor who perchance might "critically consider" the statement that "the American Republic in political and social life is a practical realization of the Gospel of Christ" because it was uttered by one of the bishops of the Church. How such a statement should be "critically considered" is a different question altogether. In this last form we admit the question to be a delicate one and we would welcome such a discussion by Father Cuthbert or any other of the Reverend clergy and will gratefully acknowledge any "loyal suggestion" as to superfine journalistic tact to be observed by Catholic journalists, pro-

vided the same advice is given to the bishops when at the banquet board.

* * *

The session of Congress commenced on Monday, December the 4th. The session promises to be one of great interest to the country and to the world for more reasons than one. But one important case which demanded the attention of the House at the very threshold of its deliberations, was one upon which the eyes of the country were riveted, and that was the case of B. H. Roberts, Congressman-elect from Utah, who stands charged with being the husband of three wives and against whose rights to represent his State in Congress, large petitions were sent to Washington. The whole press of the country and the various ministerial assemblies in the United States agitated the matter for these many months. Representative Taylor of Ohio took it upon himself to bring the charges against Roberts before the oath of office was administered to him and also introduced a resolution which was adopted by a large majority, preventing Roberts from taking the oath of office and in accordance with which the Speaker of the House is to appoint a committee of nine members to investigate the charges against Roberts and report their findings and recommendations to the House.

This act of the House was manifestly unjust because the State of Utah, one of the sovereign States of the Union, is deprived of her rightful representation without any warrant in law and in open violation of the Constitution of the United States. Congress took the open revolutionary attitude, and practically declared that it prefers to be swayed by mob-law, by emotionalism, by the clamor of the press, and by the denunciations of conventicles than to be guided by the constitution.

It is entirely superfluous for us to say that we do not defend polygamy, neither the polygamy of Mormonism, nor the polygamy on the instalment plan introduced by Protestantism against which her adherents now so violently protest, as if frightened by their own shadows. But this question might well have been settled in an orderly manner and in accordance with the provisions of the constitution. True, if Roberts were permitted to

take his seat Congress might not be able to get a two-thirds vote to expel him. That merely shows first the wretchedness of so-called constitutional governments based upon written constitutions and also the revolutionary element both in the country and in our lawmakers. What guarantee is there for anyone's rights or liberties when the mob is against him?

If this first act of the House of Representatives is at all an indication of the temper of this Congress, then we may expect very little good and very much evil when the rights of the Filipinos will come up for discussion and when the liberties of millions will depend upon the decision of the present House.

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The Rev. Doctor Benjamin F. De Costa, formerly pastor of the Church of St. John the Evangelist in New York and otherwise well known as a writer and lecturer, was received into the communion of the Roman Catholic Church and renounced his faith in the teachings of Protestantism. This is the first ending of the fierce controversy which was raging since the admission of Dr. Briggs into the Episcopal Church by Bishop Potter. Not that this controversy can in anywise be regarded as the cause of Dr. De Costa's reunion with Rome. For many years Dr. De Costa was looked upon by those who were close to him and who watched his utterances from the pulpit as a man undergoing deep mental struggle, and as in the process of recasting his former belief in the light of history. For many years people of thought were at a loss where to place the Doctor ecclesiastically. His language was the language of Jacob, and yet he had the marks of Esau on him. He was not a high-sounding Churchman of the Ritualist class; he never showed any sympathy with the Broad Church, and often in his courageous way, when his manly heart was overflowing, he spoke as one who was a true child of the only true Church of Christ. Dr. De Costa was as whole-minded as he has proven to be whole-souled. He did not attempt to hush his doubts and to suppress his cravings for truth by any skilful imitation of the High Church inventions. The false pretences of the Episcopal Church did not blind him, the name Catholic and Anglican priest did not satisfy him. The rationalism in the garb

of evangelistic Christianity in Broad-churchism was too transparent a fraud to mislead him, and hence he belonged to none of these shadings and sub-divisions of the Protestant Episcopal and would-be American Catholic Church. Like many a convert before him, he was left alone while the Father was with him illuminating his path back to the Father's house. His manly courage, his willing submission to the will of God, his many sacrifices for the sake of truth are admired by all thoughtful and impartial people, and the Church of God will ever pray for his peace and happiness.

Dr. De Costa, soon after his reconciliation with the Church, issued a pamphlet in which he states the reasons of his action and analyzes the various steps and mental processes that finally led to his conversion. In it his former felicity of expression and aptness of directness of utterance have gained in strength and attractiveness because supported by truth.

As the Doctor just emerged from a heated controversy with some of his former brethren on the question of Higher Criticism and the position of the Episcopal Church towards the Bible, it was but natural for him to touch on the subject. Dr. De Costa endeavors to show that the Catholic Church is entitled to the respect and admiration of the world for her position in defence of the Bible. In any other convert we would have been inclined to regard such a pamphlet as that issued by Dr. De Costa as the enthusiastic outpourings of a heart full of love and gratitude clothed in rhetorical language and not to be examined too critically. But the Doctor is reputed to be a man of considerable learning and by virtue of his reputation and high influential position his words will receive careful attention, especially by those who still remain estranged from Mother Church. It is for this reason that we venture to take exception to some of the statements contained in his defence.

That the Church is the solitary defender of the holy Scriptures goes without saying. But in what sense she is also the "unique" defender of the Bible is not quite clear. The Doctor places the Encyclical *Providentissimus Deus* of Leo XIII, as showing the attitude of the Church to the holy Scriptures as against the position of Protestantism on the same subject as stated by Mr.

Mallock in his recent article in the *Nineteenth Century*. The object of Mr. Mallock's article is to show that destructive criticism followed by most Protestant writers forces upon Protestantism to deny the sufficiency and infallible guidance of the Bible alone. The Encyclical of Leo XIII, quoted by Dr. De Costa, deals with the fundamental question as to how far inspiration extends to these books of Holy Writ edited by the inspired writers and has reference to the original manuscripts. Leo XIII also says that a certain method dignified by the name of higher criticism "which pretends to judge of the origin, integrity and authority of each book from internal indications," and which disregards "the witness of history," which "is of primary importance," may prove detrimental and hence is not to be encouraged. But this is quite different from the bold assertion of Dr. De Costa that "higher criticism" without any qualification "is incipient socinianism" and that "the case is dogmatic." All through the address we find the Doctor's propositions too general, and the theological distinctions not observed as we would naturally and justly expect in any statement coming from that quarter.

In attacking the vicious and untenable principle and heresy of private judgment, the Doctor says: "On the principle of private judgment the Book alone could not stand." But, "the Book *alone*" could never stand on any principle. No book ever will stand *alone*. Admitting as we do, that the Church is the sole authoritative interpreter of the Book, the Book then does stand, but not *alone*. But this very misconception about a book even when it is the Book of Books being able "to stand *alone*," leads the Doctor to make this startling statement. "An infallible book calls for an infallible interpreter." But how can infallibility be predicated of any book, of any written document even when that written document is inspired? And where indeed does the Doctor take his evidence to prove that the "Catholic Church speaking with authority," declares "that all the Books of the Old and New Testament in all their parts are inspired and together form the *infallible* Word of God?" We confess that it is absolutely impossible for us to gain any image or conception of an infallible Bible. Dr.

De Costa well knows that Dr. Briggs of Union Seminary was expelled from the Presbyterian ministry, because it was alleged that his teachings were in conflict with the teachings of his denomination, which holds that the Bible is a sufficient and infallible guide in matters of faith and morals. Now it is easily comprehensible why Protestantism, having discarded the authority of the Church, was in desperation driven to the theory of an infallible Bible. But not so with the Catholic Church. The Catholic Church is the only infallible authority and hence the only guide in faith and morals. The revelation of God as originally given by God and as originally written down by the holy writers under the inspiration of the Holy Ghost was without error. But this is a proposition to which many disciples of the school of higher criticism can give hearty assent. If the Church has declared "that all the Books of the Old and New Testament in all their parts . . . form the *infallible* Word of God," then is not the question proper: "In what direction is the critical study of the Bible still open, useful or permissible?" especially if the declaration of the Church about the infallibility of the Bible extends not only to "things of faith and morals," but also beyond that. Yet the Doctor emphasizes that "legitimate criticism is welcomed in Catholic schools" and that the Encyclical encourages "the study of the Oriental languages and the art of criticism."

It is with sincere thankfulness to Almighty God that we rejoice over the conversion of this good man, and we are assured that he will be heard from in due time in the interest of truth and justice, and that his influence for good will be felt in the Church. And it is for this reason that we venture in the spirit of fraternal love and with due respect to call Dr. De Costa's attention to the remarks herein stated. Here is one more: "The Catholic Church is specially adapted to the wants of the American people, in that with needed safeguards it is eminently favorable to real freedom of thought." That the Church is adapted to all the people of the world, to the needs of the human family, we most emphatically assert; that she is adapted to the needs of the American people in any special manner, we most emphatically deny. That the Church is favorable to freedom

and protects the same by the divine safeguards which she places around it, we assert ; that she is favorable to "real freedom of thought" we deny because it either exists everywhere or nowhere. All or most converts to the Church, commenced their career in the Church by making a specialty of America, and their experience was a sad one. Brownson commenced that way and was finally compelled to acknowledge his mistake. Father Hecker commenced that way and the present Pontiff acknowledged the mistake for the good man who has gone to eternal rest. If what the Doctor says is to be understood that there is a "freedom of thought" in America which is destructive of all thought, and hence she stands in need of the safeguards of the Church, for her "freedom of thought" as manifested in her "freedom" of action, then we heartily agree with him and we certainly fully subscribe to the sentence : "When rightly understood by the American people, the Church will be found capable of meeting all its varied requirements," as she was ever found capable in that direction by all the nations of the earth, for nearly two thousand years.

There is a sincerity of purpose, a simplicity of faith, a humility of heart combined with a manly consciousness and courage all through the Doctor's address which will prove irresistibly attractive to all impartial readers. And the faithful of the Church will mingle their songs of prayer and thanksgiving with the joys of the angels in Heaven, that one of their brethren has found his way back to the Father's house from whence, after a long life of true happiness and good works, he will find his way to the Father's mansions above.

JOHN M. REINER.

New York.

GLOBE NOTES.

It seems that I made a mistake in the imagery of my notice of "The Man with the Hoe" in the September GLOBE REVIEW.

I had seen both the original paintings of Millet's pictures during the previous fifteen years, but had not seen either one of them for about seven years, and I wrote wholly from memory.

I only refer to the matter here again for the purpose of saying that my mistake in the particular named in no way affects the value of my critique of Mr. Markham's poem.

The laborer in the Angelus leaves his potato pick standing in the ground while he, uncovered, cap in hand, bows his head in prayer.

The man with the hoe leans upon it, for a moment, as I recollect, in an attitude of rest.

Mr. Markham uses Millet's man with the hoe as typical of the laboring man—say the out door laboring man of the day—and calls him a "clod"—"mate for the ox," etc.,—a beast out of whose features and spirit civilization has ground the very semblance of manhood, etc., etc., and his appeal is to the inhumanity of man, and to the injustice of God almighty for performing and allowing this monster wrong.

The ground of my criticism is that Markham's facts and philosophy are falser than dicers' oaths and the very spawn of sickly insincerity; that whether you find this laboring man in France or in the United States or elsewhere on this earth he is nowhere the clod and beast that Markham makes him out to be, that whether you find him with a hoe, a potato fork, pickaxe, a hod or a wheelbarrow, he not only has vastly more intelligence than Mr. Markham gives him credit for, but could in fact, teach Mr. Markham and other would-be poets who write about "the passion of eternity," many valuable lessons if these dear humanitarian pessimists would only lend their ears to the truth and quit their own wretched theories of existence in these poetic and Godless days.

In the *Saturday Evening Post*, of Philadelphia, October 11th, Mr. Markham has another very pretentious poem—called "The Muse of Brotherhood." There is an illustration giving

a pretty good portrait of the author, with his coat and vest off standing in a forest leaning against a tree and looking a little heavenward as the Muse of Brotherhood might be supposed to look—if he had faith in God instead of faith in his own wretched notions. The poem itself like Mr. Markham in the woods is supposed to be an expression of “The Muse of Brotherhood.” I here quote a few of its stanzas :

“I am in the expectancy that runs :
My feet are in the future, whirled afar
On wings of light. If I have any sons,
Let them arise and follow to my star.

* * *

“My love is higher than heavens where Taurus wheels,
My love is deeper than the pillared skies :
High as that peak in Heaven where Milton kneels,
Deep as that grave in Hell where Cæsar lies.

“Still hope for man : my star is on the way !
Great Hugo saw it from his prison isle ;
It lit the mighty dream of Lamennais ;
It shook the ocean thunders of Carlyle.

Wise Greeley touched the star of my desire,
Great Lincoln knelt before my hidden flame :
It was from me they drew their sacred fire—
I am Religion by her deeper name.”

Of this poem, as a whole, and of the stanzas here quoted I have to say—*first* that the Muse in this case must have been an uncharitable and an untaught old jade to be so entirely sure as to the exact and comparative localities of Milton and Cæsar. This affirmation alone would start a debate and a quarrel in the ideal brotherhood, at once, which might end in a new French revolution. *Second*, I object to dragging of Carlyle into such disreputable company or assuming that he could by any possibility have been led to favor or applaud Mr. Markham's Muse of Brotherhood. All that he ever said or taught goes against it and I am satisfied that he would have called this so-called poetic stuff unmitigated rot, deserving to be handled as Cromwell handled the Levelers in his army—stood against the wall and shot like a dog.

Third : That for Mr. Markham, in the guise of the Muse of Brotherhood—or any other guise, to stand up and say “I am Religion by her deeper name” is a piece of unpardonable egotism and a consummate lie.

Fourth: This poem of "The Muse of Brotherhood"—like "The Man with the Hoe"—is nothing but a rehash of old and rejected transcendental humanitarianism promulgated by Emerson and his silly followers, with a touch or imitation of the old Brahminism which sang, in the soul of Brahma :

"If the red slayer thinks he slays,
Or if the slain thinks he is slain,
They little know the subtle ways
I keep, and pass and turn again.

"They count but ill who leave me out,
When me they fly, I am the wings.
I am the doubter and the doubt,
And I the song the Brahmin sings."

But Mr. Markham and his muse is not even the soul of Brahma ; in fact, nothing but a very mediocre and half-taught, hence easily elated and easily conceited and puffed up, ordinary poet's human soul, filled with vanity and the vain-glory of the Pacific brood of poets. And the "Muse of Brotherhood" is a wind-blown bubble of this western personal vanity. Simply this and nothing more.

Fifth: Religion, that is, the one and only true and divine religion, from which, indeed, Mr. Markham has derived whatever good and true notions of human brotherhood he possesses, has no "deeper name" than that given it in derision at Antioch nearly nineteen hundred years ago—when and where the followers of Christ were first called Christians.

Whatever of goodness or truth there is in Mr. Markham's verses he has derived, borrowed or stolen from the spirit and teachings of Christ, and not from the Muse of Brotherhood at all ; but he is too much of a coward to call his Muse the Muse of Christ or to speak of himself as a new incarnation of Christ. In either case the people—that is, the infidel crowds that go to make up American society, would either laugh at his very lame verses, or turn up their noses and say proudly that the Muse of Christ was a crank, a reactionist, an old foggy—a believer in the old and worn-out dream of Christianity.

I tell him that he has ability and a good human heart that needs a Master, and that Master is Christ ; that, spite of all his,

Mr. Markham's, babblements of prose, or poetry so-called, whereby he expects to round up the floundering millions of the human race in some brotherhood of cant and emotional nausea— and spite of all the modern themes of socialism, all the clap trap of the higher and the lower criticism, and spite of all the little side-shows of Christian Science, esoteric Buddhism, agnosticism, and the thousand and one verdancies of Free Masonry, etc., etc, there is no other name given under heaven among men whereby we must or can be saved than the name of *Jesus*. Spell it large, Mr. Markham, write it in the rose tints of some morning and evening song; print it in words of noon-day flame as from off the eternal altars of God. Burn it into your very soul, and then see what poetry of brotherhood God may call you to write, and write it, like a Christian man, or put and keep a gag in your mouth from now till the last moment of an endless eternity.

* * * * *

Whatever Professor Egan does in the way of literature is sure to be well done ; whether it be poetry of the tenderest and loveliest sentiment, of the cleanest and farthest sweep of wing, a literary article, or just a story for boys, like "Jack Chumleigh at Boarding School," published by H. L. Kilner & Co., Philadelphia, the work bears the marks of good workmanship and of a pure and upright mind.

For many years I have been so enamored of some of Egan's poems, which indeed I consider the finest in our language, that I have been provoked with him at times for writing anything except the highest order of verse, that is, outside of his work as Professor in the University, but the gods will not be fooled, and any labor bestowed on lesser things, is liable to hush the poetic voices of the human soul. "Jack Chumleigh" is certainly a very interesting book, not only for boys but for girls and for men and women as well. It is not great or supremely beautiful like the author's best poetic work; nor can one speak of it as perfectly charming, as one knows the author to be capable of being, but it is fascinating as a story; and I can wish nothing better for it, than the widest possible circulation alike among Catholic and Protestant readers.

The story is good as a study of the many shaded character and conduct of boys in and out of school. It is also good as a study of pedagogic or college ways and above all things it is good in its depicting of the finer impulses and motives of Christian morality as these live and thrive in the breasts of boys of all ages and climes. There is not as much of actual baseball, football and handball in the work as some boys might like, but there is in it what I noticed with inexpressible joy in Egan's first little book of poems, published about eighteen years ago, and to which I gladly called the attention of the many thousands of readers of my work in those days, there is in it a beautiful recognition of the truths of Catholic Christianity, and this in connection with good literary style and without the hypocrisy and exaggeration that usually spoil the work of ecclesiastical writers of juvenile stories.

In a word Egan is at once a Christian, a literary man, and a gentleman, and he has the happy faculty of putting all of these elements of character into his work. Jack Chumleigh ought to have a very wide circulation. It will do good and lots of it, the more it is read.

Weeks after writing the foregoing, I received "Studies in Literature," by Maurice Francis Egan, A.M., LL.D., published by B. Herder, St. Louis. It is a thin book of 130 pages and inexpensive, but instead of "Studies in Literature," one might without exaggeration better define these essays as "Masterpieces of Literature," though it may be that "Studies in Literature" is the better title for the book—at all events it is more modest and hence more characteristic of the author. Certain thoughts came to me in reading this book—*first*, how symmetrically this man has grown during the past twenty years, and along what inevitable lines the growth has been; a certain positive and fuller utterance of the religious sentiment than was to be found in the writings of a decade and a half ago; seeming as if one's own thoughts were being expressed by one's friend, all of which is most welcome to me at least. Again the marked literary character of the work, this also, more palpable and pronounced as the author has made himself familiar with a greater number of the literary heroes of human history; the beautiful insistence,

throughout the essays, that literature is not merely or primarily for amusement, but an expression of human life with bonds laid upon it to express the highest life, the whole of life, but supremely the life of faith in the supernatural, and that the greatest writers have done this, which simple truth so utterly ignored by the literary hacks of the last fifty years, we have been trying to make plain in the pages of this magazine during the last ten years.

By reason of these virtues of literature we are very glad to see these studies of Dr. Egan in book form.

Speaking of the *Iliad* as "a religious poem" . . . "full of aspiration, in spite of what the classicists may say," he adds with consummate art, "It is something which Mr. Zola or Mr. Ibsen or Mr. Thomas Hardy or any of the gentlemen with theories of art might not blush to have written." The *Iliad*!

I think he stretches a familiar truth in his expression, "But nature has nothing the soul of man does not take to it."

I think he is not just to Swinburne in classing him with Catullus and with Beccodelli in teaching "that pleasure is the object of life." Swinburne has done better than this and is infinitely the superior of the pagans named.

I think the author is hardly fair to Goethe in defining him as "almost untouched on any side by the beauty of Christianity." There are whole pages of the "beauty of Christianity" in *Wilhelm Meister*, also in *Faust*, but it is all Germanized, poetized and not palpable to American shrewdness or French finesse or flippancy.

It is not fair to speak of "Carlyle's attempt to be unusual." He was unusual by nature. God made him that way; and it is still farther from any adequate definition or proper reference to speak of him as "the great Scotch colorist."

But a man who has weighed so many authors in the balance during the last twenty years cannot be expected to have formed a just estimate of them all.

The book is full of beautiful work—work that men of real thought can enjoy, and Catholics and Protestants and the Philistines all ought to give it a hearty welcome.

* * * * *

Doctor Conde B. Pallen has done a very useful and a very excellent piece of work in putting into English and adapting to our

American conditions a Spanish work, which he calls—"What is Liberalism," published by B. Herder, St. Louis. In order fully to explain the evolution of this work up to the present time, I here quote, in full, Dr. Pallen's preface, which itself is full of weighty reasoning.

"In 1886 there appeared in Spain a little work under the title *El Liberalismo es Pecado*: "Liberalism Is a Sin," by Don Felix Sarda y Salvany, a priest of Barcelona and editor of a journal called *La Revista Popular*. The book excited considerable commotion. It was vigorously assailed by the Liberals. A Spanish Bishop, of a Liberal turn, instigated an answer to Dr. Sarda's work by another Spanish priest. Both books were sent to Rome praying the Sacred Congregation of the Index to put Dr. Sarda's work under the ban. The following letter, under date January 10, 1887, from the Sacred Congregation itself, explains the result of its consideration of the two volumes :—

"*Most Excellent Sir* :

"The Sacred Congregation of the Index has received the denunciation of the little work bearing the title "*El Liberalismo es Pecado*," by Don Felix Sarda y Salvany, a priest of your diocese ; the denunciation was accompanied at the same time by another little work entitled *El Proceso del Integrismo*, that is "a refutation of the errors contained in the little work *El Liberalismo es Pecado*." The author of the second work is D. de Pazos, a canon of the diocese of Vich.

"Wherefore the Sacred Congregation has carefully examined both works, and decided as follows : In the first not only is nothing found contrary to sound doctrine, but its author, D. Felix Sarda merits great praise for his exposition and defense of the sound doctrine therein set forth with solidity, order and lucidity, and without personal offense to anyone.

"The same judgment, however, cannot be passed on the other work by D. de Pazos, for in matter it needs corrections. Moreover his injurious manner of speaking cannot be approved, for he inveighs rather against the person of D. Sarda, than against the latter's supposed errors.

"Therefore the Sacred Congregation has commanded D. de Pazos, admonished by his own Bishop, to withdraw his book, as far as he can, from circulation, and in future, it any discussion of the subject should arise, to abstain from all expressions personally injurious, according to the precepts of true Christian charity ; and this all the more since Our Holy Father, Leo XIII., while he urgently recommends castigation of error, neither desires nor approves expressions personally injurious, especially

when directed against those who are eminent for their doctrine and their piety.

"In communicating to you this order of the Sacred Congregation of the Index, that you may be able to make it known to the illustrious priest of your diocese, D. Sarda, for his peace of mind, I pray God to grant you all happiness and prosperity and subscribe myself with great respect,

"Your most obedient servant,

"FR. JEROME SECHERI, O. P.

"Secretary of the Sacred Congregation of the Index.

"To the Most Rev. Jacobo Catala et Alboso, Bishop of Barcelona.

"The following short chapters on Liberalism are mainly and substantially Dr. Sarda's book, put into English, and adapted to our American conditions. Their need and their use will be best understood and appreciated by their persual."

The work throughout is profoundly in earnest, most thorough in its scholarship, absolutely logical in its reasoning, unswervingly Catholic in its assertion of dogma—states clearly the true basis of all forms of liberalism, whether in Spain or America, and shows, from reason, from the teachings of the Church as well as from the essential nature of its supernatural origin, faith and life, that liberalism is its direct antithesis, its absolute enemy, is in fact, as the editor of THE GLOBE REVIEW has declared time and again during these last ten years, the very embodiment of Lucifer, the child of hell.

The book lacks one of the serious objections to Abbé Maignan's book on Heckerism viz., that it attacked individuals as well as isms.

In Dr. Pallen's work no *Liberals* are named, but the whole force of the author's mind is concentrated upon the process of pure reasoning against the evil itself; proving that it is a sin—showing the grade or degree of its sinfulness and at the same time that the only cure for this monster—this noble-hearted and generous monster, is a firm adherence to, a clearer and ever clearer definition of Catholic doctrine, as held throughout the ages, and that to this work we should all give our undivided and earnest attention. I am tempted to quote many of its striking passages, but will leave the reader to find these in the book itself.

"Birds and Books" is the pretty title of a very pretty and entertaining little book by Walter Lecky, the Angel Guardian Press, Boston.

By some strange whim of the author the 243 pages of this book are not divided into chapters, but run along page after page from first to last, as if the author were telling a story; but the matter is too elongated for one story, so the reader has to make his chain of stopping places and put his bookmark in where he leaves off that he may know where to begin again; however, this is but a minor whim of construction, and though it flies in the face of all good book-making and is not to be commended as worthy of imitation, the book itself is to be commended as the genial and clever utterance of a man who has made no mean study of birds and books, which together have clearly been among the choicest pleasures of the author's life.

The little volume shows us Walter Lecky at his best, that is, at home and in a genial mood with his pets.

Though we took pleasure in following the author in his many rambles, and thoroughly enjoyed his varied enthusiasm over the many discoveries he had made in the sequestered realms of birds and books, we were about to quarrel with him because he had not, to our fancy, sufficiently enthused over or adequately described those master pets of the English—the skylark, the English thrush and blackbird and the starling, all of which, beyond goldfinches and linnets, were among the passionate enthusiasms of our own boyish days, but towards the close of his book the author describes a visit of his to an English country place where these winged angels of song gave him some pleasure; still after all it is plain that the author has taken up the study of birds and their ways more as a study of curios than as an ardent lover of song. I think that the growing consciousness of this truth somewhat conditioned my own admiration for the undoubted and unusual cleverness that runs through every page of this little volume.

I like Lecky better than Burroughs or Thoreau for the many cute and keenly observant discriminations that he makes in these studies; I cannot say that I fully like or approve of his fanciful and arbitrary way of weaving the birds and books together as it

taking the stray feathers and torn leaves of both species to make up his yarn, but there may be wisdom in this variety, so the mind may get rest and refreshment on the way.

When one thinks of a man with such tastes as are revealed in this book passing through the various studies that go to make up a priest, one can forgive the author for his savage little flings at certain dry-as-dust pedagogues, who at one time of his life made his hours of study a burden to him. But the scholastics must have their innings as well as the birds in the general game of making a clever man out of a stupid boy.

Taken all and all this book is very, very clever, and comes near to being exceedingly delightful, and when one remembers that the Catholic Church has such authors to-day as Walter Lecky, with his odd but very human whims and fancies, and his familiar acquaintance with the better class of English literature, and his literary way of saying things, and in a still choicer realm, such a soul as Charles Warren Stoddard, who, to my mind, alike in his "South Sea Idyls," and in his books of travel writes the smoothest, sweetest, most reflective and philosophical English of the day, and in one sense, still higher in the literary scale, Egan, with his exquisite dreams of song, and Conde B. Pallen with his gifted works in philosophical thought, and Mr. Arthur Preuss of the *St. Louis Review* with his easy mastership among the Catholic editors of the day, and Mr. William Dillon of the Chicago *New World*, with his genial and many-sided culture, one marvels that these men of such superior intellectual endowments, of such excellent literary skill and accomplishments, of such even and sound judgment, and of such undoubted orthodox Catholic loyalty—still have so little influence in the great and final councils of the Catholic Church in this country, in matters relating alike to education and to literature.

Indeed we seldom see their names in the Catholic papers as being of any prominence at the Catholic summer schools, but instead of them we are treated to the high jinks of that toadying gadabout, the Rev. Dr. Lavalley of the clergy of the Cathedral parish, of New York, and that half-taught nobody—the Rev. Talbot Smith—and these, and such utterly commonplace gentlemen as these are the fellows we hear of as run-

ning the Catholic summer schools and organizing the Catholic literary workers, etc., still we expect the intelligent Catholic world of readers and thinkers to have some respect for the literary leaders of Catholic thought.

But the laws of God and the forces of eternity are true to their own and whosoever voices what is rare and true and beautiful in the sphere of literary art will find an audience and a home in the hearts of his fellow men.

* * * * *

The GLOBE NOTES of this issue seem determined to be literary. At all events, here is another book. "The Life of Ven. Gabriel of Our Lady of Sorrows." Gabriel Possenti, of the Congregation of the Passion, originally written by Rev. Hyacinth Hage, C.P., with an introduction by Cardinal Gibbons, published by H. L. Kilner & Co., Philadelphia; and the life portrayed in its pages is altogether so unusual, so beautiful, so like the blessed Master Himself that we are bound to give it some passing notice.

The introduction by His Eminence of Baltimore briefly discriminates between the natural and supernatural life and points out that the only way to a perfect life and heaven is the way of our Saviour, and he describes his own connection with the destiny of Gabriel in these words:—"I recall with pleasure that in 1895, together with our illustrious brethren in the Sacred College, Cardinal Porocchi of Rome and Cardinal Vaughn of London, I was one of the three bishops who first petitioned the Holy See for Gabriel's beatification."

As to the life of the young man described in this volume, it is beautiful beyond expression; in fact, the palpable beauty of the life, its spiritual unity with all that is noble in the ideal Christian life, somehow gets into one's soul in advance of the somewhat slow and over elongated and over pious nomenclature of the biographer.

The life of Gabriel is a rare gem of Christian victory, but the biography is only moderately well told.

* * * * *

The following combination from the *New World* of Chicago, the Boston *Herald* and the Boston *Pilot*, is rather amusing and somewhat suggestive:

"Since we wrote last in regard to the effect of Admiral Dewey's marriage on his possible candidature for the presidency we have noticed that the same question has been dealt with by the Washington correspondent of the Boston *Herald*. In a recent letter to his paper he says :

'Admiral Dewey has finally turned his back on the presidency, in the judgment of practical politicians, more completely than he could have done in any other way, by engaging to marry Mrs. Hazen, for she is a Roman Catholic, and, rightly or wrongly, all politicians believe that no man who has a Roman Catholic wife can be president. They point to General Sherman, General Sheridan, Richard P. Bland, and others mentioned for the presidency, who could not be nominated because their wives were members of the Roman Catholic Church, under the prejudice, unreasonable as it may be, which they simply recognize as a practical fact to be dealt with in a practical manner.'

"Commenting on this, our esteemed contemporary, the Boston *Pilot*, asks in its issue of last week : 'Is this monstrous thing true?' Why certainly it is true."

Why certainly it is true, is very good, and that an imputed Irish editor of the West should thus have to enlighten a down east Catholic editor who has been living and thriving under the x-ray of Bunker Hill monument for a generation does not speak well for the character of that light.

Dewey is all right. In his own careful bosom he has never been a candidate for the Presidency. He knew all the while that Mrs. Mildred was waiting for his return, and that having secured her in advance, the only thing to do was to keep perfectly quiet on that head till the little Major had granted him a salary of \$13,000.00 a year for life; moreover that it was eminently wise and proper that all parties concerned should be quiet as mice about the contemplated matrimony until the utmost outbursts of the American people in the shape of ovations, houses, furniture, etc., etc., had all materialized; then came the wedding day—and this morning, Nov. 21st, New York papers give the news that Dewey has deeded the Washington house to his wife; that Mrs. Kent will not sue for breach of promise, and we conclude with infinite pleasure that Dewey is just about two days ahead of all his friends and foes.

And now report has it that Mrs. Mildred has deeded the

Washington house to Admiral Dewey's son. But what the son has ever done to merit this gift heaven only knows. The whole business is another instance of that stupid American gush which is always ready to spend millions over some unworthy hero and sell the newspapers rather than learn the simplest principles of truth and justice and apply these to all mankind.

When the Washington house was given to Dewey it was his to do as he pleased with it, as much so as if he had paid \$50,000.00 cash for it out of his own earnings; and that any newspaper editor, hack or vulgar boor whatever should have criticised his action in deeding said house to his wife is only a fresh proof of what I am constantly saying in this magazine, that the average American, though stupidly generous at times, is simply a boor. General Funston and William McKinley are fair specimens of the average American; and a careful study of the record of these two men the last ten years will give any man a good estimate of American civilization. I have no sympathy with the slop-over idiocy that gave Dewey the Washington house or that went wild over him in New York a few weeks ago. Still less with the boorishness that dared to criticise his domestic relations, but we are in this crowd, and there is one of two things to do—go with it or go against it, needless to say that I long ago resolved to go against it.

* * * * *

Under the title of "Bandanna Ballads," Doubleday & McClure Company, New York, have brought out an edition of Howard Weeden's inimitable pictures of negro heads which we referred to in a recent issue of this magazine. No doubt the publishers thought that the title "Bandanna Ballads" would be popular or they would not have chosen it. To my thinking the title is most unfortunate and misleading. From the present title one would suppose the work to be simply a book of poems and the ballads are well enough as such, but Miss Weeden made her enviable, though so far limited reputation, not as a maker of ballads, but the maker of such pictures as the soul warms over with delight and joy, and some title ought to have been chosen that would have put the faces first and the ballads secondary. This is the

order of truth and nature and above all things the law of the author's beautiful genius. In his introduction to the book Joel Chandler Harris forgets its title and is swept into happy comment on the faces. I would have called the book "Before De War—Faces and Ballads of Ye Olden Times." The new book seems quite tame when compared with the more artistic "Shadows on the Wall," though the pictures are quite equal to the old ones and we wish the new venture every prosperity.

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I have received from B. Herder, St. Louis, Fra Giralamo Savonarola, by Herbert Lucas, S. J., but not in time for a review of the book in this issue. I am however, making a careful study of the work and it is my purpose to give it a careful overhauling in the March GLOBE REVIEW. It is clear that Father Lucas word is not to be accepted as final, and that a review in March next will be as timely as it would be to-day.

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According to the New York *Herald*, of December 8th, the famous and infamous Mazet committee which was organized by republican rascals to expose the iniquities of leading democrats and cover up the blacker iniquities of leading republicans has come to an end, has been rung down by "me too" Platt—the scene shifter; has in fact followed those other expensive frauds of reform—the Lexow Committee, and the Raines Bill—to the regions of limbo and extravagant laughability.

Now, if the promoters and perpetrators of all such measures would only gather in Polygamist Roberts and the eleven million idiots who signed the petition against him, in fact the total Congress of the United States, Senate and House, and if all of them together would go to the devil, whose servants they are, the rest of us, who desire to live quiet and decent lives, would be devoutly grateful.

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I beg to call attention to the announcement in another part of this magazine of the issue of my new volume of one hundred sonnets under the title of "Songs of the Soul."

I believe that these sonnets will be found to be pure and ex-

alted of faith and sentiment, and that they will prove an attractive and a useful book to be given as a premium or a reward of merit to pupils in our schools, academies or colleges, as well as for the general reader. I hope that orders for the same on terms as advertised will be prompt, numerous and generous.

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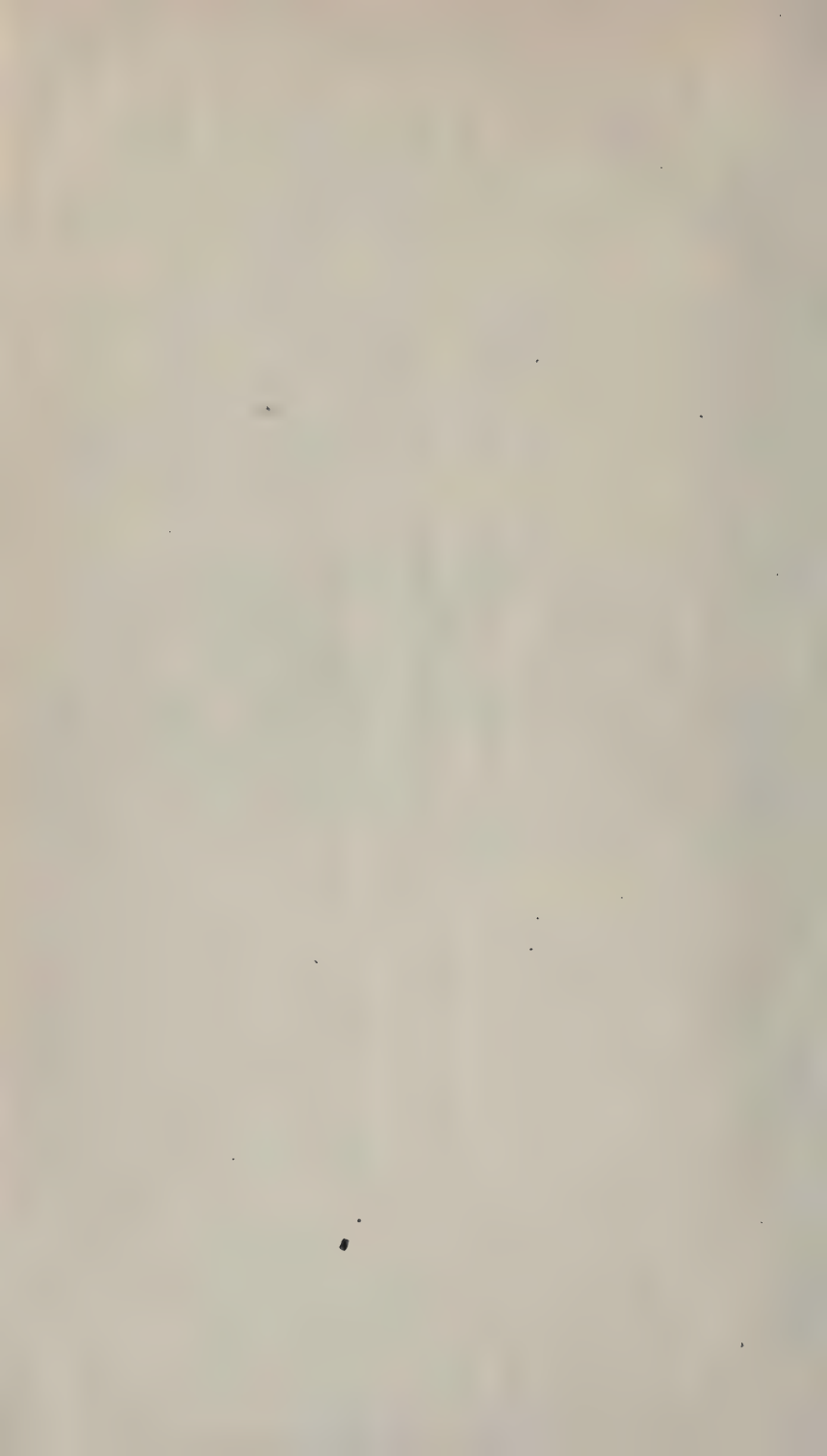
During eight weeks of the two months of September and October I was again on the list of invalids, unable to do any work. Then, in November, my printers were burned out and these two misfortunes account for the fact that this December *GLOBE REVIEW* is about ten days late, but I hope its contents will be a sufficient apology.

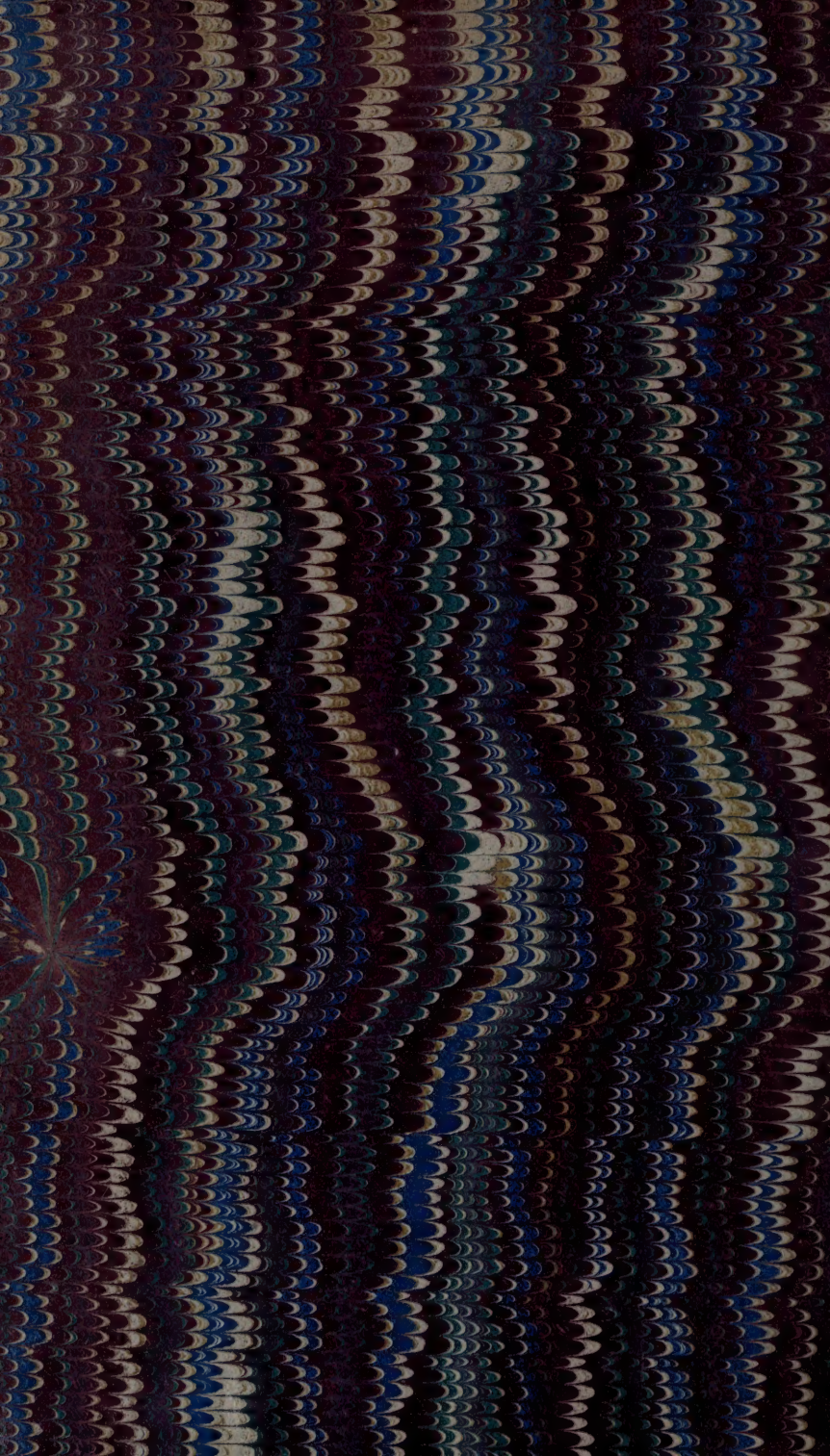
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It gives me pleasure to announce that arrangements are under way which will place *THE GLOBE REVIEW* on a broader financial basis and at the same time provide what promises to be congenial and able literary co-operation with myself. A fuller statement of these contemplated changes will be made in the March issue. Meanwhile subscribers will please notice that after January 1st, subscriptions for the year 1900 are due in advance, and those subscribers who are in arrears for the past year or years, are urgently requested to remit without further delay.

WILLIAM HENRY THORNE.







GLOBE, The.

1899
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